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images '86

Here's the new you: Sleek and Easy at work, at home, at play

Here's the newest night-sleek from Oscar de la Renta: a slice of cashmere on a stem of silk.

More surprises: In a season of follow-your-curves, our close-fitting black cashmere is flashed with a rhinestone jeweled satin bow and paired with silk crepe trousers in not white, but pink, shell pink. The romance, in sizes 6 to 12, 1200.00 at The Designers, third floor of Altman's, a most surprising store.

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Now we are eight
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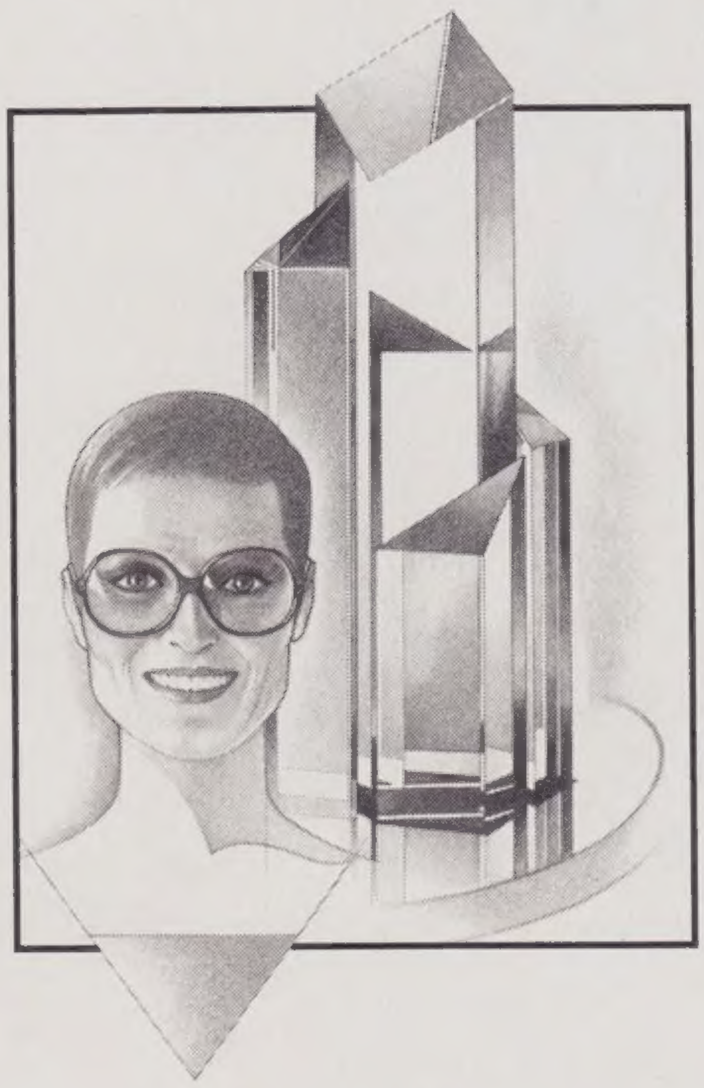
DISTINCTION IN DESIGN 1986



L I Z C L A I B O R N E

Distinction in Design: the honor of excellence. This esteemed award is presented by Marshall Field's to those whose work represents the highest achievement in creative design. Each recipient shares an artistry and imagination which transcends the moment: they are the creators of tomorrow's classics. Beyond this similarity, however, each honoree demonstrates an individual sensibility and a vision unique unto themselves.

Liz Claiborne is the recipient of our 1986 Distinction in Design award. Since the beginning of her career as a designer, her unerring eye has consistently provided the American woman with a sure sense of self—feminine, unaffected, confident. She effortlessly transforms the casual into the elegant, accenting her designs with her own accessory collection. More recently, she has shown that her intuitive understanding of style also includes men's and children's sportswear. And this same understated grace is now evident in a new line of home fashions. Her wide appeal is one of her special gifts, and because of this Liz Claiborne is a highly respected member of the fashion community as well as one of our most popular contemporary designers.

As a symbol of her achievement, Liz Claiborne receives the Marshall Field's Distinction in Design presentation piece, the Steuben Cityscape, a limited edition masterwork by Lloyd Atkins. A magnificent crystal prism skyline, this sculpture represents the breadth and magnitude of the American city, a fitting tribute to this year's honoree, whose portrait above accompanies an illustration of the Cityscape itself.

As a continuing reminder of Liz Claiborne's contribution to design, Marshall Field's shares in the creation of the Liz Claiborne-Marshall Field's Apprenticeship in Technical Design. Chicago's famed Goodman Theatre will award this apprenticeship to a graduating college student who excels in the field of theatre design, thereby providing a young designer with the opportunity to work with professional theatre artists.

Join us as we salute Liz Claiborne during Marshall Field's Distinction in Design celebration, March 2 to 8.

Marshall Field's

Drawing by George Stavrinos

a Torie Steele boutique
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REVLON COLOR

The difference between looking good and looking great.

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Our model is wearing Magenta del Rey on her lips and nails; In-the-Pink blush on her cheeks.
Clothing by Lynn Bowling. Jewelry by Tulla Booth.

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PHOTO DANIEL DE AZOULAY HAIR VIVIA.
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Barbara Alexis

Kim Alexis

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This new complex will help stop age breakdown where you age first and most: around your eyes.

It's a sad but indisputable fact: the area around your eyes is often more expressive than your eyes.

It shows everything.

If you start using ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex Especially for Eyes right now and continue to use it, this unique formulation will help prevent the telltale damage that age (or sometimes only a bad night) may do.

Because of its super active formula, ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex for Eyes has a special affinity for skin, thus giving it not only unusual skin caring properties, but enabling it to cling to your skin long and lovingly. It also helps conserve internal collagen.

A fundamental ingredient is procollagen, the support system for collagen, the ingredient of firm young skin. By providing hydration this extraordinary complex helps to eliminate various dry skin problems that emerge around your eyes.

It fortifies fragile eye tissue, helps to diminish dry, demoralizing lines, smoothes creping, even firms and lifts slackness. The ultra violet absorber wars against damaging sunlight.

One more lovely aspect of this remarkable complex: Since men as well as women suffer from fragile skin under their eyes, they too will benefit from ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex for Eyes.

What more need we say?

ULTIMA II

ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex
Especially for Eyes.

(Of Any Age)

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So, too, the finely grooved solid gold 14 karat bracelet, hand-crafted to become part of the wrist.

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Many times you wonder if what you purchase will eventually become a classic. With the Concord Diamond Watch, you already know.

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For brochure send $3 to Concord, Dept. VO, 650 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

BONWIT TELLER

Mary McFadden: the legend, continued.

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At last, perfect skin.

Estée Lauder introduces

Skin Perfecting Creme

Firming Nourisher

The serious firmer for those
who like to take cremes lightly.

What makes skin perfect? Basically, three key factors: firmness, elasticity and smoothness. What makes a skincare product perfect? Read on.

Skin Perfecting Creme is an ultra-lightweight formula developed by Estée Lauder with Firmex,™ a breakthrough complex of ingredients that restores and maintains a more youthful appearance. In just two weeks of daily use, your skin will be:

- **measurably firmer,**
- **measurably more elastic,**
- **measurably smoother and softer,**
- **hydrated for over 15 hours with each use,**
- **and visibly retexturized.**

Scientific tests, including ultrasound measurements, prove it. Best of all, Skin Perfecting Creme's luxurious, fluffy-light formula feels so wonderful, you'll hardly know you have it on, until you see how perfectly it works.

ESTĒE LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

The power of leisure personified by the Corum Admiral's Cup Watch. A watch of precision, convenience and, obviously, distinctive design.

The movement is electronic quartz: accurate, never needs winding. The case is hand-milled stainless steel finished in 'gun metal' blue/18K gold. Naturally, it is water-resistant.

Raised enameled flags (inlaid in gold) nautically signal the hour; the date is magnified on the sapphire crystal; seconds are marked by a sweep-second hand.

The bracelet is constructed to move with the flexibility of the wrist.

The Corum Admiral's Cup is crafted completely by hand at the Corum Watchworks in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland.

For brochure send $2 to Corum, Dept. VO, 650 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10019.

Corum® Admiral's Cup™ Watch

Ladies': Stainless steel, finished in 'gun metal blue' and 18 karat gold. Diamonds surround the dial.

Men's: Hand-milled stainless steel and 18 karat gold.

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10 days older,
or, it could be
silkier, smoother,
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In 10 days...
European Collagen Complex
can vastly improve
the texture, the tone,
the very quality of your skin.

Available in cream or lotion

Sweater from Rita Jamie. © 1985 Revlon Inc.

Revlon. The difference between looking good and looking great.

PHOTOGRAPH: BENOIT MALPHETTES

Norma Walters
at
Robinson's
CALIFORNIA

Les Parasols de Printemps

Spring shadings of glorious colours

LANCÔME

PARIS

Couture: Michaele Vollbracht © Cosmair, Inc. 1986

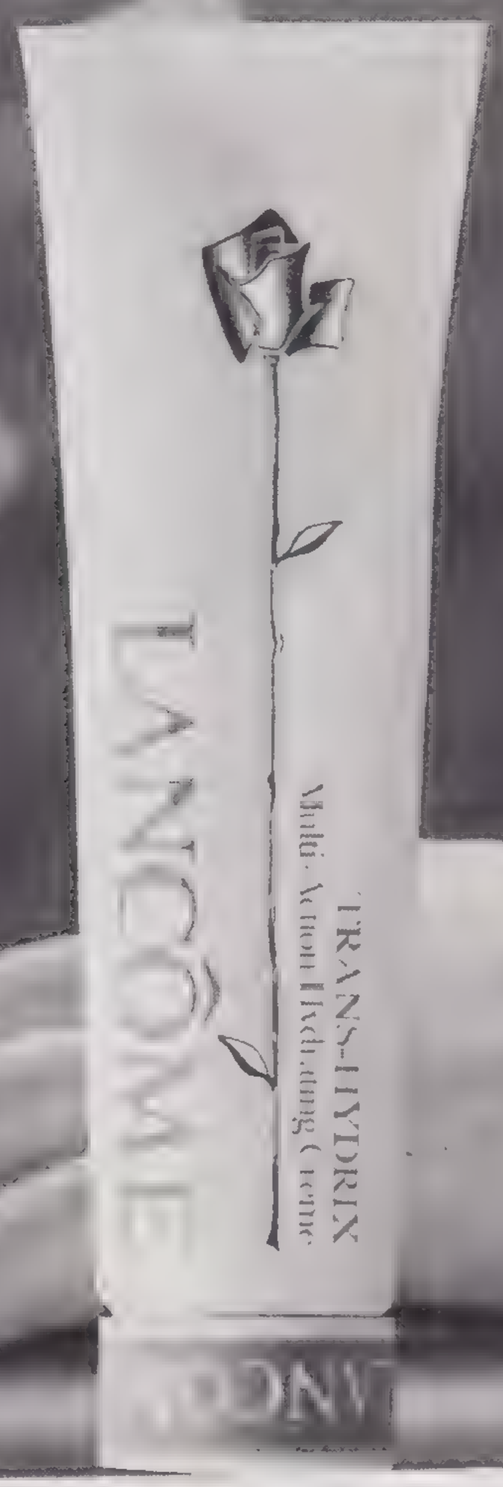
TRANS-HYDRIX

Multi-Action Hydrating Creme

The 24 hour "moisture-trap" for all skin types. In the interest of your skins constant desire for vital moisture, the Lancôme Laboratories have created Trans-Hydrix to assist your skin continuously, 24 hours a day. This exclusive French formula:

- Supplies botanical lipid extracts to help the skins own moisture barrier renew itself and conquer signs of stress and aging.
- Binds essential moisture to the skin for 24 hours with exclusive patent pending agents to ensure sustained hydration and protection.
- Contains sun screen.
- Progressively improves the skins natural moisture system to better counter the effects of moisture-depleting conditions.

Trans-Hydrix multi-action hydrating creme. Use it daily for a smoothness you can see and a softness you can feel 24 hours a day.



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PARIS

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The Tradition of Elegance:

An American Vision

At Saks Fifth Avenue.

So it begins

in eloquent purity.

Design that captivates.

Commands beyond mere simplicity.

The facile lines guided,

persuaded by female form.

And achieved!

through fabrics culled

from the best.

Then the tailoring—

a masterful artistry.

As all unfolds

to seduce the eye.

These creations unexcelled.

The American Designer Collections

Carolina Herrera's black silk gazar cocktail dress.

Adolfo's three-piece black wool suit with white glen-plaid silk jacquard blouse.

Saks Fifth Avenue

The Intensity of Glamour:

An American Vision

At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Evening's new opulence.

A formidable balance

of spectacle and restraint.

Of detail-enrichments...

defining night from day.

Jewels set against

stark grounds.

Beading, illuminating

shadow-plays.

And lace...

the lavishness it imparts.

These ornaments of glamour.

Cast upon exquisite form.

Discover their compelling force.

The American Designer Collections.

From Bill Blass, the white lace jacket, white beaded bodice, black lace skirt. Rayon, cotton, nylon.

From Oscar de la Renta, black silk bodice, white beaded embroidered skirt of silk-lined polyester organza.

Saks Fifth Avenue

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Twice a day.

As routine as brushing your teeth, the use of these three products twice a day improves the appearance, comfort and future of any man's skin. Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn. ©1985 Clinique Labs., Inc.

JAMISON

JAMISON

The easy elegance of Jamison's sweater ensemble: polka dot dress and cardigan with polka dot trim. Navy on white, sizes 6 to 16, about $140. Also available in petite sizes 4 to 14. Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.

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fabulous lipstick.

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LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

We photographed the Spring/Summer Collection at one of the most beautiful places in Italy. What is "the most beautiful" can be very subjective. We realize that Gucci cannot dictate a personal style. When you visit our stores or look through our catalogue, however, you will be able to choose the style that suits your personal taste.

Photographs by Fabrizio Ferri. All merchandise from the Gucci Spring/Summer Collection. Available in our stores or through our catalogue. To receive our 1986 Spring/Summer Catalogue send $6.00 (includes postage) to Gucci, CSB 3168, Department 006, Melville, New York 11747. The American Express Card Welcomed. *© Copyright Gucci Shops, Inc. 1986*

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Cowboy Kisses

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Saks Fifth Avenue

Paul Marciano Advertising Photo Warner Bros. 1986

Cowboy Up

Neiman Marcus

BEAUTY NOW

White makeup—sheer, luminous—at night . . .
cosmetics "shopping": a more modern approach

COVER LOOK

The difference in makeup this spring—nothing overpowering, overdramatic, just soft, light shades that enhance healthy, well-cared-for skin. At *left* and on our cover, on model Alexa Singer, that coloring is a balance of orange on lips, lavender on eyes—shades picked from this season's most attractive palettes (the full story, pages 500-507). The makeup, from Chanel: Golden Pink lips; Petal and Iris shadows on eyes lined with Violet; Apricot Blush cheeks. Makeup, Ariella; hair, Garren for Garren, NYC. Shirt, Donna Karan New York. Hat, Donna Karan by Maeve Carr. M&J Savitt sterling-silver earrings. For fashion information, see next to last pages of this issue. Photograph by Avedon.

WHITE NIGHTS

The appeal of white makeup, now: it provides an instant, uncomplicated way to shift a look from day to night, to subdue strong colors into more subtle shades. White offers makeup "versatility"—changing one product into a palette of shades . . . But an all-white, masky face isn't the idea. What is: white—either in matte or shimmer—as an overlay; layered over eyeshadow, cheek color, over bare or colored lips. If you want to opt for obvious color at night, use color on eyes, in bright liners and mascaras that match. Among the best whites: for *eyes*, Christian Dior's palette of four Moon White shadows, Cover Girl's Snow Blossom flat powder shadow; *lips*, Il Makiage's glimmery white gloss; *cheeks*, Clinique's opalescent Powdered Light; *skin*, Chanel Perfect Color highlighting base.

IN-STORE EXPERTS . . .

Latest source for top-level, personalized beauty expertise: at the cosmetics counter—if it's the right one. Perfect example—the new cosmetics department at Barneys New York women's store. It's the brainchild of three (women) executives who set out to create a cosmetics department where *they* would want to shop; that's *un*intimidating, comfortable, educational, and—above all—pleasurable.

Difference number one: size. Barneys' department is small—carefully "edited," with products selected to eliminate confusion. ("After all," says one Barneys exec, "how many red lipsticks does a woman need to choose from?") Next: crackerjack salespeople. Barneys trains them to be expert about *all* cosmetics, not just one company's line; so hard facts replace hard sell. In addition, Barneys' makeup artists and cosmetics buyers case the floor offering customers further explanations, instructions.

And then, there's the pleasure. French designer Andrée Putman chose soothing colors (mostly greys) and lighting (overhead bulbs simulate sunlight, mirrors are lit from behind), and installed stools at every counter. Fragrances and antique scent bottles line a kiosk to allow browsing. The sensual side of beauty also prevails: in the Apothecary, all-natural soaks, skin-carers, scented waters from, for example, London's Molton Brown.

As women's beauty needs change, so do services—now, as accessible in stores as in salons

In addition to standout service at the cosmetics counter, there's salon service: Roger Thompson on hair; plus facials, makeup lessons, manicures, pedicures, waxing. Practical difference of his salon: like the store, it's open every night until 9:00 P.M.

Extra hours, extra manpower, going the extra mile—a tall order, yes. But stores simply can't afford to provide a woman with less.

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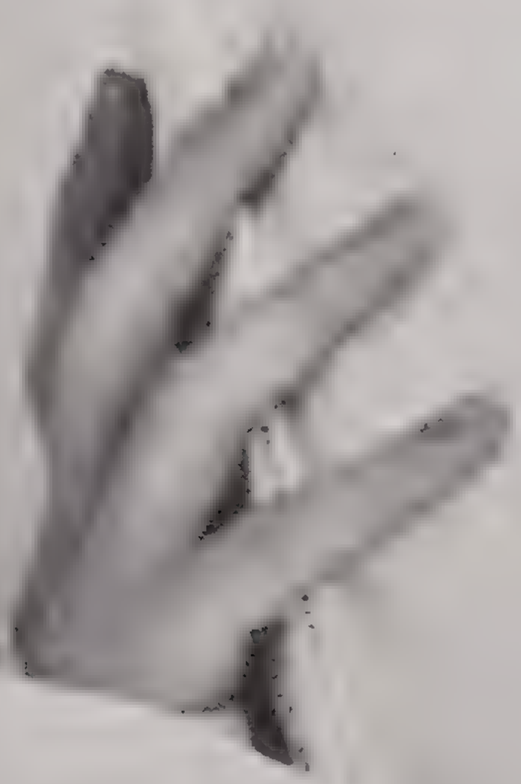

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reader letters

What constitutes success?
I started buying Vogue for its beautiful presentation of the latest in fashion. I will continue to buy it because of its intelligent articles (such as "Active Lives '85" in the August 1985 issue). I am so sick and tired of seeing magazine after magazine article on increasing your "power" on the job and "getting ahead" in terms of megabucks. I have seen good health and good relationships ruined over the quest for "success" only to see these people miserable and unhappy because they have put all their "success" eggs in one basket.

The meaning behind a woman's endeavors and the quality of her relationships are just as important, if not more so, than her stock portfolio. Through magazine articles such as yours, maybe more people will come to realize this before it's too late. Keep up the good work!
Elena M. Harte
Albuquerque NM

January—starting off right
The January 1986 issue is quite impressive. I have always enjoyed Vogue, but I found this issue particularly appealing—beginning with the cover. The content included a wide range of subjects—from a Broadway show to world peace—not to mention the wonderful fashion pages. Thank you for maintaining a standard and integrity not always evident in the magazine industry.
Ann Peterson
Seattle WA

AIDS: sense and sensibility
Three cheers for Ellen Switzer's "AIDS: What Women Can Do," in the January 1986 issue of Vogue. Her calm, informative approach to a subject too often riddled by hysteria and misinformation was most welcome and helpful. No one can deny that AIDS poses a gloomy prospect; but creating a national panic will do nothing to improve it. Well-researched articles such as Ms. Switzer's prove that facts alone—not frightful speculations—can lead us on the right path toward a cure. Thank you, Vogue, for providing the space for such a vital article.
Elizabeth Davidson
Sarasota FL

"Contemporary" religion
I am an artistically sensitive person and love the sheer gorgeous beauty of Vogue. Every month, it is a feast for the eyes.

However, in the past, too many of your articles were concerned with how to make it out there and with practical problems of the contemporary woman.

Recently, I was impressed and loved your article "Religion: The New Force—Spiritual Hunger, an interview with Ann B. Ulanov" by Deborah Mason [in the December 1985 issue]. Please give us more articles of this caliber on the spiritual dimension as well as on emotional and social problems.
Penelope Alexopulos
New York NY

Bright lights, boring city?
In reference to your October [1985] issue, I was disappointed by Edmund White's article "Berlin: Bright Lights, Black Leather." The article was a description of a place that seems cold and harsh. In my opinion, he spent too much time dealing with the bad points of Berlin, instead of showing the highlights. The article was boring. It was extremely hard to finish. As a young adult, I expected to hear a story of excitement and days filled with travel and nights of glamour. I find myself hoping never to visit Berlin.
Pam Welborn
Brandon MS

Moonlighting—Shepherd's following
I would just like to mention that your "People Are Talking About . . ." article in the November 1985 issue on [the television show] "Moonlighting" was one-sided and in bad taste. Who are you to criticize such a show? Just for the record, it's my favorite TV program and I respect and look up to Cybill Shepherd. She's got moxie! By the way, she also has a fabulous singing voice. Or haven't you heard it?
Carla S. Kattengell
Honolulu HI

"Model" figure—due for a change?
I must comment on the "New Bodies, New Images" article by Dorothy Schefer and Susan Oberstein in the October [1985] issue of Vogue. The writers cite many factors (from sexual dysfunction or a bad marriage to Kim Chernin's theory of the mother-daughter struggle) which they believe contribute to the "negative body image" that many women today possess. However, they have neglected to mention one very significant factor—the role of fashion magazines in our society today.

Your magazine states (on page 482) that many models today are not classic beauties; however I have yet to see many women featured in Vogue who do not possess long slender legs, narrow hips and small breasts. In comparison with the majority of women that one can see on the streets today, your models appear to be quite perfect! Where are more of your fashion models with the figure of the woman pictured at far left on page 484?

If the article is meant to reflect a belief held by Vogue that "what counts now (is) not thinness, but fitness" (page 484), the overall content of your magazine does not support such a conviction.

It is very tragic that so many women today are unhappy with their bodies and that bulimia and anorexia have become widespread. If women are to adopt more positive, accepting, and healthy attitudes towards their bodies, the attitudes towards their designers and fashion magazines must also change. . . .
Joanne Wojtala
Essex, Ontario
Canada

The porn debates: a rebuttal
In your September [1985] issue, you ran several articles on the subject of pornography, all of which were excellent, although one stands tall above the rest. The article entitled "Violence Against Women—Is Porn To Blame?" by Hillary Johnson brought to light, in a clear, concise manner, a subject which terrifies most females today—violent crimes perpetrated against women. In this piece, Ms. Johnson focused in on what could be the single most significant factor of the hostility men have toward women and why they act upon it—pornography. . . .

It is difficult to dictate to people what they should or should not watch because of the strong feelings in this country of the freedom we have. However, we can plainly see that if the women of America continue to sit idly by, the violence against women will continue and probably rise. Is this what we want? I think not.

Although Ms. Johnson fails to suggest anything for stopping this degradation of women, I wish to thank her for an excellent article which brings forward a topic no one wishes to talk about. I, however, would like to ask all women to join local groups and/or write their congressmen or senators, asking them to help stop this disgusting part of American culture. If we do not, [the next victims] could be our friends, daughters, or ourselves.
Regina M. Ponseti
New Orleans LA

Raising questions about PMS
Horray for Anne Fausto-Sterling, as reviewed in "Mind Health," December 1985 issue. It's about time that PMS is brought under speculation. If we women readily accept PMS, thereby calling ourselves "passive victims of 'hormonal hurricanes,'" we may be encouraging a major setback for womankind—Aren't we capable of being responsible and level-headed *all* of the time? PMS may, indeed, be a pop psychology cop-out.
K.C. Kondylis
Poughkeepsie NY

The Lauder allure
The article in the January 1986 Vogue on Estée Lauder was wonderful. It was a true inspiration for the housewoman with children, husband, and dreams. The balance she has achieved between determination and grace and the personal trust she has developed to follow her own instincts are valuable examples to all women. Face to face with Estée Lauder would be a true pleasure.
Lucy J. Weaver
Naples FL

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Guy Laroche

BEAUTY NOW

Women and skin: proven impact of emotions . . . new prevention and "cures" for breakouts

Women who experience a skin problem before an important event usually blame it on anxiety. Until recently, most doctors would have dismissed this connection as myth. Latest thinking: while stress may not be the only cause of skin trouble, increased tension can precipitate, or aggravate, breakouts—such as acne, eczema, hives, and psoriasis—especially among women prone to problem skin.

Isolating just *how* stress affects skin is far from simple. "No scientific methods measure stress precisely. In many cases, there are unanswered questions about the normal progression of acne," said Ronald Sherman, M.D., senior clinical instructor, dermatology, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC.

Also clouding the picture: people don't react to stress in the same way. "The problem with stress is that people respond with *dis*tress. Negative effects of stress are very individual," said Helen De Rosis, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry, New York University School of Medicine.

"Divorce Acne" While still controversial, some dermatologists feel that women's skin may be more sensitive to stress than men's. Growing numbers of experts report seeing cases of what has been dubbed "divorce acne"—breakouts that women (but not men) get as a result of an emotional upheaval.

The underlying problem may be related to the impact that stress has on normal hormone secretion, according to Peter E. Pochi, M.D., professor of dermatology at Boston University School of Medicine. In a recent study of women aged twenty to thirty-five, Dr. Pochi found that those women who were prone to acne had twice as much of the male hormone dehydroepiandrosterone—or DHEA—in their blood than women without acne.

What To Do First response to blemished skin—whatever the cause happens to be: have it checked by a dermatologist, who can recommend appropriate treatment with over-the-counter or prescription medications, many of which are in *topical* form.

If you feel your skin "acts up" when you're stressed: during a particularly stressful situation, ask your physician if any additional preventive steps can be taken; in some cases, a short-term increase in medication may be advised. In cases in which the culprit is an elevated level of the hormone DHEA, Dr. Pochi has found that "we can control it by giving these women small doses of a cortisone derivative—prednisone or dexamethasone—for a short period of time, which will often give extended help in reducing acne."

Long-Term Help? Most important but more difficult: reducing the amount of stress in your life, said Dr. De Rosis. "Look for a support group or a friend you can talk to easily. Try to spend less time with anyone who makes you tense. Use exercise as a stress-reducer; a fitness program that includes proper nutrition as well as intellectual stimulation can often help."

Prescribed tranquilizers are not the answer; studies have shown that they do not help to clear up stress-related conditions. More helpful: consulting a psychiatrist or psychologist to determine the best method of relieving your stress.

AGING-ANXIETY BREAKOUT

One of the reasons so many women in their thirties today are still developing blemishes, say skin-care experts: fear of signs of skin "aging" has resulted in the use of moisturizers that are simply too "rich" for a young woman's skin.

"It is not uncommon for a woman to look in the mirror, see her first wrinkle, and immediately begin using a heavier moisturizer under her makeup every day. A moisturizer must be correct for your skin type. Many women who have skin that is neither overly oily nor dry find that using an age-preventing, very emollient moisturizer on an everyday basis leads to the development of tiny bumps, or blemishes, under the skin," says Lia Schorr of NYC's Lia Schorr Skin Care Salon.

"Whatever your skin type, the best way to prevent premature aging of your skin is to use a sunscreen. When choosing a moisturizer, check how quickly it is absorbed into your skin; if it takes too long, it is probably too rich for everyday use, although you might want to use it every other night as a night cream. Few women in their thirties need to use a rich moisturizer on a daily basis. If your skin is very dry, try using a lighter liquid moisturizer one day and a richer cream formula the next; alternating between the two formulas will often be what's needed to keep your skin clear."

ZAPPING ACNE FAST

Since blemishes always seem to develop at the "wrong" time, what most women seek is a way to clear up their skin *fast*. While dermatologists can inject a particularly unsightly blemish with an anti-inflammatory drug to heal skin within a matter of days, what can a woman do when there's no time to get to the doctor?

Don't use every anti-acne product available, as it is not true that the more you cleanse, tone, and medicate the skin, the faster the blemish will heal, noted James J. Leyden, M.D., professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania, who spoke at a recent skin-care seminar sponsored by Avon.

"Too-vigorous cleansing only further irritates blemished skin and increases the chances of developing an adverse reaction to later treatment with a topical medication," said Dr. Leyden. Wiser: "spot-treating" an occasional blemish with an over-the-counter cream containing sulfur and resorcinol. (Benzoyl-peroxide creams are used to treat frequent, extensive breakouts.)

What about the use of hot compresses to encourage a pimple to "dissolve"? "It makes sense in that heat will increase the flow of blood—and the body's natural healing agents—to the site; but it can also have the undesirable side effect of making a blemish even redder," said Dr. Leyden. What may be better: cold (e.g., an ice cube held against the blemished area for approximately one minute). "Ice will summon the reflex action of increased blood flow without making a blemish redder and more obvious. Treating an occasional blemish with ice plus sulfur-resorcinol cream twice a day can cut the time it usually takes to clear up skin in half."

NOTE: Even moisturizers now are being formulated with blemish-prevention in mind. Example: Avon's Clear Skin 2 Oil-Free Moisture Supplement, which combines the acne-discourager salicylic acid with UVA and UVB sunscreens.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEWS WHAT'S COMING

movies

WHY I LOVE LUCY

Maggie Smith

Julian Sands and Helena Bonham-Carter

In the background, Puccini arias sung with full-throated rapture by Kiri Te Kanawa; in the foreground, turn-of-the-century Florence, idyllically empty of all but a smattering of well-behaved English tourists; close-ups of Giotto's frescoes in the Santa Croce; a view of the Arno at dawn: all this would be bliss enough, but James Ivory's film adaptation of E.M. Forster's *A Room with a View* is more than a luxury tour of Florence—and hilly green Surrey. With the help of a near-ideal cast led by Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott, Ivory and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala show a wondrous comic empathy when it comes to sketching in the gallery of British social types that Forster (*A Passage to India*) created with such affection and satirical precision. For him, the drawing room and *pensione* were moral battlegrounds in which nuances of class were revealed and human character tested and formed.

"If Miss Honeychurch ever takes to live as she plays, it will be very exciting—both for us and for her," says the Reverend Beebe while listening to Lucy, the pretty ingenue, play Beethoven in the parlor of the Pensione Bertolini. There's hidden irony, of course, in the Reverend's pro-life stance. As Lucy's life moves erratically forward, finally to harmonize with her passionate potential, he's the last one to perceive and champion the source of her awakening—the dashing, moody, troubled, violently sensual and "non-U" George Emerson.

Maggie Smith, absurd and sublime as Lucy's maiden cousin and overconscientious chaperone, suggests both the stuffiness and hidden romanticism in the character of Charlotte Bartlett. She gets a snicker of derision when she claims that, in her own small way, she is a "woman of the world." Yet by the end of the film (a less subtle version of Forster's glowingly ambiguous fade-out), she proves herself just that, a believer in love and life after all.

As her apparent antagonist, Denholm Elliott, with a wild look and the trace of a class accent, is wonderful playing the free-thinking Mr. Emerson, George's father. He and Charlotte are really the hero and heroine, not the sweet but thick-headed Lucy and her two suitors. As played by Helena Bonham-Carter, (*Lady Jane*), Lucy is less magnetic and endearing than Forster's Lucy. With her squat frame and bushy eyebrows, she has the look of a china bull or a perpetually gathering storm. She and her priggish suitor, Cecil (Daniel Day Lewis), are the only casting weaknesses in an otherwise glorious ensemble.

For all the subtlety of its class observations, *A Room with a View* has the momentum of an old-fashioned melodrama: Will Lucy follow the path of propriety and marry the snob-esthete Cecil, or will she follow her heart and choose the vital but socially dubious George (played as a captivating mixture of naïve poet and manly pagan by Julian Sands)? As we root for George, Forster offers as a third alternative—a dreary anticlimax: that Lucy will choose neither man but will become another Charlotte, traveling the world, valiantly, in the company of spinsters.

A Room with a View
shows wondrous comic empathy
for Forster's British social types

With George's offer of an "equal," nonprotective relationship, Forster is reaching for feminism, but not yet able to imagine a woman in other than one of two molds: fulfilling herself through a man or withering into a fuss-budgety spinsterhood. Yet, on the other hand, how much he felt and understood! While many of my adolescent friends were (supposedly) agog at Lady Chatterley and her goings-on, my seventeen-year-old heart was inflamed by Forster's passage in *A Room with a View* in which he bids adieu to the image of the "medieval" lady in song and sonnet, protected and revered but growing "degenerate" with unfulfilled longings. Like men, wrote Forster, "She too is enamoured of heavy winds, and vast panoramas, and green expanses of the sea . . . . Men, declaring that she inspires them to it, move joyfully over the surface, having the most delightful meetings with other men, happy, not because they are masculine but because they are alive. Before the show breaks up, she would like to drop the august title of the Eternal Woman, and go there as her transitory self."

If even Forster has a hard time bringing such a woman to novelistic life, it would be too much to ask of an adaptation to evoke this revolutionary idea. However, nothing in Bonham-Carter's performance, or the movie, hints at the changes to come the way the book did; and the final confrontation between Lucy and Mr. Emerson lacks the exultancy of Forster's climax.

At their worst, the film adaptations of Ivory and his long-time producer Ismail Merchant (*The Bostonians, The Europeans*) have the overrefined good taste of the "bad guys"—the prigs and emotionally stunted esthetes that the authors criticize. At their best, as in the graceful and consistently funny *A Room with a View* with its near-perfect pitch, Merchant and Ivory turn novels into dramas that the writers themselves would surely applaud. —MOLLY HASKELL

RALPH LAUREN

Photo: Roberto Cena

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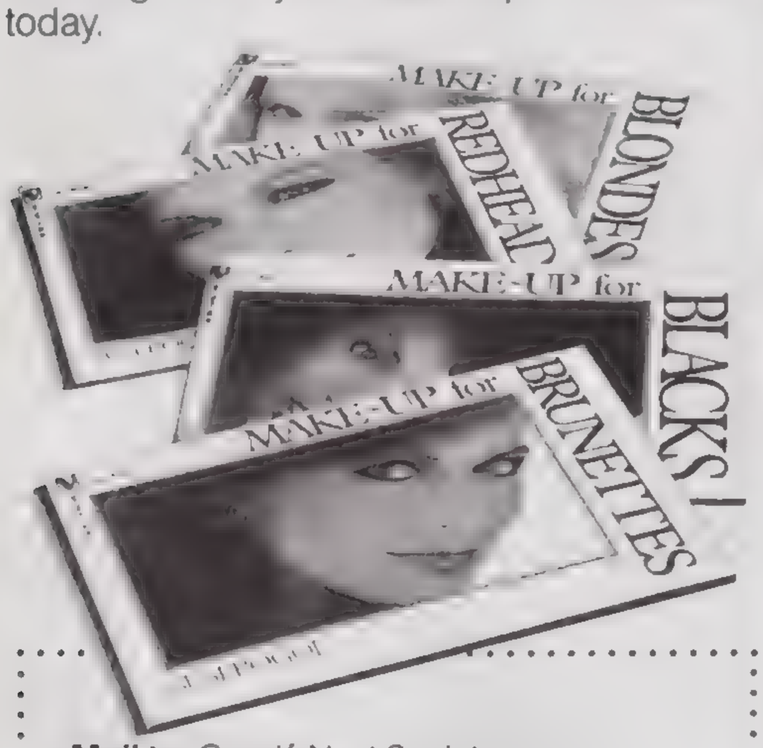

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

RAVE NEW WORLD

Jonathan Pryce flees the future in "Brazil"

A brilliant, gloomy, expensive, mordantly funny, shattering, and at times just plain exhausting end-of-the-world fantasy. An English cast of high-caliber reputation but no proven box-office appeal. Robert De Niro in a deliciously tiny part, far too small to use as a selling point (though they're trying). Running time, two and a half hours. It's not too hard to see why Universal ran for cover when British director and Monty Python veteran Terry Gilliam served up the finished product of *Brazil*.

Enter the Los Angeles Film Critics, who, by voting *Brazil* the best film of 1985, forced Universal's hand with the happy result that the movie has been released in a slightly shorter version. Although I have strong reservations about reviewers (who haven't a dime to lose either way) involving themselves in the marketing of a movie, I'm delighted that audiences will get a chance to see this unusual movie—superb-looking and wildly ambitious, with a kind of antic, fleabag humor that punctures the grandiosity that sometimes burdens futuristic films.

Jonathan Pryce (*The Ploughman's Lunch*), earnest and bewildered, makes the perfect Everyman, a functionary who floats and stumbles along two planes of existence: a briefly glimpsed dream world where, against blue skies and strains of Xavier Cugat's sunny rumba "Brazil," he flies on wings and courts a beautiful blond angel (Kim Greist). The same woman leads him into a terrorist nightmare in the "real world," a leaden totalitarian state where the monumental buildings, with their gleaming, metallic-grey surfaces, look jarringly like the Fascist architecture of the 'thirties that Leni Riefenstahl heroicized in her films. Yet beneath this façade, the Orwellian bureaucracy bumbles along with the sort of endearing British inefficiency that finally allows a single errant fly to propel the giant machinery to catastrophe.

Gilliam creates a futurist world that, like the best science-fiction films, draws on dreams and history and establishes its authority not with one or two sets but with a total vision. The fussily detailed screenplay by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and actor-writer Charles McKeown leads us through scenes of death, decay, and vanity that are as spooky as they are funny.

Ultimately, *Brazil* overplays its hand, battering you into numbness with a series of aggressive, Armageddon-like endings. But its heavenly and hellish images stay with you even after the dust has settled.—MOLLY HASKELL

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BRIAN DE PALMA LIGHTENS UP

One of the funniest things about *Wise Guys* is that Brian de Palma has directed it. There he was in Atlantic City with his booms and cameras sprawled in front of Resorts International, filming Joe Piscopo and Danny DeVito as two lame-brained thug buddies who bet their boss's money on the wrong horse and must run for their lives, pursued by no less a personage than Cyndi Lauper's wrestling partner, the massive Captain Lou Albano. How did De Palma, the henchman of Hitchcock, famous for fear and the slaughter of pretty women, get himself mixed up in a schtick-filled farce with these exuberant comedians? Apparently by an act of God. He mosied into producer Aaron Russo's office one day to say hello, and turned out to be just the man Russo wanted to see.

Wise Guys traverses New Jersey like a Bruce Springsteen lyric, and the usually somber De Palma was along for the ride. There is a scene in which the diminutive DeVito jumps up and down on a big pink car he has a grudge against. De Palma chortled, take after take. There is a scene in a Jersey City church in which a friendly thug meets his end in a burst of gunfire. De Palma was tempted to augment the comic impact of these events by having a nearby statue of the Virgin Mother decapitated, maybe eviscerated, maybe amputated by the same burst, but *resisted* the temptation: Hail Mary.

In Atlantic City, blue-collar vacationers and sweet old ladies hung on the fringes of the shoot, waiting to kiss Piscopo ("I love you, Joe," they said. "Is Eddie Murphy coming to visit?"), and hug DeVito ("I love you, Louie," they said, calling him by his *Taxi* name, "finish your spinach, then let's take a picture"), and cuddle up to Albano (who wears two rubber bands on an earring *through his cheek*!). In this charmed circle of populist affection, De Palma basked, sunning himself after his long bath in the rivers of gore. "You see that one?" murmured a silver-haired gambler with a walker. "That one in battle fatigues? He's the director. He sure looks like he's having a wonderful time. I heard he's also an Italian boy." —SUSAN DWORKIN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

GORED SILLY

Splattering the walls with blood and viscera, film director Stuart Gordon isn't much interested in tidy good taste and subtle effects. In *Re-Animator*, a mad-scientist romp about a renegade doctor whose icky, glow-in-the-dark potion brings the dead back to life, Gordon pulls on his hip-waders and trudges thigh-deep into the scarlet torrents. But *Re-Animator* isn't simply another axe-in-the-forehead movie. The film, which was adapted from a story by H.P. Lovecraft, glories in ghoulish excess, piling horror upon horror until the spurting arteries and lumbering corpses become an almost surrealistic form of knockabout comedy. Working for the first time in film, Gordon, who in 1969 was one of the founders of the Organic Theater Company in Chicago, has made an expressionistic farce out of the clichés of the horror genre. An over-the-top burlesque of gut-bucket schlock, *Re-Animator* is a sicko classic—it's schlock redeemed.

Gordon brings a reputation for extravagant blood-letting and theatrical flamboyance with him from his work onstage. "I have a friend who always described the Organic Theater as the 'Take Off Your Clothes, Scream, and Bleed Theater'; and I suppose you could call this a 'Take Off Your Clothes, Scream, and Bleed Movie,'" Gordon says. "Our goal was always to astound and amaze the audience. My feeling was that there were no limits to theater, that anything was possible."

Since most of the plays Gordon directed for the Organic Theater were essentially "movies that were done live," the transition to filmmaking on *Re-Animator* wasn't at all difficult. With a movie you can really do what Hitchcock, one of my heroes, said he wanted to do in *North by Northwest*—to put the audience on the train instead of watching it like a cow in a pasture. Except that in *Re-Animator*, I wanted to put them on a rollercoaster instead of a train.

"One of the things I've always found to be true is that something that is funny can become horrible quite easily and vice versa," says Gordon, who is currently in Rome making his next movie, *The Doll* ("It Wants To Play With You"). "What I wanted to do in *Re-Animator* was to build tension and then release it with jokes. I also felt that the material itself was so extreme that we needed to have the comedy if it was going to be something that you could sit through at all. My feeling is that the things that scare us most are those we need most to laugh at."

—HAL HINSON

POWER FAILURE?

The savvily amoral world of political consultancy and image manipulation is the subject of Sidney Lumet's *Power*—an up-to-the-minute idea for a movie that promises lip-licking grownup fun. Richard Gere, sporting a mustache, a go-getter personality, and a look of borderline respectability, plays the hot-shot hero, a man with an 85 percent success rate at getting his candidates into office. He's the kind of guy who plays bongos on his private plane as he covers the states where his candidates are running, and travels the Washington/New York axis where the movers and shakers move and shake.

All of this, including the overly neat opposition of Integrity and Selling Out, is just trashy enough to be enjoyable. It goes like this: Gere has an Honorable Past to which belong ex-wife (and super journalist) Julie Christie, E.G. Marshall as a high-minded politician, Beatrice Straight as Marshall's overwrought wife, and Gene Hackman as Gere's dipsomaniac mentor in the P.R. business. Then, there's Gere's Corrupt Present, devoted to politically unpalatable clients, which takes place, for the most part, in an office that looks like a Star Wars missile-control room and has a matching shower. The trappings include a beautiful assistant (Kate Capshaw) who occasionally slips into the shower with her boss after a hard day on the plane.

As New York's favorite-son director Lumet has moved upward from grit in the street (*Serpico, Dog Day Afternoon)* to slime in the boardroom *(Network* and *Power),* his touch hasn't appreciably lightened. In *Network,* the bravura acting muffled the stridency of the message; but the present cast, delectable as it is, works no such miracles. Still, their built-in sex appeal combined with the slick, fickle, high-octane fascination this world exudes keeps one "turning the pages" to the bittersweet ending. —M. H.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

art

Alex Katz with "Twilight" painting and cutouts of wife Ada and Allen Ginsberg

ON THE FACE OF IT

Alex Katz, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City, March 13—June 15 Alex Katz enjoys an ever-growing reputation as one of our leading portraitists; yet his straightforward, deliberately simplistic images suggest that he views faces primarily as vehicles for stylistic exercises in composition, scale, color, and the rendering of light. Katz, fifty-eight, tirelessly depicts his wife, Ada, their son Vincent, and Katz's entourage of friends, many of whom are poets, dancers, artists, and critics from New York City's SoHo area where he lives. As painted, they constitute a carefree, youthful crowd who mingle happily on sunlit lawns, at downtown loft parties, on tranquil beaches in Maine (where Katz spends his summers).

Katz's heads are dramatically oversized, frequently painted on canvases that are ten or twelve feet wide. His crisp, eye-catching style is influenced by magazine and billboard advertising, fashion photography, and movies. Like a cinematographer, he zooms in for the extreme close-up. Like the billboard artist, he crops his images to suggest that their scale is still too large for their already giant format. Like a fashion photographer, he sometimes deploys his figures against an uninflected monochrome field, comparable to a seamless paper background.

Katz is a generalizer—and the antithesis of a sharp-focus Realist like Chuck Close, who is also renowned for giant portraits of friends. Close's airbrushed portraits are based on his own photographs, which he magnifies both in size and degree of detail, meticulously depicting every pore, follicle, and blood vessel. Katz, in contrast, enlarges his faces without adding an equivalent amount of detail. He renders his faces schematically in broad planes of flat, unmodulated color, like a make-up artist applying a liquid foundation to a four-foot-high cheek. It could even be argued that Katz is a Minimalist in the guise of a portrait painter.

Katz also makes flat cut-out sculptures that are like freestanding paintings. He paints figures directly on aluminum, then cuts them out with a power saw ("It's like drawing with a saw," he says). As in the paintings, the faces or figures are often larger than life and arbitrarily cropped. Even so, their naturalistic stances and gestures have an eerie, almost living presence.

For all its smartness and flair, Katz's work raises a persistent question: should a portrait attempt more than the mere recording of appearance? Many would agree with art historian John Pope-Hennessy, who declared in his book *The Portrait in the Renaissance*, "Portraiture is the depiction of the individual in his own character." But this is hardly the case with Katz. As this thirty-year retrospective points out, he seems resolute in going no farther than skin-deep into his sitters' psyches. Not even the shadow of a thought crosses their serene, unblemished faces.

Katz himself is refreshingly free of self-doubt. "If you start with the surface, and you get it right, most things will make themselves clear," he explains. "There's nothing more amazing and more interesting than the surface. People take appearance for granted. I think it's the artist's duty to search, to see, and not to tell people about things. A painting should start with the surface, rather than start with a lecture."

—DAVID BOURDON

Collection of Katherine Willner photo: SCHECTER LEE TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

TAKING LIBERTIES

James Leonard's "Whirligig Weathervane: Statue of Liberty Being Repaired," 1984

Liberties with Liberty; Museum of American Folk Art, New York City; February 25–May 18 In honor of the Statue of Liberty's centennial, this intriguing, often disarming exhibition displays the evolving images of Miss Liberty as she had been stereotyped or freely interpreted over the years before Bartholdi's colossal sculpture, "Liberty Enlightening the World," indelibly fixed her image for posterity.

The show reminds us that the concepts of "America" and "liberty" were not always symbolized by women with neoclassical profiles and flowing togas. Historians, searching for Miss Liberty's roots, find them entangled with the earliest pictorial representations of the New World, when European artists personified the American continent as a savage, scantily clad Indian queen wearing a feathered headdress, carrying a bow and arrow, and riding atop an alligator. By the early nineteenth century, the Indian queen was virtually subsumed into a toga-clad Greek figure.

The eighty-five items in this show range from an eighteenth-century needlework scene of an Indian princess and two pilgrims to a contemporary whirligig *(left)* by New Jersey carpenter James Leonard (born 1949), who presents the statue undergoing restoration, flanked by scaffolding—just the way we've been seeing her over the last two years.

The exhibition travels to Dallas, Chicago, and other cities.

—D.B.

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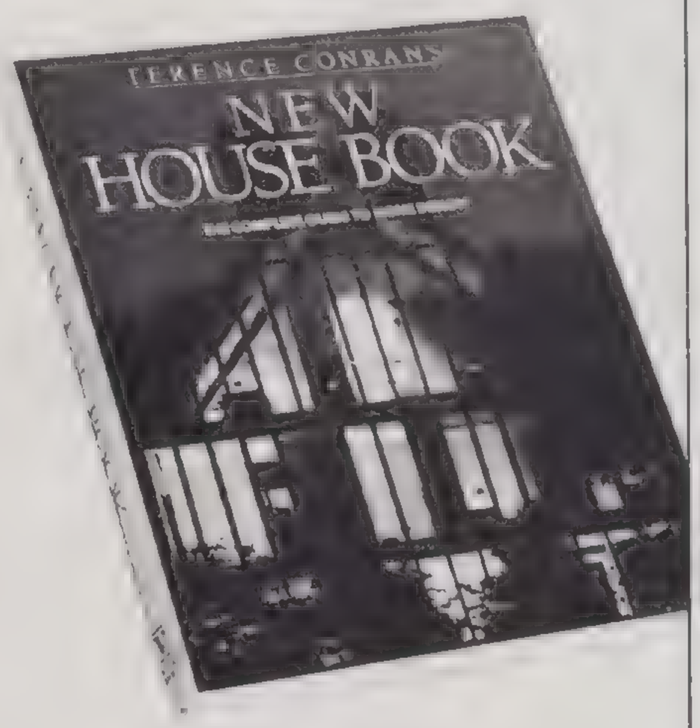

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From here it looks like a golden age. But a golden age needs more than a small galaxy of legends, and ours obligingly supplied a supporting cast of terrific pop and jazz singers. Notable among them is Maxine Sullivan, she of the husky, laconic voice. At seventy-four, still working in clubs nearly a half-century after her quick-step swing version of the mild-mannered Scots ballad "Loch Lomond" became a national hit, Sullivan spins, measures, and clips phrases with brisk, self-contained savvy. Would that the Three Fates, whom the Greeks believed spun, measured, and clipped the threads of human life had been so amiable, so wry, and so rhythmically apt.

Having begun her career singing in a Pittsburgh speakeasy perfidiously named the Benjamin Harrison Literary Society, Sullivan went on to work with musicians like Louis Armstrong, Claude Thornhill, and the Bennys Goodman and Carter. She had a radio show called *Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm*, and that's a fine description of her singing; a fine display of it can be found on three new albums, *Uptown, The Lady's in Love with You* (both Stash Records), and *The Great Songs from the Cotton Club* (Concord).

They show her to be a canny song archivist as well as stylist. *Uptown* combines lesser-known gems like "Something To Remember You By" with thrice-roasted chestnuts like "Just One of Those Things," delivered here as a string of rueful asides rather than the usual set of florid declamations. *The Lady* is devoted to the music of the admired but less-than-celebrated Burton Lane, who gave us "I Hear Music" and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," among other worthies, while the Cotton Club album features charming but seldom-done songs by the super-celebrated Harold ("Stormy Weather") Arlen.

What a pleasure these records are, especially the Lane and Arlen tributes, both with arrangements that exuberantly complement rather than tactfully confine Sullivan. Her favorite tempo is a firm, casual swing that can speed up to a fast-footwork pace or settle into a languid slow drag. The latter has its limits—ballads and Latin settings are pleasant, but not resonant rhythmically or emotionally. But, oh, those swing songs! How free of artifice and full of worldliness they are. How smoothly and slyly they move. "Have song, will sing/Have arms, will cling/Have beat, have feet/Will dance" wrote Dorothy Fields to a Lane tune. That's the essential Maxine Sullivan.

—MARGO JEFFERSON

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

music

Flower Power: The Cult's Ian Astbury reinvents the 'sixties

ROCK THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Ian Astbury, lead singer of Britain's latest rock import, The Cult, has the English music press confused. They can't seem to decide if The Cult is hip or not. Weaned on punk rock, this generation of British music journalists hates the twenty-three-year-old Astbury because he looks like a hippie; and to them, with his howling vocals and guitar-oriented band, he heralds the return of that dreaded old rock. But the fans—who put the band's single "She Sells Sanctuary" on the British charts for nineteen weeks—have no such problem. They're ready for a hard-rock sound; it's a welcome antithesis to the slick pop and heavy-metal swaggering promulgated by MTV.

The Cult's success should come as no surprise. Every ten years or so, when rock becomes disgustingly predictable, something, or someone, comes along to shake it up. Astbury claims that the music of The Cult is "emotional," and he's the first in quite some time to actually use—as well as explore—the word "alternatives."

But before he took to the stage with The Cult, Astbury had grown his hair unfashionably long and adorned himself in the costumes of the 'sixties, drawing looks, to say nothing of the occasional punch-up, on London streets. He's a dreamer who cares little for comfort (his London flat has no shower) and does not adhere to time schedules. Astbury wants to soak up everything he can about the 1960s, but, he says, "we're not trying to re-create anything. It's the *imagination* of that period that got to me. Lots of contemporary musicians are extremely unimaginative, and I find it hard to get input from them. That's why I've received so much energy from the music and the look of people like Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison."

With Astbury looking like a refugee from the 'sixties and his band (whose other members are Billy Duffy, Jamie Stewart, and Les Warner) sounding like a heavy guitar group from the 'seventies, The Cult is not easy to label. Which makes some people mighty nervous. And that's a very good sign. —LISA ROBINSON

STEVEN MEISEL Hair by Julian; makeup, Jo Strenell

CAN'T STOP THE MUSICAL

I grew up understanding that Broadway musicals were one of America's greatest contributions to world culture. I was lucky: I was born and raised in Brooklyn, near the Great White Way. In school, during Show and Tell, my classmates would recount actually having seen these works, which I knew were intellectually superior to the Rodeo, the Ice Show, and the Circus.

This month, Beverly Sills, indefatigably imaginative in drawing audiences to her New York City Opera Company, inaugurates an annual season of American musical comedy; the first production will be *Brigadoon*, hailing from 1947, during the Grand Period which, to be historically accurate, dates from my seventh to my fourteenth year.

But my first musical was Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro*. It was the successor to the

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

music

two works proclaimed as revolutionary masterpieces, *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, whose scores, along with that of *Annie Get Your Gun*, everyone knew by heart from the cast records.

I felt as if grace itself had descended at *Finian's Rainbow*. Has there ever been anything more brilliant? Well, maybe *Kiss Me Kate*'s "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." *Kate* made me the neighborhood smutty wit; long before I knew what Cole Porter's rhyming words meant, I sang by heart: "If she says your behavior is heinous, kick her right in the *Coriolanus!*" I still blush.

The *Gone With The Wind* of musicals, the epitome and justification of American civilization, was *South Pacific*. The story made no sense, but the show had everything: social conscience, an opera star, darling children, a rowdy sailor chorus, and the war in the Pacific.

Over the years, musicals have grown graver, but patriot and sucker that I am, I keep going back. There have been many happy spots, but not for me the disenchanted kvetches of *Follies* or *Company* or self-flagellants of *A Chorus Line*: I oppose successive monologues as a musical structure. In the search for elevated intent, Prince and Sondheim, et al., have taken out the kick.

Sure, I'd like to see the old shows again, but I'm uneasy at seeing them in an opera house. When opera singers attack Broadway tunes, there is often a feel of smug condescension ("Oh, these tunes are so lovely"). Besides, do we need *Guys and Dolls* with simultaneous supertitles in English?

Kern, Berlin, Porter, the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, and Hammerstein created an art all their own. And the fact that their shows were made not for the ages but for *their* present was a decided advantage. What is dated in their sentiment, musical style, book, topical reference, and social assumptions might be just what makes them most splendid. —ROBERT CORNFIELD

Robert Cornfield'*s first appearance in a musical comedy was at Camp Mahopac as the Star Keeper in "Carousel."*

theater

EMPRESS OF THE DRAWING ROOM

"Hay Fever"'s Rosemary Harris: "at home in the world"

BRIGITTE LACOMBE Makeup by Tomoko

At the end of the current Broadway revival of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*, after the cast has taken a bow, the curtain comes down only to go up again on Rosemary Harris, still in character as Judith Bliss, alone near the back of the stage tending a potted plant. Judith is a retired actress, whose every word and gesture appear to be part of a long-running performance. As the applause swells, she puts hands to head in mock surprise and embarrassment as if to say, "Are you applauding for little me?" After a few more moments of applause, she smiles a radiant, sweet baby-dumpling of a smile, bats her eyelashes, and steps forward as if to say, "You *are* applauding for little me. How terribly sweet of you. I guess I'd better take a bow." The bow is the perfect grace note to a comic performance that's both hilarious and surprisingly moving.

One expects great performances from the great English actress Rosemary Harris, who, two decades ago, founded New York City's Association of Producing Artists theater with her then-husband, director Ellis Rabb. Harris excels at playing women who are wise enough to feel at home in the world, such as Eleanor of Aquitaine in *The Lion in Winter*, a role that won her a Tony.

The action in *Hay Fever* takes place in the drawing room of the Bliss country house, to which each family member has invited a guest for the weekend without telling the others. In the end, the family members are more interested in acting out their own dramas than in caring for their guests who are left to fend for themselves.

Harris told me that she has always wanted to play Judith, a character who expresses herself almost totally through artifice. Yet her portrayal is never artificial. Harris finds her inspiration in the text. "Each writer has his own particular style—I mean rhythms, inner rhythms, musicality, tempo, all the things that give music style. Every playwright has his own music. If you're relaxed enough and sensitive enough to his rhythms, then I think your body automatically follows. You move differently to the music of Noel Coward than you do to the music of Oscar Wilde, or the music of Tennessee Williams."

In *Hay Fever*, Harris is so much the mistress of her drawing room that she seems to be not so much performing her part as living in it. "I love being in plays when the setting is my character's house," she says. "Everybody else coming into it is the interloper, and it's your territory. In this play, here I am with a beautiful house by the river and a maid. I put on beautiful clothes every night and go to this lovely chintz drawing room. After the performance, I'm really happy to go home very quietly. I've been at a party. A lovely party. Everybody's had an awfully good time, and I think, 'Ah, that was nice.' "—MAGGIE PALEY

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

tv TO THE MANNERS BORN

Miss Manners sits beside a vase of full-blown roses, before her a teacup and a bowl of round, ripe grapes. Her hair is swept up in an Edwardian drift; she faces us head-on, her bearing cordial but authoritative. Judith Martin, etiquette boss, author of advice columns and books, has put Miss Manners on the tube. In a wonderful series of sixty-second TV spots, we are graciously guided and admonished by a handsome woman with perfect comic timing.

Judith Martin is calm and in control. And that's what Miss Manners is all about: not place settings, but control. Control yourself, and you control your destiny. For Miss Manners, life is a thicket of vines and prickly undergrowth, and etiquette is simply the ability to choose the sharpest scythe for cutting your own path. Literal-minded pedantry, the vice of most columnists determined to wrench us all from the hellish pit of bad grammar and poor conduct, is here subservient to an utterly practical view of behavior. The difference between manners and morals, says Miss Manners, is that with manners "if you do something wrong and don't get caught, it doesn't matter. However," she adds, narrowing her eyes just a bit, "this does not apply to putting cartons on the table."

The word etiquette conjures up images of prim ladies and stuffy gentlemen, perfectly behaved. But Miss Manners recognizes that people are far from perfect, and she is not interested in making them so. What fork do I use first? a desperate viewer writes in. Don't worry, replies Miss Manners. Picking up the wrong fork is the least detectable of all etiquette crimes. No one notices. They're too busy eating and worrying about their own forks. "And *don't* feel intimidated when you attend a formal dinner party," she says. "Feel comforted—you know you're not going to go home hungry!"

Miss Manners peers over her pince-nez with profound common sense. The proper way to walk in high-heel shoes? "Right, left; right, left..." She is an evangelist with perspective. Miss Manners wants to spread the word, but the word is not always truth. What do you do when you accidently call your new lover by your old lover's name? asks one viewer. "Seek a new lover," replies Miss Manners. "What do you think the term 'darling' was invented for?"

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

MARC YANKUS

flowers THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES

As early as January, stir-crazy gardeners are mooning over the luscious full-color photographs of perfect blooms in the new crop of nursery catalogues; by March they can barely contain themselves. One sure way they can assuage their vernal cravings is to flock with nearly a quarter-million other plant people to the Philadelphia Flower Show, the nation's largest indoor horticultural exhibition. Here are many of the same flowers that, in *our* gardens, succumb to downpours, drought, insect devastation, and root rot faster than we can say *ikebana*. But in the Philadelphia Civic Center (from March 9 to 16), not a petal is out of line. The flowers have all been forced into bloom just for this occasion, having been fussed over for months, sometimes years, in elaborate greenhouses where sophisticated life-support systems monitor the levels of light, moisture, carbon dioxide, and nutrients.

Down the primrose path: the two big flower shows coming up this spring

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Last year, the theme of Philadelphia's floriferous extravaganza was "A Touch of Britain"—complete with a boxwood knot garden, perennial borders of delphiniums, mums, and tulips, and the indispensable thatched-roof cottage. This year's subject is "Hometown USA," and the show features an imaginary East Coast town square with Victorian railway station, bandstand, pond with footbridge, and a showy array of rhododendrons, azaleas, bayberry shrubs, crab-apple and willow trees, as well as a Hawaiian rain forest with an orgy of rare orchids.

Because the exhibitors include many of the country's leading nurseries, garden clubs, florists, and landscapers, the Philadelphia Flower Show has become a leading indicator of what's "in." This year's display prophesies the revival of such old-fashioned flowering shrubs as mock oranges, spireas, and lilacs. The hot colors—according to a consensus of the major exhibitors—are reds, pinks, and lavenders.

While Philadelphia's flower show still holds claim to being the country's most prestigious event of its kind, the recently revived annual New York Flower Show—on Manhattan's Pier 90 from March 15 to 23—is quickly gaining ground. Its theme is "Garden Fantasies." Among the major exhibits: a "Ghost Garden" composed of grey- and silver-leaved plants including wormwood, licorice, lamb's ear.

The Philadelphia and New York flower shows offer an early whiff of spring, and rouse our hope that this year's garden will be positively Edenic.

—DAVID BOURDON

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

dance

ROSELAND REDUX

TOM CARAVAGLIA

The American Ballroom Theater dancers, rehearsing, look like any other dancers in sweat clothes and leg warmers. But when the lush, big-band music of forgotten nightclubs is heard, and the men and women pair off to whirl, glide, and sweep around the floor, this doesn't look like any other dancing. It looks, even without the tuxedos and gowns of a performance, like a gorgeous ritual that was lost and now is found.

During the militantly informal 'sixties, ballroom dancing managed to stay alive in community centers and local Roselands—and in the curious institution of the ballroom competition devised by the British in the 'twenties and gradually embraced by the Americans. But in the early 'eighties, the ballroom "ghetto" began to feel restless on the inside and look compelling from the outside. Urged by theatrical tastemakers, the veteran competition team of Pierre Dulaine and Yvonne Marceau formed the Ballroom Theater, gathered their Fred-and-Ginger uniforms from closets and dressmakers, and made a wonderfully incongruous debut in October, 1984, at New York City's avant-garde Dance Theater Workshop.

The first revelation was the sheer range of the ballroom vocabulary: the show opened with smooth foxtrots and tangos, broke out in jitterbugs, narrowed in on tight Latin mambos and rumbas, and levitated to the near trance induced by the Viennese waltz. The second revelation was the overall style of it—the way the men reached out their arms to the women, or lifted them in the air like so many pocket handkerchiefs. But if such theatrical manners are exhilarating, they are also disconcerting. Is this the 'fifties or the 'eighties? What can the sight of two people dancing like this — "The man is the peel, the lady is the orange," says Ballroom Theater's eighty-two-year-old coach, John Roudis — mean to the audience in a feminist era?

The ballroom ritual points to something insistent in the culture—not so much a longing for nostalgia as an appetite for the pleasures of romantic artifice. A year after the Ballroom Theater's debut, the wild success of *Tango Argentino* on Broadway makes this point dramatically. While the Argentines swivel and stab at the ground, the Anglo-Americans sail, swoop, and fly over it, both metaphors for the deep and mysterious sensations of eros.

The tango may be easier to worship because it's exotic, but our smoothed-out ballroom style is easier to think of doing. At the end of the Ballroom Theater's show, which can be seen at The Brooklyn Academy of Music from March 18-30, the dancers invite the audience onto the stage to dance "The Blue Danube." They flock up in droves. —ELIZABETH KENDALL

ALL THE DANCE IN CHINA

Looking like an aquatic go-go dancer in her gossamer bellbottoms and nipped-in bodice, the sea-maiden rises on point and surveys her nautical kingdom. As she skims across the stage, her tidy bourrées carving an inexorable path toward some hidden fate, we know that a hero must follow. When he does, leaping from the wings and brandishing a spear, we're sucked into the dramatic current.

This month, the twenty-six-year-old Beijing-based Central Ballet of China makes its American debut at The Brooklyn Academy of Music, bringing an eclectic repertoire of native dances (*The Maid of the Sea* is one), *Variations for Four* (an exacting *divertissement* by venerable English choreographer Anton Dolin), and excerpts from *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*.

But don't anticipate a radical international style. This is not the new wave. Rather, Central Ballet is a dance company obsessed with the studied flamboyance of nineteenth-century European ballet, and one whose works are a carefully tailored confluence of Eastern esthetics and Western technique. More than anything, Central Ballet demonstrates the profound strength of our own classical vocabulary which, when put to the test of such a translation by dancers unexposed to its culturally imbedded nuances, ably supports an Eastern sensibility and still reads remarkably well. —LISE FRIEDMAN

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DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD ON AGING.

A DISCUSSION ON AGING AND ITS EFFECT ON THE SKIN.
BY CHRISTIAAN BARNARD, M.D.

"The process of aging and its effect on organs, tissue and on the quality of life has long been one of my primary interests.

"For in all my years of clinical experience I have found that the effects of aging can be devastating.

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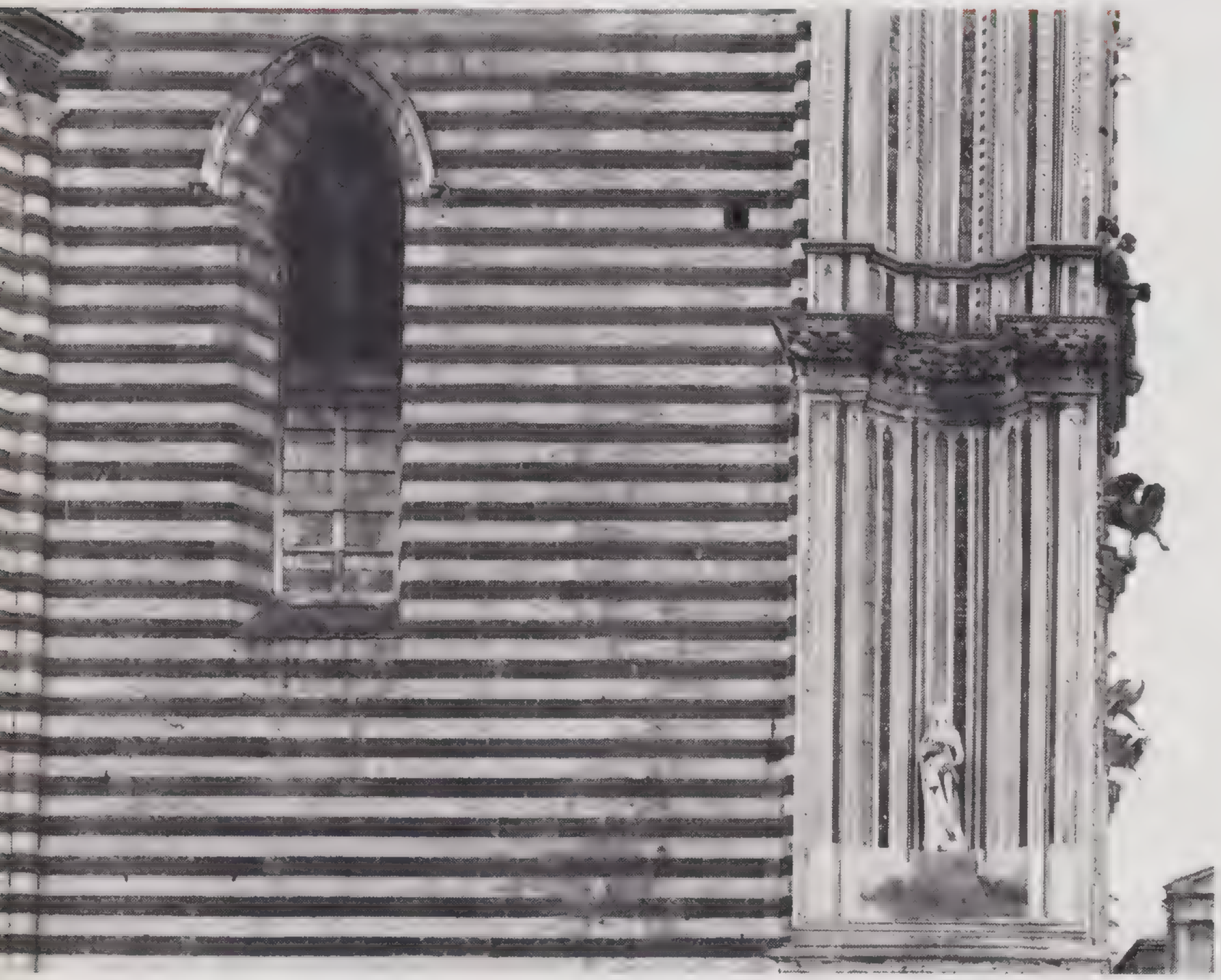
GOING TO THE CHAPEL


Sander Gallery

The classic façade of Orvieto's Duomo preserved for scrutiny

We are in Mantua, in Italy. We stand in front of the church of Sant'Andrea, and think "The façade is so nicely proportioned, too bad part of it cuts into the Campanile, too bad it's so closely surrounded by other buildings." A few minutes later, we have lunch in a trattoria. Sant'Andrea begins to fade.

In Florence, we see Santa Maria Novella as we rush across town and think, "The façade is so lovely with its patterns of dark and light." A few minutes later we're in the Uffizi. Santa Maria Novella begins to fade.

And so it goes. The flow of city life carries us with it. The noise, the traffic, the surging crowds, sweep us along at too quick a pace. Buildings are blurred. Their structural or decorative details are barely acknowledged, the exact sight of a church, say, is soon forgotten. We can't even place ourselves, except when we look at a map, and even then we are found only for a moment. Most of us move so fast, we lose whole cities.

But once we're inside, it is different. Our pace slows, as we may, if we choose, stop and look around. We enter Sant'Andrea and find ourselves in a gloomy space more ample than anything outside. We are very small as we inch down the nave under the high barrel vault toward the circle of dust-filled light that falls from the lantern. We stand in the circle overwhelmed by the great dome, silenced by the slow exertion of its immensity. We are possessed as we never are when we stand outside.

Richard Pare's photographs of exteriors of some splendid Italian churches, among them Sant'Andrea, Santa Maria Novella, and the Duomo in Orvieto, *left* (which can be seen at the Sander Gallery in New York City), may not possess us in quite the same way, but they compel our attention as few architectural photographs do. Perhaps it is because they have an air of being inside. The sky is often shut out, and we feel we are staring at the walls of a room whose features, obvious or not, insist on being examined. Pare sometimes photographs an entire façade so that it, and nothing else, is in the frame, but more frequently he isolates a section or a single feature of the exterior for closer scrutiny.

Pare's knowledge of his subject—he's the curator of photography at the Canadian Center for Architecture—gives the pictures a remarkable rightness. There is nothing casual or accidental about them. The images are exhaustive: every important detail, every telling nuance, is registered. His buildings are present in ways they were not when we stood before them.

His photographs of the portico of Sant'Andrea are a good example. He shoots from a low angle not only to establish the height of the vaulting, but to point out the surprisingly fluid character of the coffering. When we were at Sant'Andrea, the portico was merely a passageway into the church.

It wasn't until we saw Pare's photographs of Santa Maria Novella that we realized how ingeniously its bands of variegated marble played off the Florentine Romanesque façade of San Miniato and to what extent its decoration was an odd mixture of the witty and the monumental.

Pare's images are brief returns to Italy, straightforward studies of some of its finest buildings that give us a chance to see what we've missed. They are vigorous and tactful. The buildings are not only rescued, they are transformed.—MARK STRAND

SHOOTING AGAINST THE GRAIN

In the 'thirties, German-born photographer Ilse Bing bravely ignored French fashion editors who offered her large cameras and a studio. Bing, now eighty-six, glowed as she told me: "I didn't want to photograph merchandise. I wanted to photograph something that was alive. I wanted the air, the atmosphere." For fashion and street photographs, she used a faster 35mm Leica; the images are exquisitely composed, spontaneous, and controlled. A pair of gloves, shot in Paris for *Harper's Bazaar* (1933), seem animated, as if the hands had just pulled out.

Bing's later photographs, done in the United States after 1945, were more distant. In "Portrait of a Shade," 1953 *(right)*, the light and shadow and the knotted pulley evoke a perfect but impenetrable serenity. By the 'sixties, she felt in peril of repeating herself, stopped taking pictures and took up drawing, collage, and dog grooming. Ilse Bing's retrospective at the International Center of Photography in New York City, through March 23, exhibits three decades of diverse, emphatically original work.

—DANA COWIN

New Orleans Museum of Art

"Portrait of a Shade," 1953

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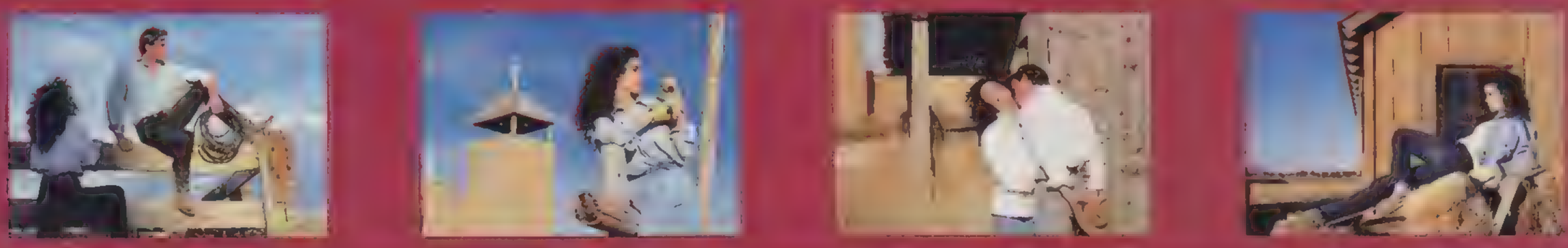

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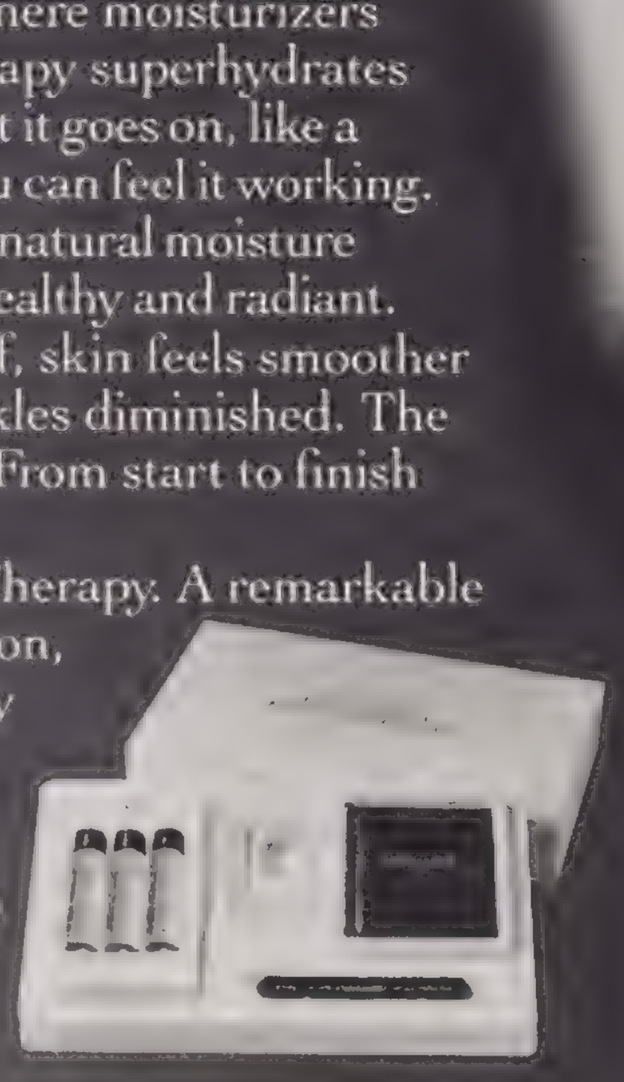

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ART

After the revolution: Robert Morris and Richard Serra are still creating startling, disorienting works. BY BARBARA ROSE

Morris' untitled 1984 work—a pastel in a sculpted Hydrocal frame, 73½ inches wide

By coincidence, two of the sculptors who dominated the American avant-garde in the 'sixties and 'seventies are subjects of museum surveys this month. Both Robert Morris, whose elaborate works of the 'eighties are on view at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art (through April 13), and Richard Serra, who is exhibiting ten major pieces in a retrospective at New York City's Museum of Modern Art (through May 13), began as painters; but they later rejected painting as an art of the past and, instead, turned to performance, film, video, and above all, massive confrontational works in three dimensions that challenged previous definitions of sculpture.

Morris, fifty-five, a leading figure of Minimal Art, has bewildered critics and public alike by zigzagging back and forth between concrete objects and ephemeral environments and earthworks. Now, in another turnabout, he is showing art that is literally *on* rather than off the wall: dreamy paintings in ornate sculptured frames. Serra, who originally also challenged the status of art as a stable object or salable commodity in a series of startling original works that stressed the inherent properties of materials (like soft-lead plates propped against each other, threatening imminent collapse), seems also to have made his peace with the confines of the museum.

The opposite of today's know-nothing, post-Warhol disco hipsters, Morris and Serra studied philosophy and art history, worked abroad, and are brilliant, articulate intellectuals. Both took hard-line, antisocial positions, defining the cutting edge of the avant-garde opposition to academic conservatism and the status quo. Today, Morris and Serra are among the survivors of "art wars" in which hype and publicity have replaced critical analysis and serious opposition—the two essential ingredients of an avant-garde ideology.

Looking at Morris and Serra in the context of today's demand for a decorative, unchallenging art, one finds them still involved with creating disorienting work. The way in which each has found a means of accommodating the new role of art as inside rather than outside society reveals the degree to which the avant-garde has had to adapt in order to survive.

In Morris' case, the disorienting element of art has been displaced from physical to psychological confrontation. His new works combine romantic, Turneresque painting with elaborate sculptured frames that set up an absolute boundary between the private realm of the artist's imagination within the picture and the world outside. Morris' involvement with public art seems extinguished in a commitment to the inner life, personal fantasy, collective nightmares, and Symbolist lyricism.

Meanwhile, Serra, forty-six, has continued an uninterrupted collision course with philistine taste. Recently, his government-commissioned "Tilted Arc," a twelve-foot-high, 120-foot-long curved wall of Cor-ten steel in lower Manhattan, was the subject of international controversy when government employees objected to its dark, looming presence and urged its removal. The outcry over "Tilted Arc" crystallized the issue of artistic license versus social responsibility, of the right of the artist to impose his vision on a public uneducated to understand it. In Europe, Serra's public art is enthusiastically supported; the city of Paris recently purchased a major outdoor steel piece, "Clara-Clara."

In the 'sixties, both Serra and Morris were involved with defying the authority of institutions. Serra, for example, filled up the Pasadena Museum with redwood logs and littered the floor of the MoMA itself with scraps of wood and metal. Morris led an artists' moratorium, protesting the war in Vietnam, that produced a temporary closing of several New York City museums for a day in May, 1969. Judged as part of art history, Serra's bold gestures, his aggressive use of space and materials, and his manipulation of esthetic, spatial, and temporal concepts stand up as a major statement.

Robert Morris' retreat from the parapets of the embattled vanguard to a strictly personal, intimate, reflective art is another sign that the 'eighties are not the 'sixties. To see the separate and diverging paths chosen by these two leaders of avant-garde thought as they attempt to find ways to survive a context of philistine reaction is telling indeed. Yesterday's rebels are on their good behavior; inside the museum, the work appears to renounce any intention of changing the world, once the heart of the avant-garde urge to revolt.

Here then is art after the revolution: what is important is that it is still art, still provocatively directed to the informed rather than to the mindless. Neither Serra's brooding, space-invading structures nor Morris' allusions to death and apocalypse makes you "feel good," but they make you think and perhaps experience a strong emotional reaction that makes you know that important art is still about the truth.

After Serra's "Clara-Clara," 1983, was displayed in the Tuileries (below), Paris bought it and moved it to the Square de Choisy.

Top: Private collection, New York City; courtesy Sonnabend Gallery; bottom: DIRK REINARTZ, courtesy Leo Castelli Gallery; collection City of Paris

Dare to be More.

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BY LORRAINE DAVIS

IN HER OWN WORDS...

"Companies hotly recruit today's female college graduates because, by and large, women students have prepared themselves better to compete than most male graduates they're hiring. Women in school now are taking their academic work much more seriously than we did and, as a matter of fact, are proving themselves very formidable competition to men"—*Sarah Harder, president of the American Association of University Women and assistant to the chancellor and English faculty member, University of Wisconsin, Eau Clair*

"Thinking about having a baby, you'll think of all the reasons why you shouldn't have one at that point. But once the baby's on the way, you've got enough time to plan to make things happen right. Sometimes I wish I could have had the gestation period of an elephant... As it turned out, my husband and I thought we were happy until the baby came around, and then we found out what *really* makes us happy."—*Jill M. Considine, superintendent of banks for New York State, who began the job when she was eight months' pregnant*

"Why do we need to care about Africa? Ten million people risk dying of starvation. Giving to Africa is not just Christian sharing; it's in our economic, security, and world-trade best interest. Unless Africa is able to help itself, it will not be in a position to be a co-worker with us, but will continue to be dependent."—*Claudine Schneider, Congresswoman, Rhode Island, speaking at a breakfast given by Overseas Education Fund International*

RULING: IT COMES NATURALLY

"There is nothing as well established in history that a woman does so well as reign...in this she has ever held an uncontested place as high as the highest, needing no excuse on the grounds that she is 'only a woman.' " This is a dictum from Margaret Oliphant, an Englishwoman who, during Victoria's reign, supported five males by her pen while carrying out her household duties.

Ms. Oliphant's comment on queenship is quoted in *Victorian Wives*, by Katharine Moore, distributed by Schocken Books.

FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER

The phrase "putting your money where your mouth is" isn't pretty, but it does describe the commitment of Joan B. Kroc and her daughter Linda Smith. After the widow of Ray Kroc, owner of McDonald's money-making eateries, formed her Joan B. Kroc Foundation in support of her concerns about drug and alcohol abuse, world hunger, and the prevention of nuclear war, her daughter followed suit with MEND—Mothers Embracing Nuclear Disarmament. Ms. Kroc is said to have spent about $400,000 for her first full-page advertisements, in twenty-three major newspapers, with a quotation from Dwight D. Eisenhower that said, in part: "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and not clothed...."

The response to this broadside was so overwhelmingly positive that Ms. Kroc (who is also the owner of the San Diego Padres baseball team) followed up with a second, in ninety-four papers, with an even stronger message. She next arranged for a new edition of *Missile Envy*, the latest anti-nuke book by Helen Caldicott, M.D., and will distribute it to influential Americans. She is also a supporter of the nuclear-war-prevention Center for Defense Information in Washington, DC, and of the Institute for International Peace Studies at Notre Dame.

Daughter Linda Smith, wife of Ballard Smith, president of the Padres, experienced her epiphany on a return airplane flight after a tears-producing visit with her four daughters to the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, DC. "I think mothers are genetically coded to save the species," she said. "How could I explain to my children that there are fifty thousand weapons that we human beings have allowed ourselves to put on this earth that might push them right off this planet?" MEND, with chapters forming all over the country, was the result. Working to provide a grass-roots base for this cause that she "absorbed" from her mother, Mrs. Smith said: "I'm hopeful. We must try. I think mothers can make the difference." (MEND, P.O. Box 2309, La Jolla CA 92038; 619/454-3343.)

OUR WEEK, OUR DAY

March 2-8 is National Women's History Week, with International Women's Day on March 8. Why March 8? In 1857, on that day, women from the garment and textile industry in NYC staged a demonstration protesting twelve-hour work days, bad working conditions, low pay; the women formed a union in March 1860. It was a German labor leader, Clara Zetken, who in 1910 proposed the Day to commemorate their struggle.

This year, the theme for the Week—which was begun in 1978 in California by the National Women's History Project (P.O. Box 3716, Santa Rosa CA 95402; 707/526-5974) and has spread across the country to be proclaimed by a Joint Congressional Resolution for the fifth time this year—will be "Women: Builders of Communities and Dreams." With rallies, forums, demonstrations, and media shows, the week provides an opportunity to balance the historical record by honoring the names of women who have played significant roles, both starring and supporting, in our shared history.

The women at the Santa Rosa Project will be providing a resource catalogue, books, posters, records. In New Jersey, TV's Women Make News, Inc., headed by Janet Jaller Weiss (P.O. Box 477, Leonia NJ 07605), will announce winners of its International Essay Competition on "A Woman I Greatly Admire," for women in five categories from age seven on up.

WHAT NOT TO SAY

- *"A growth position where I can combine and utilize my excellent managerial and creative abilities."*
- *"A position in a major studio that will expose me to all aspects of film production and distribution."*
- *"Sales position for a major manufacturer."*

When you're résumé-writing, what you leave out may be as important as what you put in. In "Resumes for Successful Women" (Wallaby Books), Laurie E. Lico says don't include your "objective" in the résumé (her examples above)—it is limiting, may not correspond to the job available.

FOTO BOB KRIEGER - ART DIRECTOR EMENDA MARINELLI

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Q&A BEAUTY

Hair: modernizing style . . . dry-lip tips . . . perfecting powder finish

Q I realize the look of hair, now, is slightly longer; but I like my hair chin length. How can I get a more "modern" look?

A The trend to longer hair doesn't eliminate the importance of *proportion*. If your hair length works for you, stick with it. Think, instead, of changing hair's *shape* rather than its length, which will give your hair more volume and dimension. For example: to update a blunt, chin-length cut such as yours, stylist Jean Louis David suggests adding bangs or wispy layers around the face. Cutting very subtle layers just at the ends of your hair will maintain the blunt effect, but will soften a square look, as well as add volume. Another idea: let hair grow a *little* longer only in the back, says Jean Louis David, and wear the sides layered and brushed towards the face.

Haircolor is also a way to modernize a look; but discuss the specific ways of how to change your particular color with a pro.

A third idea: wigs! . . . which can instantly change the look or length of hair. You can opt for a wig in your natural hair color; but it will need to be shaped, thinned, and cut into an attractive, wearable shape by your stylist. Or, try a hairpiece—e.g., pin-on bangs or a pony-tail. A hairpiece with an open-weave cap allows you to pull through strands of your own hair for more volume.

Q As warmer weather approaches, my dry, chapped lips don't go away but actually seem to worsen. Why is this? What can I do?

A According to Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology, New York University Medical Center, the major cause of dry lips is habitual lip licking and biting. "Licking lips frequently has the same effect as constantly wetting the skin—it accelerates moisture evaporation. Women who tend to lick their lips also tend to bite them, which further injures delicate lip tissue. The problem does not go away as warmer weather approaches; in fact, it is exacerbated in summertime when lips are more easily sunburned. Active women generally have drier lips in warmer weather, too, because they spend more time outdoors—exposed to sun, salt/chlorine water, sea air, all of which are drying.

To protect and moisturize lips, skin-care specialist Trish McEvoy suggests always wearing lipstick (a layer of lip balm under and over lipstick will help very dry lips). In summer, if you skip wearing lipstick, wear a clear lip balm with added sunscreen.

Note: To aid severely dry lips, try Eucerin Creme (at drugstores). Another lip soother: Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour LipCare Stick.

Q I like the idea of using face powder; but it makes my skin look pale and dull. What is the best way to use translucent powder? Does powder's color make a difference?

A Loose or pressed powder is important as a "finish" to makeup and to absorb any oil that appears during the day; but applying powder to a bare face will give skin a pale, dull cast, as will using too much powder or too light a shade. Because translucent powders are generally very pale, they must be sheer enough when applied over foundation so that your base color comes through.

The right way to apply? With either a powder puff or brush, whether powder is loose or pressed—but be sure to remove any excess (with a *clean* puff, cotton ball, or brush), which can settle on skin like a mask.

Although "transparent" powder is supposed to be colorless, there are shade differences that can show up on skin, says NYC makeup artist Linda Cantello. She recommends powders that have a peach rather than pink tone for a more natural look. At night, you could use a slightly opalescent powder to give skin a bit of a glow. (New "bronzing" powders can impart the look of a tan; but, to produce a natural look, applying them takes practice.) In choosing face powder, Cantello suggests opting for a quality product as, often, better powders have a finer texture.

Other tips: As a woman gets older, she should use *less* powder, as it can settle in fine lines. Women with downy skin should be careful when applying powder because it can sit on fine hairs and look heavy.

If you prefer to use powder on *bare* skin without foundation, always use a *pressed* powder in a shade that exactly matches your skin tone, and be sure skin is clean and well moisturized. Women with oily skin usually prefer this, because it gives their skin a "less greasy" feel. (One to try: Cover Girl Replenishing Pressed Powder.) ▽

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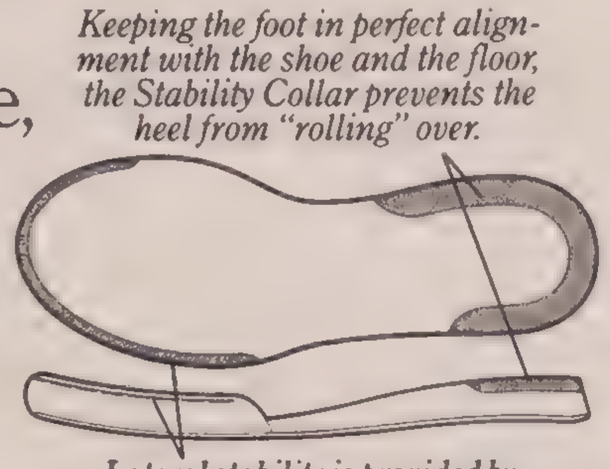

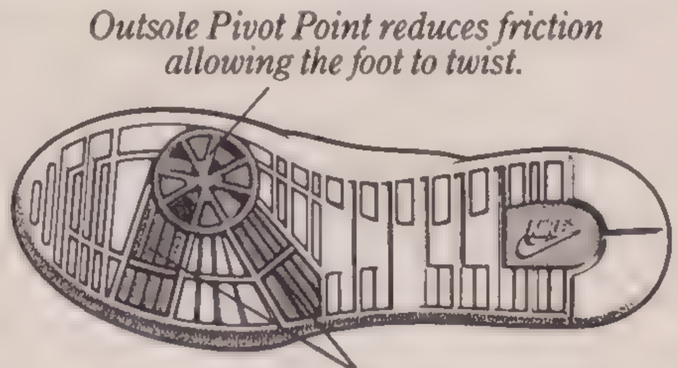

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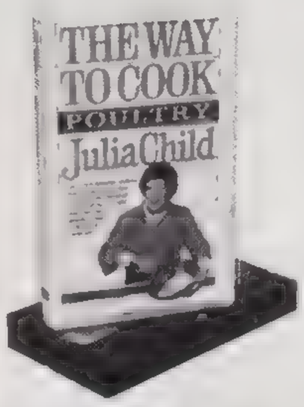

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FITNESS NOW

Hate to exercise? Read on . . .

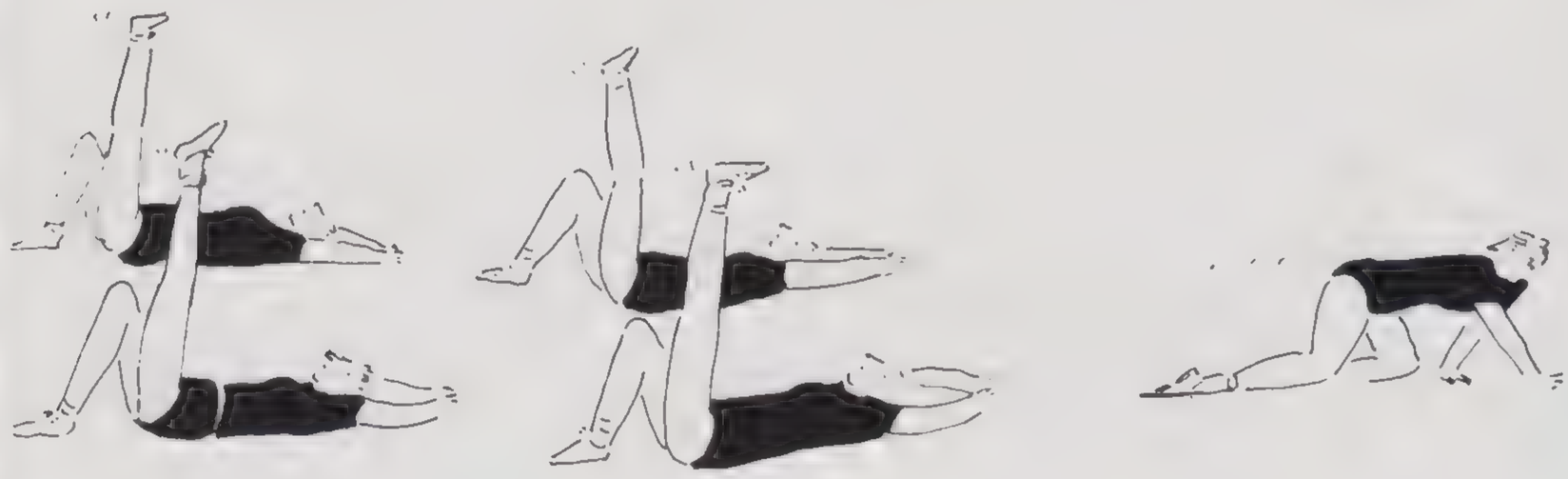
BY KIM WRIGHT WILEY

I'm still tormented by memories of high school Phys. Ed.—sweltering on a softball field, freezing in the pool, performing jumping jacks to the inspired strains of John Philip Sousa. After a soapless group shower, we girls would rush to classes, pulling pantyhose over still-damp legs, dabbing mascara out of our eyes. I had Phys. Ed. first period, and it was tough watching all my efforts toward teen-age beauty literally going down the drain. As I ran to my next class—sticky and shivering—I was consoled by a single thought: gym was only required for one year.

Imagine my shock when I grew up and learned that "fitness" is a must for life.

I *hate* to exercise. And I'm not alone. Every woman I meet knows she *should* exercise; but when you get right down to it, few people want to. Even friends who are determined to be Superwomen freely admit that, when life gets busy, exercise is dropped.

Because secretly we hate it. We look for reasons to be diverted. Let anything disruptive happen during the day, and I immediately think "I cannot exercise."



There are lots of reasons . . .

- *Exercise hurts*. Forget the aerobic high. I never felt it, and I can only assume that those who claim to are referring to the lightheadedness you experience just before passing out. Now I have "gone for the burn" and have experienced *that*. Once, on a stationary bike, I had a localized hot flash. My thighs had seen the future—and the future wasn't pretty. Push past the pain, my fitness coach screamed. I pushed past *her*—on my way to my locker.

- *Exercise is boring*. In desperation, I taped some favorite songs, hoping that if I worked out to music I liked, a "mental transfer" would occur and I'd learn to love exercise. Wrong. An association did occur, but now I hate that music.

- *Exercise takes time*. I have to schedule my workouts and force myself to exercise three times a week, the bare fitness minimum. A friend swears she must swim two hours a day, which equals fourteen hours a week, and adds up to a whopping 728 hours a year. That is a *month* of her life!

- *You wear unattractive, body-revealing clothes*. I categorically refuse to wear any clothes called "sweats," "tanks," or "sneaks." Leotards are the worst, owing to what I call selective elasticity. How can a garment so capable of crushing the bustline do absolutely nothing to rope in the rump?

- *Exercise never ends*. That's the kicker. You can lunge and squat and thrust your way into oblivion, and the day after tomorrow you still have to get up and not only do it again, but add more repetitions.

- *Exercise is punishment*. I now see everything I eat in terms of how many minutes it takes to burn it off. That's not a chili-dog, it's thirty-five minutes strapped to a Life Cycle! Working out is the new self-flagellation, the new *mea culpa*, for why else do we do it only *after* a sin binge? (Do you know anyone yet who burns off calories not yet consumed?)

- *Exercise is trendy*. I'm tired of being shamed into action by celebrities who smile at me while bench-pressing in diet-drink commercials. The only star I identify with says, "I know now there's more to life than a leg lift." Smart girl.

Let's face it: we only *pretend* to like exercise because we feel guilty if we don't. We're products of the new American fitness ethic, of Madison Avenue hype. My favorite health-club commercial is one in which a too-thin woman in a leotard curls herself suggestively around a Nautilus machine, saying "If it came in a bottle, everyone would have a great body." I know I would. ▽

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

March's Astrological Weather: Beware the Ides of March! Midmonth, the combined force of warlike Mars and revolutionary Uranus threatens the Old Guard, turns private lives upside down, sets everyone's nerves on edge. Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn try to hold the fort; Aries and Scorpio, their volatile tempers. Pisces, Aquarius, Virgo, and Sagittarius embrace the new. Gemini, Leo, and Taurus undergo an unexpected change of heart. By Easter, peace prevails as the courageous Aries sun and responsible, conventional Saturn stabilize the situation.

PISCES February 19–March 20 Career steps that you took at Christmas can pay off dramatically this month as the Pisces sun brings on changes in your professional life. Mars and Uranus will also meet in that arena on the 12th—don't be surprised if your boss suddenly quits. Because Mercury is retrograde in your sign until the end of the month, you may have trouble knowing just what you want and communicating your needs to others. From the 16th through Easter, as your imaginative Neptune ruler predominates, artistic friends will keep you enthralled.

ARIES March 21–April 19 A possibility of danger lurks where and when you least expect it, so resist that wild impulse to get away from it all during the week of the 10th when rebellious Uranus irritates your assertive Martian ruler. Rely on charm and sex appeal—Venus will be in your sign—to pull you through an upsetting encounter. Personal magnetism grows stronger after the sun enters Aries on the 20th, enabling you to resolve business or investment problems and, on Easter Sunday, to draw a loved one even closer.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 March blows in like the proverbial lion, sending an air of eroticism to you and your friends. Until the 26th, when your Venus ruler makes peace with fickle Uranus, it also stirs up friction between you and your lover. Then you see that change isn't all it's cracked up to be. From the 16th through the 22nd, heed a confidante's sensible advice about your love life and, while Jupiter is in your career house, show your employer that you have the resourcefulness to handle an important assignment.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 Reminiscences of past loves, fantasies of foreign travel typify Gemini's frame of mind while your Mercury ruler is retrograde. The most challenging time for you will occur around St. Patrick's Day when Mars and Uranus, meeting in your partnership house, upset the status quo. A safe and sane alternative to divorce would be to involve yourself in any nonverbal artistic endeavor or to take refuge in a large group project until Mercury moves forward again at the end of the month, easing the strain.

CANCER June 22–July 22 The volatile Mars-Uranus conjunction the week of the 10th may cause a sudden change in working conditions. Pushing yourself beyond your physical limits as you rise to meet the new challenge can make you more accident-prone than usual. And since Uranus rules ankles and airplanes, this is also not the time to ski, skate, or fly. At Easter, when cautious Saturn offers protection, you can safely seek out recreation. By then Mercury will be direct, no longer disrupting travel plans.

LEO July 23–August 22 This month, your potent sun ruler activates those areas of your solar chart concerned with romance and sexual intimacy, financial risks and rewards. The week of the 10th, when fiery Mars clashes with unruly Uranus, turbulence marks dealings with children, a lover, and your broker. Once the sun enters Aries on the 20th, upheaval turns to confusion, as Neptune's ambiguity clouds your true feelings; but Saturn offers a sensible resolution, restoring a sense of pride in your home and family at Easter.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 Your fact-finding Mercury ruler is retrograde from the 7th until the 29th, leaving you prone to neglect the fine print—avoid signing legally binding documents. All aspects of your home environment suffer from the Mars-Uranus conjunction. Until spring officially arrives on the 21st, family members will rub you the wrong way. Let your mate, assuming he is not another Virgo, handle your parents, the landlord, and the decorator while you focus more intently on your job. *(Continued on page 174)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 172)

LIBRA September 23–October 22 Librans who travel a lot should be especially careful during the first two weeks because a capricious Uranian influence puts a strain on your physical and psychic well-being. No doubt, this added stimulation will be exciting, but it could become harrowing on the 12th when brazen Mars adds an element of danger to your normal routine. Finances, however, will not be a problem as your harmonious Venus ruler attracts Saturn's stabilizing influence on the 16th. The Aries sun can further secure a financial tie at the end of the month.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 You might have a difficult time controlling both your temper and your finances the week of the 10th as the explosive meeting of headstrong Mars, your co-ruler, and unconventional Uranus can cause unusual emotional outbursts and sudden, rash expenditures. A disobedient child or momentarily unsympathetic lover will only increase your discomfort and may add an unexpected expense. Generous parental support can ease the situation as expansive Jupiter befriends Pluto, your other ruling planet around the 21st.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 Freedom-loving Sagittarians may really break loose when the combined forces of courageous Mars and radical Uranus meet in your sign on the 12th. Now you can rid yourself of excess negative psychological baggage, move toward a long-range goal, and generally clean house. You might be under additional strain from your family at this time, so utilize stress-management techniques at least until the sun leaves Pisces on the 20th, relieving parental pressure. Around the 21st, friends will be your most valuable asset.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 As the month begins, you'll encounter frustration as the Pisces sun, sending obstacles to your Saturn ruler, can block every financial move you make. While Mars and Uranus provoke your curiosity around the 12th, sudden flashes of insight illuminate unconscious behavior. Jupiter offers a long-term career opportunity around the 21st. By Easter weekend, the adventurous Aries sun and Saturn will once again be on excellent terms and you'll be free to fully enjoy the holiday.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 Affectionate Venus squares changeable Uranus on the 2nd, testing a new friendship. This offbeat planetary aspect also tends to prefer the exotic and outrageous, so don't shop for anything larger than earrings. On the 12th, pushy Mars further jostles your Uranus ruler and compels you to take a more active role in your public life. This is the perfect time to announce your candidacy or otherwise take control of a group effort. Easter week brings solid financial and career gains as the Aries sun and Saturn provide stable support.

VOGUE, March, 1986

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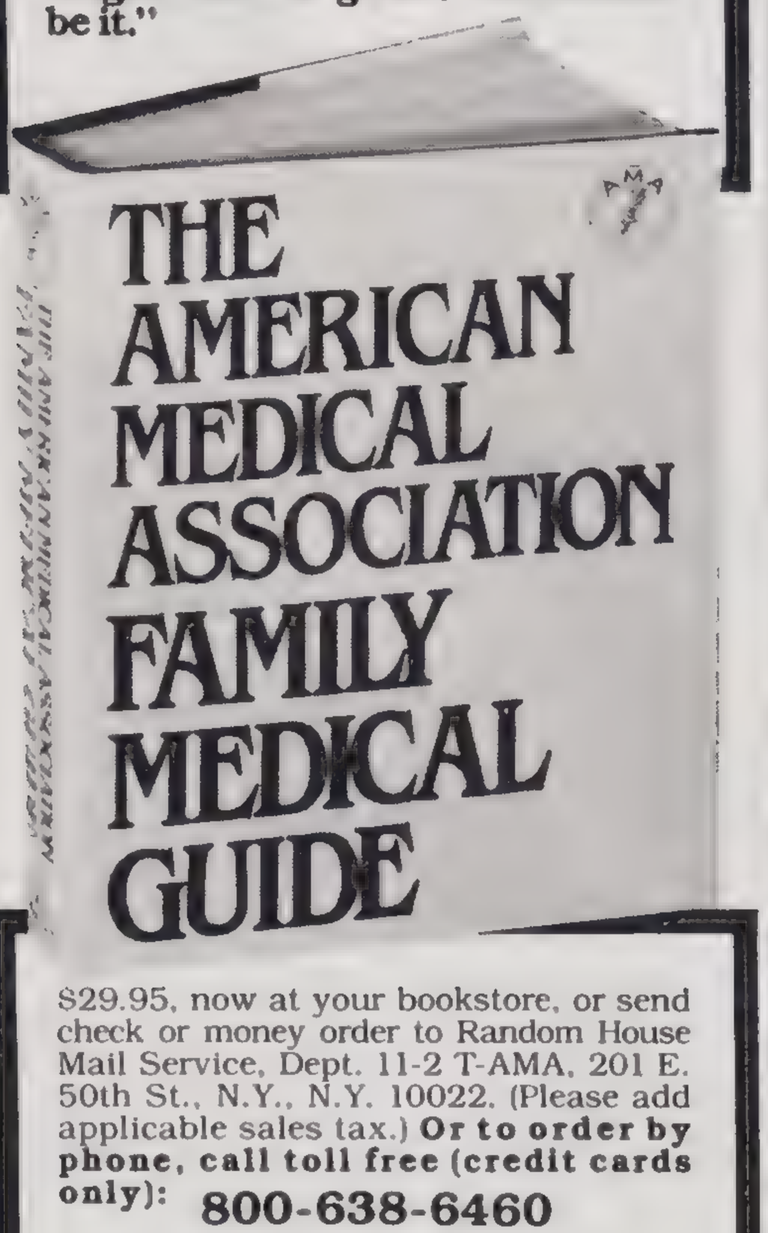

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RANDOM HOUSE

JANE O'REILLY: THEY TRY HARDER

Great ideas are a dime a dozen—but what motivates people to action?

Let me name a few women who have made a difference. Every morning, they looked at their newspapers and what they saw didn't make sense. Like the rest of us, they sighed and felt powerless. But they had faith in their own sense of reality. They took themselves seriously (call this self-respect). Unlike the rest of us, they took the first step—the crucial moment that carried them beyond inertia into the long, rewarding process of discovering that the way to make a difference is to do it.

Marcy Benstock helped stop the construction of Westway, a multibillion-dollar highway that had been planned for Manhattan. Pat Blum organized corporations to donate seats in their private jets to cancer patients needing treatment far from home. Dina Rasor uncovered bills for $7622 Air Force coffee brewers and $436 Navy hammers, and then proved that the ratio of excess is the same for Defense Department planes and tanks.

"I had no idea what I was getting into when I started the Westway fight," says Marcy Benstock. "But once I started it, I felt responsible for doing as much as a human being could do." Now forty-four years old, Benstock spent the last eleven years on the fight. In 1971, she began working for what has become the Clean Air Campaign; and it is thanks to her that the soot that once drifted in gritty heaps across my New York City windowsills has been reduced by one-third. To achieve this, Benstock simply worked for the enforcement of anti-pollution laws. "We discovered the basic principle that led to success against Westway," she says. "Laws already on the books can be enforced to improve things. And citizen organization, pressure, and, when necessary, litigation are the best ways to get the laws enforced."

Westway was presented as a state-of-the-art highway to run down the West Side of Manhattan, serving as a link between New Jersey and Long Island. Two presidents, two governors, one mayor, the Army Corps of Engineers, ecstatic real-estate tycoons, *The New York Times*, chuckling construction-union leaders, and cadres of politicians all but glowed as they described Westway's glories: Manhattan's decaying waterfront would be replaced by acres of parkland scooped from the Hudson River and then lined with condos; the highway would tunnel beneath all that windswept splendor. It sounds lovely, but in reality it would have taken money away from mass transit, obliterated part of the Hudson, destroyed surrounding neighborhoods, and cost around one billion dollars per mile (not allowing for inflation). Westway was also unnecessary: a satisfactory road could be built for as little as fifty-three million dollars, and the people of New York City had already begun to revitalize the waterfront themselves.

"More than a thousand people fought against Westway," says Benstock. "In every case, their determination came from looking at the problem. Did it make sense to spend billions of dollars to fill in the Hudson River with real estate when the money to pay for the project was desperately needed to help prevent the collapse of the mass-transit system? The answer was provided by simple common sense." Last September, the powerful folded, and she rejoiced.

When I asked what made her into the kind of person who would stand up against such odds, Benstock said simply, "I just wanted to do something when confronted by a problem." After graduating from Harvard in 1963, she got an M.A. in economics, from NYC's New School for Social Research. In 1969, she went to work for Ralph Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law. Her fight against air pollution naturally led her to fight against Westway, which would have diverted funds from mass transit; Benstock argues that an impoverished mass-transit system leads to increased air pollution.

She was, inevitably, attacked as obstructionist and obsessed. "One has to have an inner sense that doing what is right is more important than never getting attacked. It is tremendously important not to become so emotional or obsessed that you do feel crazy," she says. Credibility and colleagues are the great anchors. "I don't recommend anyone carrying on a major battle alone," says Benstock. "Recruit as many allies as you can. The more there are, and the more diverse, the harder it is to attack you. And be sure of your facts."

Priscilla Blum, known to all as Pat, says, "I spent my first fifty years in Scarsdale, New York, and the next eleven in Greenwich, Connecticut." A mother, a grandmother, happily married, she wrote for magazines ("especially book reviews"), played a lot of tennis, traveled, learned to fly a plane. More adventurous than most but still typical of women of her generation, she says now, "I used to think I was busy, but I didn't know what busy was. I feel as though I had been doing warm-up exercises all those years, and now I'm ready to run, ready to be- *(Continued on page 184)*

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(Continued from page 178)

come committed to making a difference.''

In 1969, she had a mastectomy, from which she has made a complete recovery. Afterward, she counseled other cancer patients and became a member of the local board of the American Cancer Society, which was trying to find a way to get patients to treatment far away. Spread out across the country are more than twenty comprehensive cancer-treatment centers and about fifty hospitals with expertise in different kinds of cancer that offer top-notch treatment. ''Patients' chances for recovery are much better if they can get quick, early exposure to the best diagnosis and treatment,'' says Blum. But plane travel is prohibitively expensive for many patients, as well as exhausting and, because of the crowds, dangerous for people with weak immune systems.

One day, Blum was taking off in her own plane at the Westchester County Airport in White Plains, New York—a center for corporate air traffic—when she noticed that some of the other planes in line had empty seats. Why not arrange for patients to hitch rides? The airport said it was impossible. The corporations were wary, fearing a loss of efficiency and exposure to cancer patients. ''You are talking to me,'' Blum always reassured them. ''I am a recovered patient.''

Blum persevered; and in 1981, the Corporate Angel Network, or CAN, began transporting ambulatory patients. With her partner, Jay Weinberg, a longtime family friend, she has created a national network of volunteers. CAN now works with four hundred corporations and last year flew more than four hundred patients. It is, in effect, a small airline, all based on cooperation.

Where did she find her energy and determination? A lot of it came from the satisfaction of the effort itself. She feels now that excitement in life ''depends on doing something or creating something meaningful. Don't be afraid to try, but before trying, define the need. Have a clear sense of your program's validity and purpose, and that will give you the determination to pursue it to its logical conclusion.''

Dina Rasor is twenty-nine years old. Neither liberal nor conservative, she explains herself by saying, ''My only objectives are to stop bad weapons from reaching the battlefield and to stop the government from wasting taxpayers' money.'' She has written a book, *The Pentagon Underground* (Times Books), detailing her fight for efficiency at the Department of Defense.

The Project on Military Procurement, Rasor's Washington organization, operates on a foundation-supported budget of approximately $215,000 a year, equal to twenty-two seconds of Pentagon spending. She and her staff are the visible part of a network that includes dozens of what Rasor calls ''closet patriots,'' anonymous whistle-blowers working inside the Pentagon. ''There is no profit-and-loss sheet'' at the Pentagon, says Rasor: this, when combined with extravagance and a near hypnotic fascination with hi-tech wonder junk, leaves the national security vulnerable, both on a cosmic scale of budget deficits and on a human scale of soldiers left unprotected or even threatened by their fabulously expensive but disastrously designed equipment. ''I don't have the average male enthrallment with weapons,'' says Rasor. ''I don't see them as 'neato' toys. Those guys sometimes forget the casualties. And I am very much against defense spending being used to make jobs for economic development. We should buy the most efficient, least expensive weapon that will work for a soldier on a battlefield. It is evil, criminal, to send someone out with a weapon that will fail, that the Pentagon *knows* will fail, because some colonel wants to cover his butt.''

The Pentagon has tried to dismiss and ignore Rasor, but it has not stopped her. ''All we had was our credibility,'' she explains. ''I knew I couldn't pull off being an 'expert.' So I stuck to their documents. The Pentagon's own documentation, used against them, has done them in.'' She has helped expose the spare-parts scandal, the Pratt & Whitney expense-account scandal, the M-1 tank scandal, and the computerized lobbying scam set up by Lockheed in collusion with the Air Force.

What—beyond intelligence and youth—is the source of Dina Rasor's constructive outrage? When I asked her, she paused and considered. ''My parents were always willing to take measured risks,'' she said. And a life without risk was unappealing to her. ''My friends who have gotten on the corporate ladder are not happy. I myself hated working where I couldn't be creative and honest. No job is worth your self-respect.''

What is it that makes these three women different? What strengths do they have that we may find in ourselves? When I asked them for the source of their own special kind of commitment, they seemed bewildered by the question. They referred to principles, common sense, and the deep satisfaction of discovering their own capabilities. Otherwise, they denied being or feeling different. And then it occurred to me: maybe they aren't so different.

Each woman is quick to point out that she is part of a vast network. This is true, but their networks would not exist without them. They are leaders, but many more of us could be followers. . . or colleagues. Maybe we could all be useful, if we will crawl out from under the covers.

These three woman have one great advantage. They know that effort can pay off. As Dina Rasor says, ''You must believe that one person does have a capacity to start something. It is important to be willing to try, and to be willing to fail. Every failure has experience in it, and if you don't try, you don't gain.'' It turns out that it is not necessary to be successful to overcome feelings of powerlessness. Simply trying can be enough. ▽

VOGUE, March, 1986

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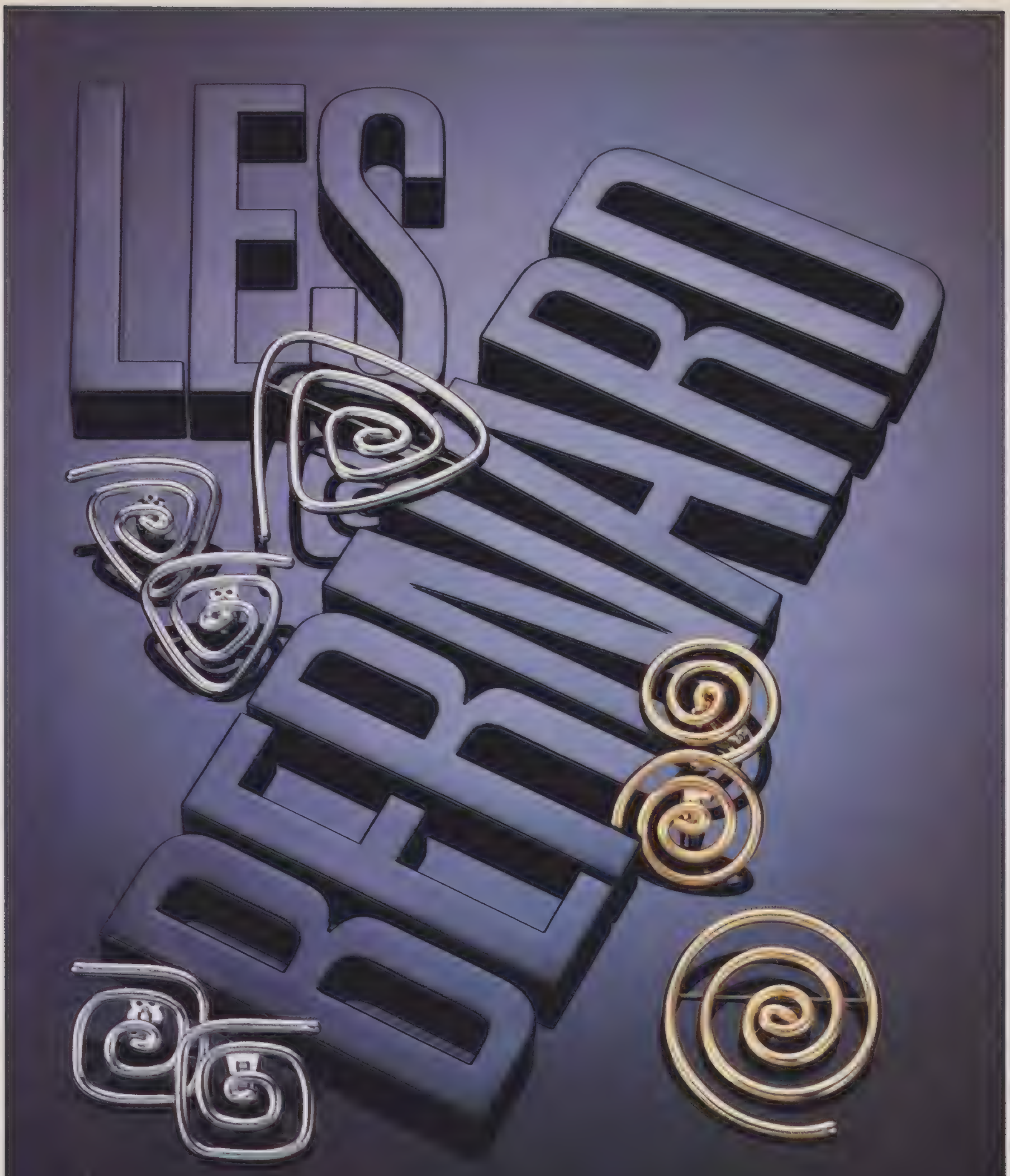

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mind health

News on couples—
love, sex, emotion . . .
BY CAROL TAVRIS

EXPRESSING EMOTIONS—HOW MEN & WOMEN DIFFER

In a rousing argument, couples often misinterpret each other's words—and the signals beneath the words. In order to examine closely how couples convey (and misunderstand) each other's feelings of love and hostility, Lisa Gaelick, Galen V. Bodenhausen, and Robert S. Wyer, Jr., Ph.D., of the University of Illinois, asked twenty-nine couples to discuss a problem they were currently having in their relationship. The discussions were videotaped, and the researchers later analyzed the conversations closely. Among their results:

●Women were more accurate than men in perceiving their partners' hostility. This may be because women are more sensitive than men to signs of hostility, but it could also be that women's expressions are more ambiguous and thus more likely to be misinterpreted. Other studies find, for example, that when women speak angrily they are *also* more likely than men to be smiling in deference or pacification—a mixed message that is confusing to men.

●Partners believed they had reciprocated expressions of love from their partners as well as those of hostility, but in fact they returned only anger.

●Men interpreted their wives' failures to express love as a sign of hostility. Women interpreted their husbands' lack of hostility as a sign of love.

●Women were more threatened than men by expressions of hostility. The greater a couple's hostility, the more strongly women believed that disagreement is destructive in a relationship, that partners should be able to "understand one another's feelings without being told," that partners cannot change themselves or the quality of their relationship, and that men and women are fundamentally different. Among men, none of these beliefs was related to hostility. Men seem to regard hostility as a normal part of marriage; women regard it as a sign of deep trouble.

These findings, say the researchers, have powerful implications. Once hostility slips out, it is likely to be reciprocated; but expressions of love are not (perhaps because both partners rarely agree on what an expression of love *is*). That means it is easier to escalate anger than to escalate love. Second, a woman need not express anger directly in order to provoke her husband's hostility; she need only *not express love*. In both cases, the husband is likely to respond with hostility himself. This reaction naturally distresses the wife, contributing to her own dissatisfaction and anger, which causes her not to express love. . . .

Ways to reverse this spiral follow from understanding it. When husbands do not respond to an issue with hostility, for instance, the wife interprets this as a loving act. She replies in kind, which in turn makes the husband less hostile, which in turn. . . .

LASTING LOVE—THE EGO FACTOR

Many years ago, psychoanalyst Erik Erikson theorized that "It is only after a reasonable sense of identity has been established that real intimacy with the other sex (or for that matter, with any other person) is possible." To Erikson, one had to know oneself before one could share oneself. Now a study that traced the development of 208 men and women from college age to their late thirties, eighteen years later, has put this idea to the test.

Jacob W. Getzels, Ph.D., and colleagues at the University of Chicago have found that having a strong sense of ego identity in adolescence—that is, being comfortable with oneself and one's social roles—was related to the later development of well-being, intimacy, and more enduring marriages. But there was a significant difference between the sexes. For men, identity was related to the decision to *get* married, whereas for women it was related to the decision to *stay* married. The never-married men in the study had had the lowest sense of identity as students. The women were just as likely to marry as not. "But in terms of staying married," the researchers found, "a high level of identity bodes well, whereas low levels of identity seem to make for marital problems."

Men who "know themselves," it seems, are better able to make the commitment that intimacy requires. Women who know themselves are better able to be independent as well as intimate and may have less need to use husbands as vicarious sources of self-definition.

SEXUAL MEN, PURE WOMEN?

Since Kinsey, it has been commonly accepted among researchers and the public that men are more "sexual" than women—that they have a higher rate of activity and more partners than women do. Now Diane E. Phillis, Ph.D., and Mark H. Gromko, Ph.D., writing in *The Journal of Sex Research*, ask the obvious question: "Where are all of those invisible women with whom men in these studies claim to be having intercourse?" Possible answers are: one sex is lying; most women do have few partners, but a few women have many; or that samples of men and women are drawn from different groups.

In a large survey of 444 men and women, ages seventeen to twenty-six, Phillis and Gromko found a fourth reason: the forgotten factor of the sex ratio. Imagine, they say, an island of three hundred women and one hundred men. If 80 percent of the men have sex with one partner, those eighty women are only 27 percent of all the females. The "finding" that 80 percent of the men but only 27 percent of the women were sexually active would seem striking, but it is spurious.

When the researchers controlled the sex ratio in their study, the difference between men and women in number of partners was reduced to only 2 percent.

CONFLICT—WHAT THE "OTHER SIDE" SEES

From watching presidential debates with friends to quarreling with lovers, most people have learned that one remarkable quality of human perception is our ability to see what we want to. Psychologists have long known that people will find *clear proof* of their views in evidence that neutral observers know to be muddled or wrong. But there seems to be an exception to this rule: with media coverage, partisans about an issue see more slurs than support.

Stanford psychologists Robert P. Vallone, Ph.D., Lee Ross, Ph.D., and Mark R. Lepper, Ph.D., call this tendency "the hostile media phenomenon." It describes, they say, the bitter memories of defeated candidates about the "unfair treatment" they suffered from the press; denunciations of the media by groups who complain about "conspiracies" to ignore or distort their views; and, at a personal level, complaints by ex-spouses that their therapists or friends are "taking sides" in a conflict.

After the massacre of civilians in the Lebanese refugee camps in 1982, the researchers studied pro-Arab and pro-Israeli observers' perceptions of media coverage of that horrible event. Partisans on each side literally *saw* the same show differently, reporting and remembering more negative references to their side than positive ones. Moreover, the greater the knowledge about the crisis the partisans had, the stronger their perceptions of bias.

The researchers conclude that charges of media bias reflect more than self-serving attempts to get preferential treatment. They reflect basic mechanisms of the mind—how people see and remember—mechanisms that apply to all conflict situations in which a mediator tries to represent both sides accurately: referees, family therapists, government arbitrators. If negotiation is to work, then mediators must realize that both sides are not simply being unreasonable and unreasoning in their demands for fair play. The mind seems designed to perceive the world in black and white, whereas truth comes in shades of gray.

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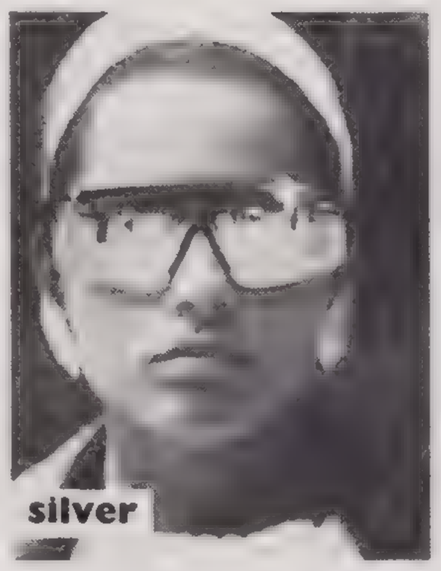
STYLE

Spring '86 directions: frames neither under- nor oversized. . . in colors ranging from classic—such as black (Ray-Ban Wayfarers by Bausch & Lomb, *above*), tortoise, and dark green—to newer, more dramatic colorings; e.g., white plastic edging dark lenses—Fendi glasses by Lozza, *top right* . . . silver frames/silver lenses (Riviera's version, *middle right*) . . . or a flash of real color—when you see it, it's usually paired with black; here, pink temples on black frames (Karl Lagerfeld by Optical Affairs, *bottom right*). The shape of glasses now: rectangular (Christian Dior for Optyl Eyewear offers a full collection) or a variation on that theme—from almost square to long and narrow. . . but, the point, now: all are very wearable, attractive.



beauty eye

Common brow/glasses questions: should frames *cover* brow line? Or should brows be *exposed* over the tops of glasses? Should a woman who wears glasses also wear bangs? "A woman's brows should be visible just above her glasses," says hair/makeup pro Rick Gillette. "Long bangs work best with an unobtrusive frame; shorter bangs can take a stronger frame." Because heavy, dark brows can be distracting, women who wear glasses are better off with natural or slightly bleached brows.

Should a woman change her makeup if she's a full-time glasses wearer? Probably. Eyes can "fade out" behind glasses. Solution: slightly more intense makeup in neutral colors.

For "stronger" eyes, consider one of the new mascaras that deliver a thick coating of color without clumping lashes: Maybelline Expert Eyes double-wand mascara (one end colors, the other removes excess); Max Factor's Legendary Lash mascara—waterproof, easily removable; and Revlon's Special Eyes Micropure Mascara for sensitive eyes.

. . . eye contact

We've all seen contact lenses that change green eyes to blue, but the latest lenses are even more disarming. Instead of making obvious eye-color changes, these new tints are said to improve eye "image" and "personality." By popping in a lens of a certain shade (orange for brown eyes; violet for blue, green, or grey), eyes may become "brighter," livelier-looking. These daily-wear lenses, Permaflex Tints, are made by CooperVision.

Top and third from top photos: ULI ROSE. Hair, Frederic of Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC. Top: Makeup by Cindy Joseph; earrings, Laura Vogel. Third photo: Makeup by Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco, earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Second from top: CLAUS OHM Bottom: PIERRE SCHERMAN. Details, last pages

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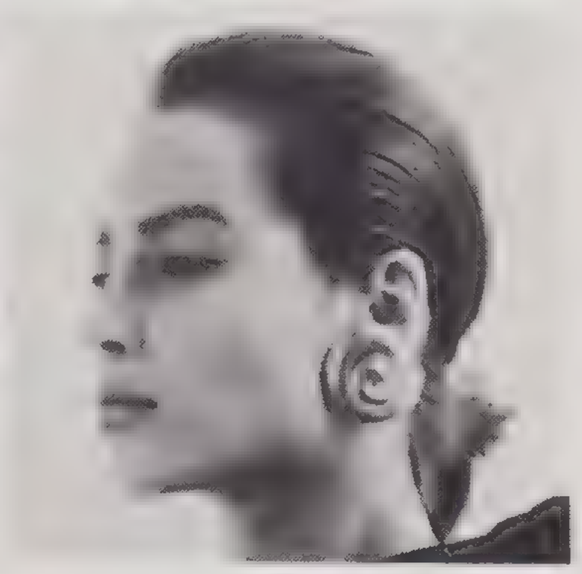

SPRING '86: OPTIONS

To go for now: A very precise, carefully executed cut—which provides the kind of easy style options seen in the photos *above* and later in this issue. What's behind the versatility here? Hair pro Rick Gillette—who cut this model's hair and styled the looks *above*, *middle*, and *lower right*—combined an almost blunt cut (slightly longer at the chin) with graduated layering around the face. That difference in layering, in length provides the softness when hair is blown back (*above*)... Proving the versatility: the ribbon-tied bangs (*middle*)...the look of more hair when brushed toward the face (*top right*, the same cut, styled here by Madeleine Cofano)... or—just the opposite—a smaller, neater head, with hair gathered into a low ponytail, *bottom right*. The difference: every look here—no matter how "undone" or "unmanipulated"—maintains its polish with minimal effort...

"INSTANT" HAIR CARE

As haircutting becomes more exact, so does hair caring. More products, tools manage to zero in on a specific problem and tackle it quickly, efficiently. Prime example: a new setting spray—Paul Mitchell's Freeze and Shine—shoots a precise jet of holding power, "freezing" hair mid-motion and adding luster. For high gleam, and nothing else—i.e., no drag, no oily residue—Sebastian's Hair Gloss spray....Tools, too, have taken some of the guesswork out of styling. Take La Coupe's electric Hair Straightener. It swiftly smooths, de-kinks hair, is temperature-controlled to minimize damage (available at La Coupe salons, NYC and Montreal)....And contributing to finely tuned hairstyling by helping a woman to re-create a professional look on her own: Bruno Demetrio, at NYC's Bruno Le Salon, will videotape his styling session with clients, right down to blow-drying.

NONSTOP STYLE

Modern priority: hair that holds its shape all day long without looking "coiffed" or stiff. The solution, says stylist Madeleine Cofano, who created the two very different looks, *left*: using *lightweight* styling gel for control plus brilliant shine (mousse, says Cofano, can be dulling, especially on blond hair). *Far left* (seen again on page 480): Long hair with the illusion of a short cut—slicked back in a ponytail, with short layers brushed forward to add bangs, soft sideburns....The attractive difference, *near left*: blunt-cut hair smoothed with gel *before* blow-drying, swept back with a wide band.

Top photos, *far left*, *middle*, and *bottom right*: WAYNE MASER; *top right* and *bottom* photos: ARTHUR ELGORT. Makeup by Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco. Details, last pages

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money

Economic phobias: if times are good—and getting better—why is everyone so worried?

BY GORDON WILLIAMS

The American economy has its soft spots, but it is doing awfully well today compared with the way it was not so long ago. Here we are, in the fourth year of the recovery, which makes it long-lived as recoveries go. More of us are working, earning more than ever before, while the booming stock market has made pots of money for lots of people. Inflation, which used to seem intractable, has mostly gone away. Prices are down for many of the finer things in life, from gold and silver to unleaded gasoline.

But instead of reveling in all that's good about the economy, most of us seem to be worrying about all that could go wrong. What if inflation returns and turns our money into confetti? What if the bad times return and we lose everything? Why are farmers failing and banks going bust? How long will it be before everything sold in America says Made in Japan (or Korea or Taiwan)? How can the hottest little car in America be the "Yugo"—from, of all places, Yugoslavia?

The fact is, we're in the grip of some pretty powerful economic phobias—seven of them, to be precise—and we can't seem to shake them off. So we pay dearly for houses and apartments as hedges against an inflation that is gone, and we play it safe with our careers in fear of bad times that are also gone. We don't earn all that we could, because we won't learn all that we should about the new strategies investment markets have to offer.

Of course, there's a germ of truth at the core of each phobia. There are plenty of things about our economy that we ought to be concerned about; but how many of our fears are real, and how many simply represent our overreaction to all the economic changes that keep swirling about us? To answer that, look at our seven economic phobias.

1. FEAR OF DEPRESSION

Phobia: 1986 is just like 1929 all over again. Pretty soon everything will crash, and we'll all be on breadlines.

Fact: The danger of economic calamity was much greater five and ten years ago, when we were lurching from torrid inflation to intense recession. We'll have ups and downs—but deep depression is a super long shot.

2. FEAR OF INFLATION

Phobia: Inflation will return, worse than ever. A loaf of bread will cost $100.

Fact: The inflation of the 'seventies happened because so many things went so wrong at one time. The Vietnam war was inflationary, as was the worldwide bad weather that pushed food prices up. So was what OPEC did to the price of oil. And our government, paralyzed by Watergate, was unable to respond. That was a one-in-a-million combination, and the odds are a million-to-one against anything like its happening again. Anyway, it's against the laws of economics to have depression and inflation at the same time. You can worry about one or the other, not both.

3. FEAR OF EVERYONE IN THE WORLD GOING BUST

Phobia: Everyone owes everyone else: our government, all the Third World countries, not to mention you and me. Soon everyone will go bankrupt.

Fact: Never have so many owed so much to so many: $2 trillion is owed by Uncle Sam, another $2 trillion by American consumers, and $500 billion more by the developing countries. But the problem was worse in the inflationary 'seventies, when everyone was running up debt even faster than they are now—with less chance of paying it back. The mega-debtors are Brazil, Mexico, and Argentina, which together owe close to $300 billion; yet all three are in better shape financially than they used to be, thanks to their improved situation in world trade, help from the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, and the generally lower level of inflation around the world. Life is calmer now. There's time to work out debt problems peacefully, so nations, banks, and people don't go bankrupt.

4. FEAR THAT THE SPECULATIVE BUBBLE WILL BURST

Phobia: Nothing is real, and true value no longer counts for anything. Everyone is buying up everyone else, and Wall Street doesn't trade stocks or bonds anymore, but such strange concoctions as "listed put options" and "stock-index futures." And what about the survey that showed that 38 percent of all Americans think the best way to get rich is by winning a lottery?

Fact: The inflationary 'seventies are gone—but the memories (and excesses) will linger for a generation. Now it's the experimental 'eighties, a time for going with the new: from new industries to new investment plays on Wall Street. Lots of things are unfamiliar, and more than a little scary. Surely values are more realistic today than they were five years ago when prices soared for everything from diamonds to Mickey Mouse watches.

5. FEAR OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY

Phobia: The machines are taking over.
Fact: Although *(Continued on page 226)*

Gordon Williams *is business correspondent for ABC News and a writer on the economy.*

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ECONOMIC PHOBIAS

(Continued from page 220)

it still takes a million years to correct a computer error on a bill, for the most part, automation has been an improvement. We haven't lost our freedom or our privacy. After years of trying, no one has invented a computer or a robot that doesn't need human control. The truth is, the personal computer revolution fizzled because we were expected to adapt to computers, when it is computers that must adapt to us. Someday, robots will do jobs now done by humans. Mostly, though, they'll be the no-skill, low-pay jobs people shun—the "3-H jobs" that are hot, heavy, and hazardous.

6. FEAR OF AMERICA'S BECOMING A BANANA REPUBLIC

Phobia: Everything worth having is made someplace else. Now the world is kicking our dollar around again so it costs more to travel abroad, and things from other countries cost more in U.S. shops. The way we're going, we'll soon be on a par with Bolivia and the Sudan.

Fact: We still have the biggest, richest economy in the world. In fact, what we mostly have is too much of a good thing. Our products cost more because our incomes are the world's highest; and, face it, we're never going to be as doggedly efficient as the Japanese or the Koreans. But we still lead the world in computers and aerospace, and our farms are the envy of every other nation. The dollar is still the only currency that most people want. The reason for forcing the dollar's price down is that, since its price had risen so high, people in other countries couldn't afford what American factories and farmers had to sell.

7. FEAR OF LOSING IT ALL

Phobia: Banks are failing, brokers get in trouble for cheating their customers, and companies are losing money in quantities that boggle the mind. Something has to give, and we'll all be left destitute.

Fact: Sure you can worry about losing it all. We've had some bad years of super-inflation and deep recession. Lots of people did things back then—buying other companies as inflation hedges, for instance, and extending big, bad loans to farmers based on overvalued land—for which they're paying dearly today. That's why banks are folding, and why companies are posting gigantic losses. Look at how we're losing industry—and industrial jobs—to other countries. Look at how crowded the job market is for most of us today and at how much it costs to buy such assets as a decent house. It's easy enough to wonder how long it will be before everything falls apart.

Still, there's nothing wrong with the economy that wasn't a lot worse when inflation was running wild. Then, our economy really was in constant deadly peril. If things aren't so great today for some of us, inflation was bad for nearly all of us. Now, the worst of the bad times is behind us—the super-inflation and the deep recession. In fact, instead of losing it all, most of us have gained more of everything today—if only we could just relax and enjoy it. ▽

VOGUE, March, 1986

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health

New aids against warts, ulcers, more. BY MELVA WEBER

INTERFERON vs. GENITAL WARTS, OTHER VIRUSES

The battle against genital warts may take a turn toward victory if current studies of interferon treatment confirm the success of preliminary research. The often painful and highly contagious warts of the ano-genital region, which doctors call *condyloma acuminata*, are caused by papilloma virus. Sexual contact with a wart-infected partner can transmit the disease as much as two-thirds of the time. Records of the Centers for Disease Control indicate that genital warts increased in incidency by 500 percent in a fifteen-year period.

At Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, a preliminary study headed by gynecologist Stanley Gall, M.D., showed a striking response to interferon in patients whose persistent genital warts had resisted other treatment. Fifteen out of sixteen condyloma cases showed benefit from treatment with interferon, six of them completely cleared. Although almost all genital warts cases can be cured by applications of podophyllin or an acid to destroy the wart and the skin around it, Dr. Gall believes the 5 percent who are not cured in that way may be helped by interferon therapy.

Other studies also are exploring the effectiveness of interferon in treating a wide variety of viruses, including the twenty or so papilloma viruses causing severe wart diseases that may progress to cancer, reports the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology*. And at the University of California at San Francisco, ophthalmologist Gilbert Smolin, M.D., has conducted animal research showing that alpha interferon, Type D can reduce virus shedding in ocular herpes, which may help reduce recurrence of that virus.

PROTECTION IN PREGNANCY

Scientists have long wondered why pregnant women do not have immune reactions to their developing fetuses since the unborn carry foreign materials from the father. A natural immune-suppressing substance is a logical answer, and two scientists at the National Cancer Institute report that they have isolated such a substance from the urine of pregnant women. Andrew V. Muchmore, M.D., and Jean M. Decker, M.A., have named the glycoprotein material uromodulin because it can suppress or modulate immune reaction, and this suppression may play a role in maintaining normal pregnancy. Pregnancy urine has been known to have immune-regulating effects, which have been attributed to human chorionic gonadotropin (HCG), placental lactogen, and alpha-fetoprotein, but the two NCI metabolic researchers have shown that uromodulin is significantly more potent in affecting immune function than the other substances. Further scientific investigation is expected to extend knowledge of medicine's great new frontier, the body's own immune system.

WHEN "BUGS" RESIST DRUGS

Many disease-causing organisms have become increasingly resistant to antibiotics by producing an enzyme that breaks down the drug, so penicillins and cephalosporins—once effective against infections—may now be useless. Science has countered by developing new antibiotics which are often more toxic and more costly. Eventually the organisms develop resistance to the new drugs as well, and the contest goes on.

At Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans, a surgical research team uses a new tactic against the penicillin-resisting organisms that cause soft-tissue infections that occur in injuries to skin, disease of tissues in or beneath the skin, infections of surgical incisions, abscesses, and other serious necrotizing (dead tissue) conditions. Their approach: combining antibiotics with enzyme blockers or substances that inhibit the action of antibiotic-destroying enzymes such as betalactamase.

One such agent is Sulbactam, a penicillanic acid sulfone. When combined with a penicillin, the agent greatly accentuates the antibiotic's killing effect on drug-resistant bacteria. (Sulbactam itself has little antimicrobial activity.) Moreover, the Tulane team reported in *Archives of Surgery*, the penicillin-resistant organisms do not develop resistance to Sulbactam or develop mechanisms to counteract it. The rehabilitation of penicillin is an intriguing possibility in this day of high antibiotic costs.

ULCER AID

From Portugal—news of a new class of drugs for gastric ulcers. The latest anti-ulcer agents appear not only to inhibit stomach acids and allow ulcers to heal, but also to protect the stomach tissues from potential damage by aspirin, alcohol, and other irritating agents.

The drugs are laboratory-made versions of naturally occurring prostaglandins. Scientists who reported on the drugs at two medical conferences in Portugal believe the prostaglandin derivatives may be particularly helpful to ulcer patients who also suffer from rheumatoid arthritis—for which normally they may need to take large dosages of aspirin—and for other patients who regularly use nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory agents. The drugs may also be effective for stomach-bleeding emergencies. Clinical trials are still to be done for approval by the Food and Drug Administration. If the new antiulcer agents fulfill their promise, they may be distributed under generic names like misoprostol, enprostil, trimoprostil, risoprostil, and abraprostil.

ASPIRIN AS HEART GUARD?

Since 1979—when Ruth Pick, M.D., at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, published her findings about the effects of daily aspirin in reducing the likelihood of stroke and heart attack, based on studies with monkeys—researchers have been experimenting with the aspirin-a-day idea. Some doctors have prescribed a single tablet every day, in addition to other medical instructions, for their heart patients. Now the government's Food and Drug Administration has approved label information on prescribed aspirin for heart patients—but not on nonprescription over-the-counter aspirin. Aspirin labeling for heart protection is "professional labeling," directed at physicians, not at consumers.

Two types of heart patient may benefit from a daily 325 milligram (five grain) aspirin tablet: those who have had a previous heart attack, and patients with unstable angina, or chest pains with high risk of impending heart attack. In extensive studies, daily aspirin reduced risk of a repeat heart attack or death by about one-fifth. In patients with unstable angina, taking an aspirin a day reduced by half the risks of either progressing to heart attack or dying of heart attack.

The FDA reported that for heart-protective purposes a single aspirin tablet is as effective as three tablets and helps to avoid the possibility of unnecessary stomach and intestinal irritation and bleeding.

The studies did *not* show whether aspirin would help to prevent heart attacks if routinely taken by healthy people. A major study at Harvard University, to be completed in 1987, is expected to provide answers on the role of aspirin in preventing first heart attacks.

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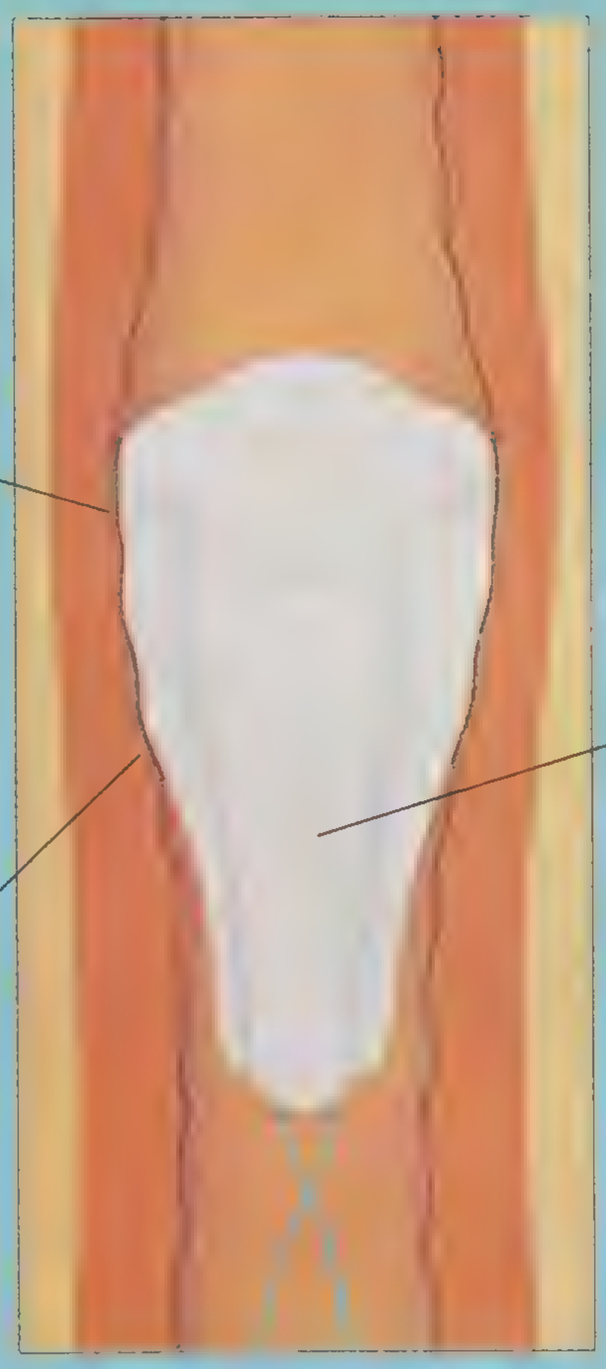

o.b. responds to your body as you need it.
A woman's body goes through many changes in the course of a day. Sometimes it's active, sometimes not. Because of the way o.b. is designed, it works with your body to protect you better than any other tampon. Individual sections expand as you need them. So you get protection where you need it, when you need it. From moment to moment.

o.b. has no applicator.
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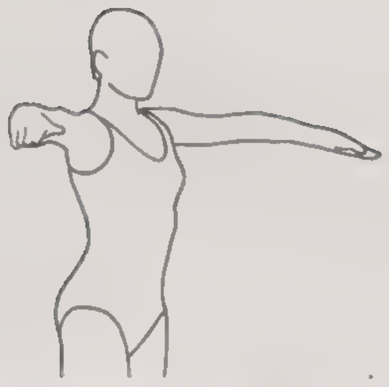
SHAPE-UP NOW

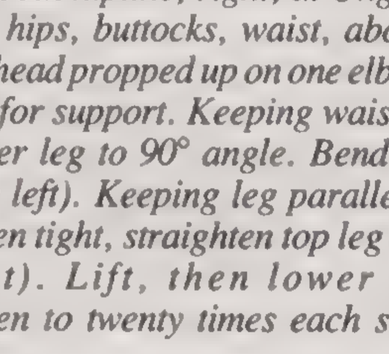
Today, "body reshaping" is not a broken promise, but the result of combining diet and exercise . . .



This season's new bareness, *right, on the runway at Donna Karan. . . .How to firm arms, shoulders, and backs of upper arms, above: Stand tall, with legs apart, knees bent, arms straight down at sides. Keeping back straight, and abdomen lifted, raise arms at diagonal (above left). Return to start, then lift arms with palms facing back and touch fingertips to back of shoulders (above right). Bring arms straight out at sides, then return to start. Repeat ten to thirty times without stopping. After a few weeks, add light wrist weights.*

A smaller waist, *a smooth hipline, right, at Ungaro . . . .To firm outer thighs, hips, buttocks, waist, above: Lie on side, torso straight, head propped up on one elbow, other arm in front of body for support. Keeping waist on floor, back flat, bend lower leg to 90° angle. Bend top knee, pointing foot (above left). Keeping leg parallel to floor, buttocks and abdomen tight, straighten top leg and flex foot (above right). Lift, then lower top leg. Return to start. Do ten to twenty times each side.*

A more revealed leg, *right, at Geoffrey Beene . . . .To stretch, tone calf muscles, help make the transition from wearing high heels to flat exercise shoes, near right: Stand tall, resting toes and balls of feet on a book or board. Push up with the balls of the feet until you feel the pull in your calves (top). Lower heels to floor (bottom). Repeat slowly twelve times.*



Top and bottom photos, PIERRE SCHERMAN; center, CLAUS OHM
Sketches, DIANE COOK

FITNESS: VISIBLE REWARDS

A given: that when clothes become revealing, even a woman who exercises regularly may, after taking a more critical look at her body, feel that there are "spots"—upper arms, abdomen, or legs—that could be tighter, firmer, less fleshy than they are right now. Wanted: a system for "reshaping" a specific body area—one that is safe, fast, results-producing.

While many diets and "spot-reducing" exercise programs promise to reshape a woman's body, they simply don't work. "Crash" diets rarely keep weight off over time and, more disconcerting, can put a woman in long-term health danger by reducing lean muscle mass—and tone—and actually *increasing* the proportion of body fat. Plus, as with herbal wraps, crash diets cause a weight "loss" that is mostly water. Spot-reducing exercises, used alone, do nothing to reduce the underlying fatty tissue that contributes to a body part's "shape." What's needed: a three-step system combining 1. a safe, low-fat diet; 2. aerobic exercise (to burn off fat); 3. targeted strengthening/toning exercises.

How much of a body change is possible? "Obviously, no amount of exercise or calorie restriction can change bone structure. But that does not negate the differences that regular aerobic and strengthening workouts can produce in the *look* of a woman's body. Exercise *can* change the ratio of fat to lean tissue, decreasing overall body fat, increasing the tone of specific muscles, and greatly enhancing the firmness of a woman's overall body shape," said Lyle J. Micheli, M.D., assistant professor, orthopedics, Harvard Medical School and attending surgeon, The Boston Ballet.

The changes that exercise can produce in an individual woman's appearance depend on her age, her previous fitness level, the type and frequency of exercise she undertakes, and her genetic predisposition to holding onto fat in specific body areas—a tendency recent research shows may be stronger than was suspected.

Still, certain areas of the body become lax not because of natural tendencies but because the muscles in that area have fallen into disuse. "Loose upper arms, for example, are not an inevitable result of aging," said Dr. Micheli. "They are simply a result of the fact that the triceps muscles are rarely challenged during everyday activities. Muscles that are unused tend to sag, in turn loosening the skin that surrounds them. At every age, a woman can improve the appearance of her upper arms by combining specific triceps-strengthening exercises with body-fat-burning aerobic workouts. Ideally, a woman should begin triceps-strengthening exercises in her twenties; waiting till your forties means you'll have to work harder and longer for the same results." *(Continued on page 234)*

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(Continued from page 232)

Sleek, body-conscious dressing, *far right, at Karl Lagerfeld. . . .To tone, and strengthen abdominal muscles, near right: Sit with knees bent, feet flat on floor. Roll back, contracting abdominal muscles and lifting pelvis slightly while rounding spine. Bend elbows and hold arms in front of body at waist height, then twist trunk to one side as shown. Hold six seconds; twist to other side; hold six seconds; return to center and sit upright. Repeat ten times. As you improve, add light wrist weights or lightweight barbells to increase resistance.*

How much time does it take? While experts generally note that it takes six months to one year to see the visible results of regular exercise, NYC movement therapist Marianne Battistone feels that, by making a commitment to stick to a low-fat diet and to devote some time to exercise *every day*, a woman who is not more than ten pounds overweight can produce a noticeable improvement in the look of her body—and the fit of clothes—in *one month*. Key: doing low-impact aerobics (i.e., walking, swimming, stationary bicycling, or rowing rather than running) for thirty minutes four times a week and doing low-weight/high-repetition strength-training (toning) exercises daily (such as those shown, *above* and on page 232), alternating the specific muscle groups you work each day. What also helps, says Battistone: expert guidance, if not by a one-on-one instructor who takes you through the program every day, then by a professional who evaluates your fitness level, designs your program, and assesses your progress every few weeks.

Are there types of exercise that work best for specific body areas? Yes, says Battistone. For overall conditioning and body-fat reduction, your aerobic exercise should get your pulse up to your medically prescribed target heart range (60 to 75 percent of 220 minus your age) and keep you there for thirty minutes. You should work up to a light sweat. "A good guide to the proper aerobic workout is that you are working hard enough to feel challenged but not so hard that you can't carry on a conversation without gasping for breath," says Battistone.

To tone the underarm area, combine the triceps-strengthening exercise, (page 232) with aerobic activities that involve a downward pull of the arm—such as cross-country skiing, rowing (both can be done on machines), or riding a stationary bicycle with handlebars that move up and down. Walking while swinging your arms, with or without weights, can help.

To slim your waist, you need to reduce body fat through aerobics and improve abdominal muscle tone (see "The Abdominal Effort," February Vogue). Needed: an exercise that involves twisting your upper torso, not just bending up and down, such as bent-knee sit-ups done with a twist (see exercise, *above*).

To slim your hips requires general aerobic conditioning plus exercises that strengthen the muscles of thighs and trunk (page 232).

Beyond the specifics of reshaping, making a commitment to a regular exercise program can improve the way you *feel* in clothes by boosting confidence and improving body image, noted psychiatrist Norman S. Broudy, M.D., of Hahnemann University, executive director, One on One Sports Training Center, Philadelphia. "Getting into shape can change the way a woman feels about herself, which in turn can affect the way she moves, the way she 'carries' herself." —SHARI MILLER SIMS

Body Shaping: Aerobics vs. Ballet vs. Weights....

"I can tell what type of exercise a woman does by looking at her body," says NYC exercise expert Stephanie Herman. "The ballet body is long and lean, the aerobic body more compact, and the weight-training body more muscular."

The reason for these differences: partly body self-selection (e.g., many women drawn to ballet are "long and lean"), partly "the ways in which different movements challenge muscles," explained Toni Beck, executive director, Dallas' Spa at the Crescent. "In ballet, the goal is fluid, precise movement, plus flexibility. Doing aerobic dance involves sharp, rapid movements and a good deal of jumping and kicking, the reason it produces developed thighs and a more athletic-looking body than ballet. In weight training, the demand on the muscles is to contract, making weight work a fast way to develop more defined, but not necessarily bulkier, muscles." Beck would like to see more women combine ballet and weight training with walking, swimming, or bicycling. The result: "heart and lung fitness plus fluid movement and a body with definite shape."

PIERRE SCHERMAN

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WOMEN AND FATIGUE: WHY ARE YOU SO TIRED?

Today's well-educated, privileged women aren't simply worn out from physical exhaustion. Overburdened or discontented, they're emotionally fatigued as well.

BY LESLIE GARIS

One ironic result of the women's movement is that women are as tired now as they were a hundred years ago in those dark times before gas stoves, laundry machines, and equitable marriages. Today's well-educated, middle- and upper-class women aren't simply suffering from the physical burdens that plagued their housebound ancestors—although that still, certainly, plays a part. Now there are new burdens for women to carry, and as they take their seats next to men in almost every corner of the professional world, they do so at a certain cost to their health and well-being.

Tillie Olsen, the author of *Tell Me a Riddle* and *Silences*, whose struggle with the toil of motherhood and a literary career is well known, told me in a recent interview, "What I see in women today is a tiredness that comprises both the old physical exhaustion and a new spiritual, emotional, and sometimes intellectual exhaustion as well."

On a recent rainy evening, I met the commuter train that runs between New York City and my Connecticut town. As I waited for a visitor to disembark, a hundred grey-suited men carrying briefcases spewed out of the train. Their faces were eager and tense, their bodies responding well (most of these men were in their thirties and forties) as they literally *ran* toward the cars that would deliver them to drinks, dinner, and family. I spotted a woman among the group. What was she doing? She was walking wearily, dragging her feet. As I watched her, she discharged a huge, expressive yawn.

Expectations and achievement: when they match, a person is contented. But expectations have a way, especially with a highly motivated woman, of outstripping the fragile concept of achievement. And so, unlike her male colleagues, she runs and runs, but never seems to get there. At the end of the day she is dispirited and can't manage the last lap.

It is likely that the exhausted woman I saw that rainy night included on her list of expectations for that day providing a good evening meal, overseeing the emotional stability of her children, making sure her household help was content enough not to contemplate quitting and leaving her in the lurch, picking up a mess of papers or clothes or books she'd been meaning to get to, telephoning a neighbor with a sick child—these so-called feminine responsibilities that, through twenty-five years of the women's movement, have barely budged from a woman's roster of tasks.

Even a marvelously sensitive man who helps his wife as much as he can rarely has these expectations built into his day. And helping her is a far distance from being responsible for the task; if he falls short, he's not seriously threatened as a productive person. The strength of his identity—his psychic energy—derives from his stature as a professional person. A woman's identity is bound up in an intricate net of personal responsibilities into which she has managed, with cunning and fortitude, to inject a professional life. That yawning woman probably fell into bed with the fear that one of these days she just wouldn't be able to do it all. And as she closed her eyes, if she is anything like most of my friends, her body was permeated by a fatigue that reached back to the beginning of her adulthood.

Statistics show that, indeed, there is cause for alarm. Women's death rates have stayed almost the same since 1950 (8.0 per 1000) while men's have dropped from 11.0 per 1000 in 1950 to 9.4 in 1983, meaning that women's mortality has risen relative to the improvements in health care of the last thirty years. Also, the incidence of lung cancer and heart disease in women is sharply rising, suggesting that the smoking and drinking associated with what used to be the man's world of business lunches and tension-filled days have become habits of women, too.

But surely, one is tempted to say, men and women are not fundamentally so different from each other when faced with the personal deprivations successful careers often demand. I spoke to Jay Rohrlich, M.D., a well-known Wall Street psychiatrist whose patients inhabit the upper stratosphere of the financial world, where one's entire professional life can be on the line several times a week, so that total attention to the task is essential for survival. I asked him how men and women cope with conflicts of family and work. He told me that the men he sees are often full of a rage that they focus on their wives and children, whom they perceive as thwarting their ability to work as much as they wish. A woman in a similar situation will exhibit self-hatred: she berates herself for trying to be everything to everybody, even when she knows that is impossible.

What's interesting is that rage is directed outward; self-hatred, inward. One creates energy—albeit, destructive—and justifies the individual's behavior; the other sabotages initiative and undermines confidence. Rage might drive a person out to the tennis court or the track, whereas self-hatred can cause a distressing, debilitating fatigue that makes life unbearably difficult.

Problems of exhaustion are not limited to workaholics. When I told a well-adjusted, happily married woman, a clinical psychologist who works a very sane twenty-five hours a week, that I was writing this article, she said, "Oh, do I have something to say about fatigue! Nobody ever told me how tired I was going to be." Betsy Kahan, Ph.D., trained at Columbia and Harvard in the early 'seventies, and no one, not even her married women teachers, mentioned that it was *hard* to raise a family and have a career. No one told her about the conflicts, the strain, the depression. Today, she is a member of a support group of women therapists who joined together over the common problem of constant fatigue. "Just seeing how tired they were made me realize it was okay to feel this way," she said.

The therapists discovered they shared certain stresses. They were deeply involved with their patients; if one patient wasn't doing well, they tended to blame themselves, whereas their male counterparts were more likely to say in the same situation, "I gave it my best shot." These women therapists were all concerned with nurturing their children, maintaining their households, and they had almost no emotional resources to spare.

If a woman fills up her time caring for others, she has no intellectual stamina left for reading or conversation. She has poured out her resources into those around her, and her cup is dry. A good night's sleep doesn't cure this sort of fatigue. And realizing that a change of scene—time for herself—is what's needed can cause more problems: guilt, confusion. Am I happy with my life, a woman then asks herself. Probably, one would like to answer, but not in the way you imagined when life appeared to be conquerable, and control over one's destiny seemed only a matter of time.

The issue of control is one that Holly Atkinson, M.D., discusses at length in her book, *Women and* *(Continued on page 242)*

Leslie Garis, *who contributes frequently to national magazines, is working on a novel.*

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(Continued from page 240)

Fatigue (G.P. Putnam's Sons). Most women, she believes, pulled in so many directions by the demands of modern life, barely keep their heads above water, much less swim purposefully toward the shore. Without control, a woman feels exhausted.

While researching this article, I interviewed some so-called superwomen, with full-time, high-pressure careers and young children. They rarely could count on a moment to themselves, and yet they weren't the least bit tired!

As I talked to them, I realized that they share a quality crucial to their success: a cool, realistic pragmatism that allows them to feel in control in the middle of a fragmented and overflowing life. They have a good grasp on their own limitations, so they don't berate themselves for unmade beds, uncooked meals, or a few mistakes on the job. They have their eyes on their goals and are dazzlingly efficient. They divide their days into manageable segments, assess what they can accomplish in each one, and get on with it.

"I learned very early in life not to focus on the 'I can't,' " says Lynn Nesbit, mother of two and senior vice president of International Creative Management, one of the largest talent agencies in the world. "I say to myself, just sit down and do it; if you stop and worry about it, it'll be history."

She sees mothering and working as counterpoints to each other, each refreshing her when she is tired from the other. Significantly, she has always had much more energy than most people: when she gets tired, she speeds up. She admits, too, that she may manage so well because she isn't involved with being a wife; she is separated from her husband.

Marilyn Roche, Representative to the Connecticut State Legislature, has a successful, busy husband, and five sons who all excel in academics and sports, which suggests that she has spent time encouraging them in their school work and driving them to 5:00 A.M. swim practices. She is on at least ten different community boards and commissions, as well as being co-chairman of the Education Committee in the legislature and a member of two other committees.

"You learn to do things quickly," she explains. She knows the odds are that she will occasionally make a wrong decision, but accepts that as the cost of having "a 200 percent life," which is more enriching than "a 100 percent life." She cites the "production function," a formula taught in business schools, which calculates the exact amount of stock a store should have available. Above that amount the store loses money; below it the store loses customers. "It's the same with raising kids and being a committee chairman. You have to look at what the break-even point is beyond which the amount of time spent is dysfunctional because the return is so little."

Sound easy? As Dylan Thomas wrote, "Oh, easy for Leonardo!" Maximum efficiency—it was the dream of men; it has become a way of life for many women. I know I can gear up my energy for one perfectly efficient day, or even for a week, but beyond that I collapse. There is so little breathing space. It's important, however, to look at which women actually manage to accomplish this feat without strain, if only to see that they are truly exceptional women who are not useful role models for most of us. They have succeeded not because they have more money, more luck, or more household help than we do (Marilyn Roche has *no* paid help), but because they have a high level of energy, formidable organizational skills, and so much drive and ambition that they willingly sacrifice free time to their ever-present goals.

Self-hatred can cause a debilitating fatigue that makes life unbearably difficult

It's a question, finally, of what matters the most to each person. Marilyn Roche and Lynn Nesbit know what it takes to stay on top, and when they turn corners they know what to expect. I, on the other hand, have always needed to have time to daydream, to read long novels, to go to bed early when I'm tired, to *fool around*. I could never be an executive; I wouldn't have the mental stamina for it. Many women, unfortunately, imagine that if they were only a little more assertive, or had a little more time, or a full-time maid, or a more cooperative husband, they could be superwomen. It just isn't so.

In California, a woman named Carol Orsborn has founded a group known as Superwomen Anonymous. It has two hundred burned-out members—women who tried to do too much and eventually threw in the towel. Orsborn, a thirty-eight-year-old novelist, karate brown belt, journalist, mother of two, and wife of a musician, now reportedly is trying to relax and pursue "a life style of downward mobility." Every day she gets into a little boat, rows into the Sausalito harbor, and sits there watching the boats go by and listening to the water slap against the hull. She's lucky. Many, many women in this country don't know what to do with their dreams. And these women are suffering.

Women are twice as likely as men to experience a serious non-manic or non-schizophrenic depression at some point in their lives. And it isn't older women, as it has been often thought, who are at the highest risk for depression. Women from ages thirty-five to forty-five who are unemployed housewives with children *(Continued on page 244)*

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WOMEN AND FATIGUE

(Continued from page 242)

comprise the largest group.

Sidney Hart, M.D., associate director of psychiatry at Greenwich Hospital and lecturer in psychiatry for Yale School of Medicine, posed an interesting question when I spoke to him recently about these issues: "Are women genetically more constituted to becoming depressed? Or are they experiencing some despair at a more existential level having to do with what the world has dealt them for a life?" He tends toward a societal rather than a purely pathological explanation; he defines fatigue as "a sense of frustration that underlies all activity." In a time when the public consciousness does not honor the housewife, "the monotony, the drudgery, the low-caste, low-status denigration implicit in household chores become very fatiguing. A lack of self-esteem becomes woven into that. If you feel unimportant and worthless, you become tired."

My family doctor, Arthur D'Souza, M.D., sees mainly affluent women who do not work, have ample household help, lovely houses, handsome children, pets—in other words, they display all the outward appearances of the American Dream. He told me that the most common complaint he hears from his women patients is that they are too tired to cope. He recently hospitalized two women who had collapsed from exhaustion. There was no medical diagnosis. His observation is that the more successful the husband, the more desperate the wife. Some obvious explanations immediately spring to mind: a successful husband is an absent husband; and the wife carries all the burdens of chauffeuring her children, soothing their hurts, helping them with homework, taking the dog to the vet, calling the plumber, ad infinitum. She becomes—and I have seen this again and again—the head of the household in every way except financially.

But beyond these reasons lie deeper ones, having to do, my doctor believes, with the emptiness of consumerism, and the loneliness of living in an upwardly mobile, competitive town. After a recent funeral here of a sixty-year-old woman suicide, the Reverend Stephen Parker said to me about our townspeople, "Whether they are introverted or extroverted, they are perfectionists." Almost everyone in my Connecticut town looks prosperous and stable, and everyone is expected to behave that way. Rarely do people share their vulnerability with others; they are more likely to talk about their children's good grades or athletic schedules. Problems, failures, are to be hidden and born stoically.

Couple this atmosphere with the lack of worldly regard and outside stimulation that a housewife so often suffers, and a woman can be set adrift from her own identity, the true source of her energy.

I certainly don't want to suggest that all women who take care of children are unhappy. It's again a question of expectations and each person's needs for fulfillment and achievement.

Annie Dillard, the author of *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* and *Encounters with Chinese Writers*, has recently had a baby. A little weary from trying to write a new book and care for her child, she said to me, "Doing things out of love is a lot easier than doing things out of discipline. The main question is, are you tired because you've done something meaningful or meaningless?" She says she's not exhausted because she's so happy, and I think that if we can draw any conclusions at all from this meditation on fatigue, it is that happy women are less tired than unhappy women.

But how do we become more satisfied, more in control of our lives, less self-critical, less harried, happier? The answer must lie in that match of expectations with achievements. Perhaps we belittle our accomplishments, or hold on to unrealistic dreams. It's a tricky balance, and it can take a lifetime to find.

But, fundamentally, I don't believe we should lower our expectations. We should be able to raise families and maintain careers, if that is what we wish. Surely life is a barren proposition without striving for some degree of fulfillment. Besides, how could we improve our situations without trying? Tillie Olsen quotes William James in this context: "The world can and has been changed by those to whom the ideal and the real are dynamically contiguous." ▽

ANNE KLEIN

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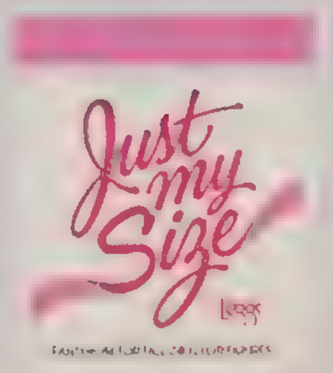

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STYLE IS NOT A SIZE

Something exciting is happening. A new woman is stepping into the fashion spotlight. She is active and intelligent, fabulous and fascinating, demanding and discriminating. She is proud of herself and her accomplishments.

She does not, however, look like a mannikin. Yet she, too, has chosen to be beautiful.

Now, perhaps for the first time in her life, fashion is catching up to her.

Who is she? She is one of the 40 million American women who wear size 14 and over.

Suddenly, it seems, leading fashion names, traditional fashion houses, and a whole new breed of designers are creating up-to-the-minute ready-to-wear clothes for the large-size woman. Theirs is an important new message: you can be fashionable and look attractive no matter what size you wear.

Suddenly, there is a proliferation of fabrics and colors and designs that turns upside down all the old-fashion "rules" about who can wear what. There is a whole new crop of specialty stores springing up around the country to meet the fashion needs of the large-size woman on her own terms. And many leading department stores are breaking out attractive new large-size departments.

Suddenly, there's an array of looks from which the large-size woman can put together her own distinctive style, whether it's soft and understated, chic and sophisticated, bold and unconventional.

Maybe it's all an outgrowth of the woman's liberation movement. Women of all types are gaining a pride of self. They are no longer hiding if they don't meet an arbitrary standard of beauty. What's more, the standard of attractiveness has itself relaxed to acknowledge more diversity of style.

It is time for the large-size woman to feel attractive. She needs and deserves to look her best in the many roles all women find themselves in these days.

If you are among the 30% of women who wear size 14-plus, the following pages are devoted to you. They are beautiful proof that the world of fashion is opening its doors to you.

Step inside.

Hara Estroff Marano

On the cover:
A celebration of spring. The color is tiger lily. The feeling is sunlight. The look is sensational. Rich cotton rib knit in three easy pieces: narrow below-knee skirt, cap-sleeve tunic, and new longer cardigan with a self-assured presence. By Cynthia Holder for The Holder Co. Sizes SML for 14-24. About $255. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh; Pennington's. Jewelry: Artwear, NYC.

FASHION PLUS, produced by HealthCom, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012
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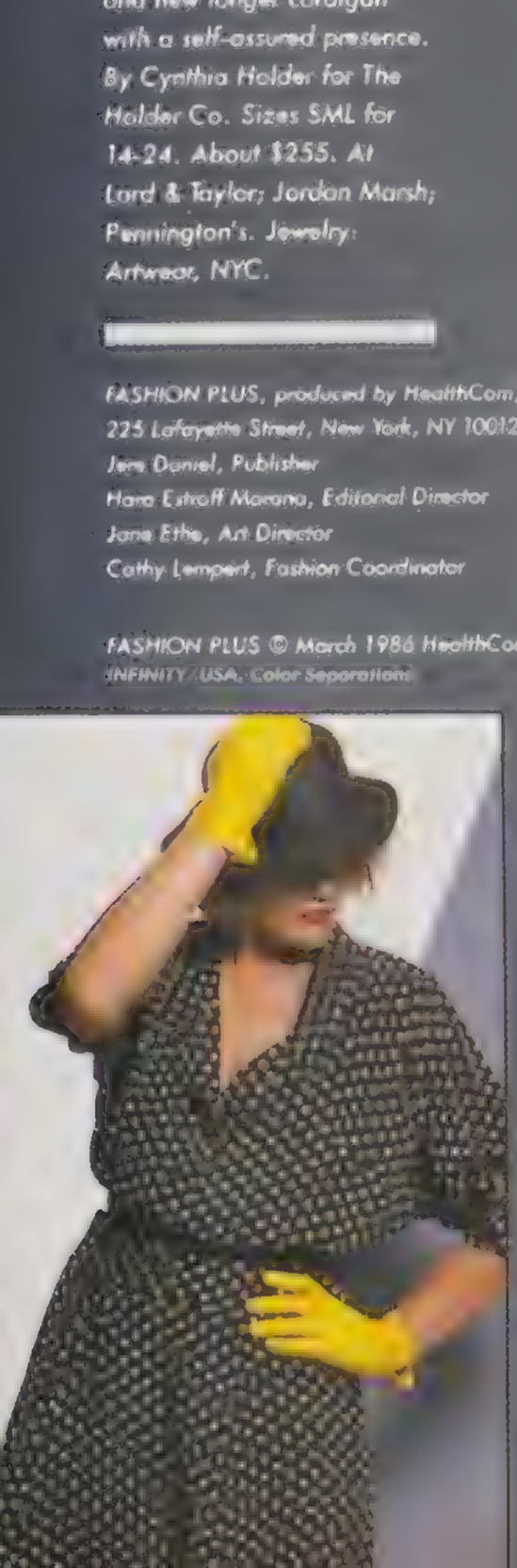
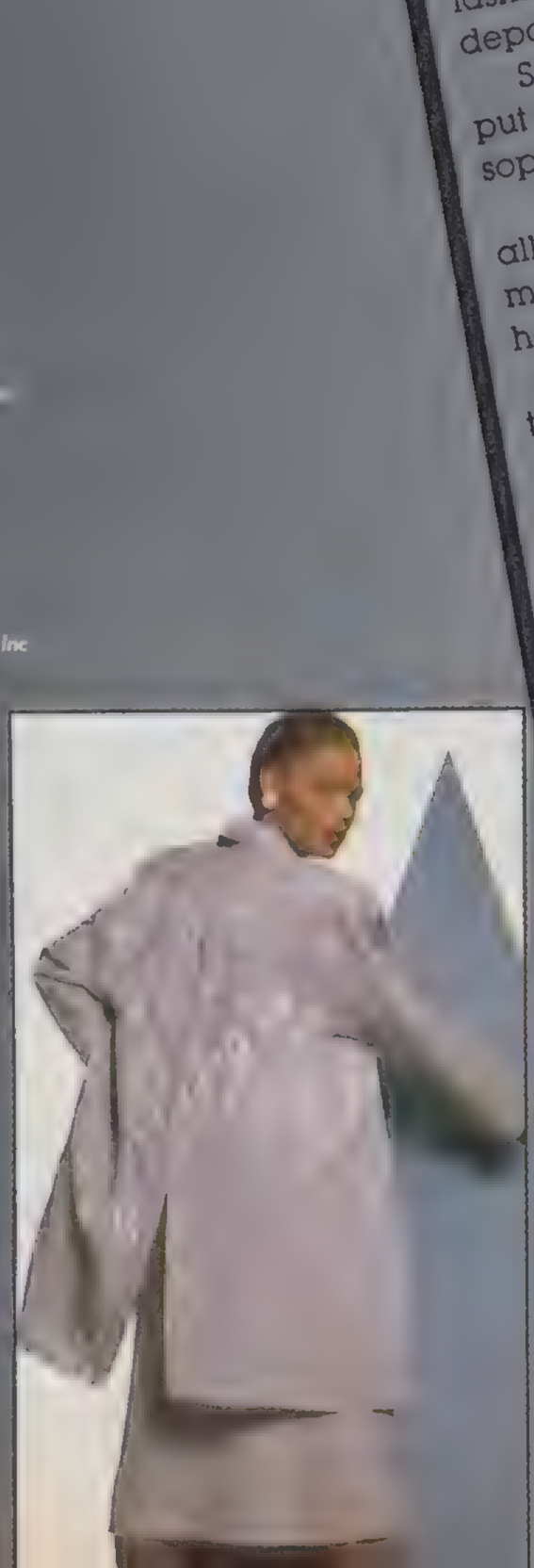
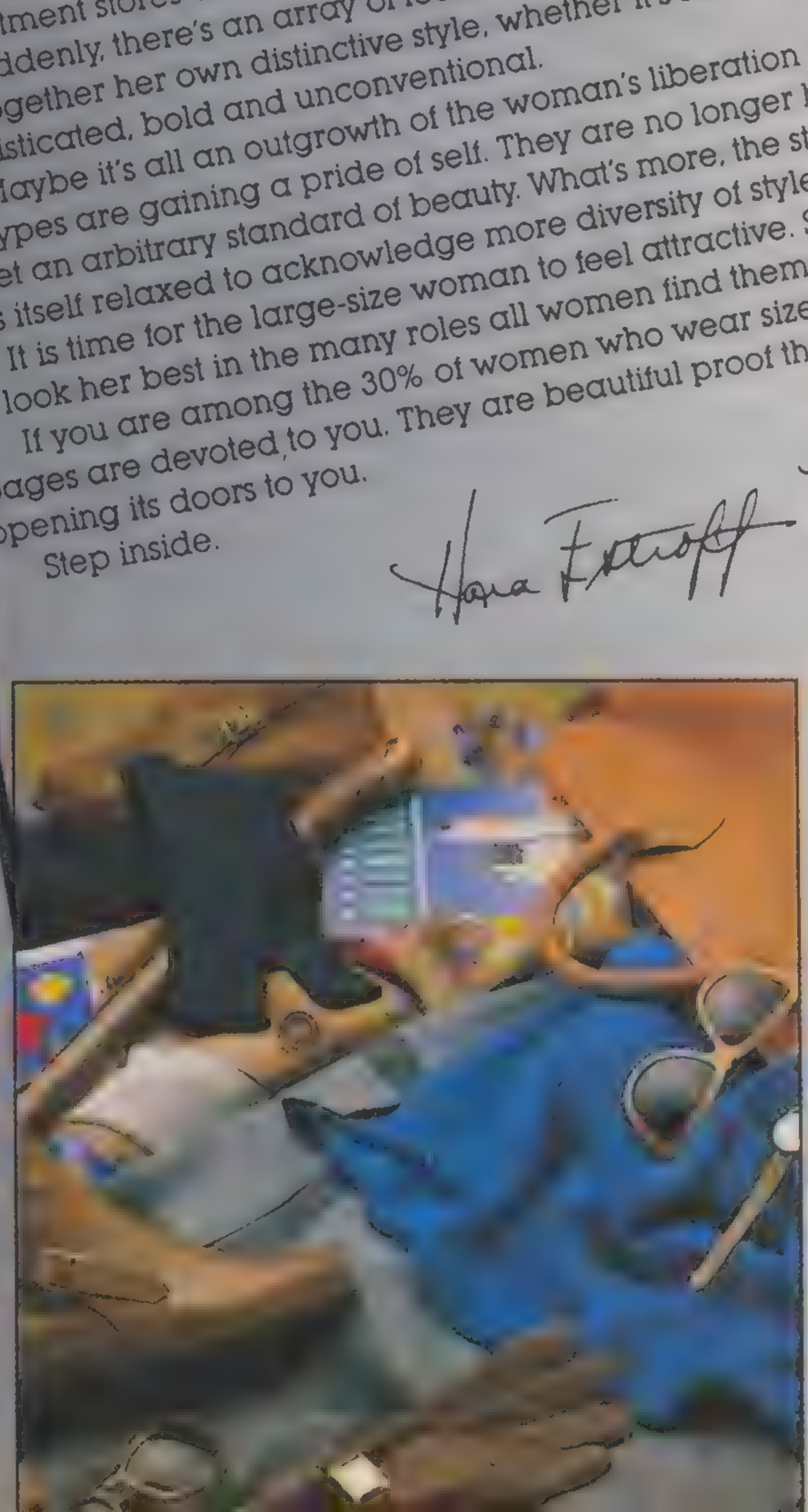
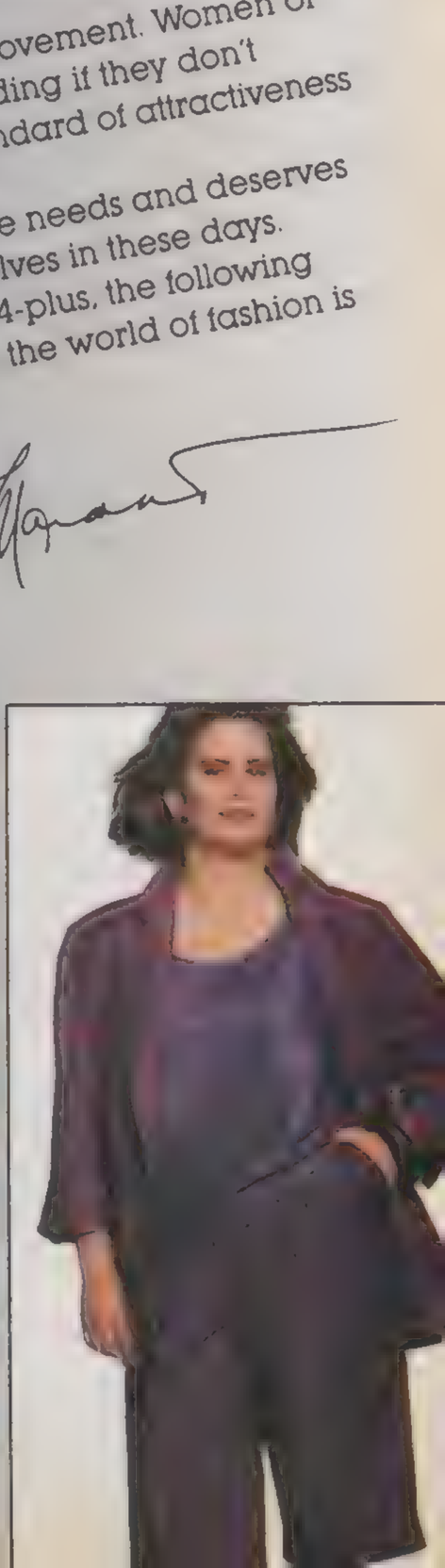
INFINITY/USA, Color Separations









Jocelyn/Paris

A NEW

SHOP FOR WOMEN

The beautiful balance of style with sizes 14 to 22

Spring's Optimal Conditions: Neatly Squared, Cleanly Cropped.

Spring's Optimal Conditions: Neatly Squared, Cleanly Cropped.
This season's sleek arrangement of shape. Carefully planned. Comfortably portrayed. Here, from Jocelyn: a bold shouldered blazer clearly squared from start to stop and longer atop a column of canary bright—a smartly tailored shirt tucked into trousers crisply cropped.

The black/camel woven blazer with canary yellow stripe, linen/cotton, 132.00. Double breasted yellow shirt, silk, 88.00. Matching crop pant, cotton/viscose, 62.00. On 3, New York. And in all our stores.

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A NEW

SHOP FOR WOMEN

The beautiful balance of style with sizes 14 to 22

A Graphic Gust of Pattern Flow of Shape.

A Graphic Gust of Pattern. A Graceful Flow of Shape. Enter Spring '86 – perfectly refreshed and ready for a season of graphic perspectives and easy elegance. Here, the sophisticated culmination of both for daytime and well into evening from Albert Nipon Dimensions.

In a black and white wind print, the drop waist dress with ribbed collar, cuffs and waist, rayon/faille, 190.00. On 3, New York. And in all our stores.

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PHOTO: ANDREA ALBERTS

GITANO. PLUS

THE PRETTIEST SPRING

THERE IS A TIME WHEN NEWNESS IS SOFT AS A BREEZE. SIMPLIFIED SILHOUETTES... GENTLE COLORS... SUBTLE TEXTURES...

Above all, it's a season of clarified contours. Some of the best looks focus on the jacket in various new proportions. Left: Elegance. Pure. And simple. Silk and linen put a fresh patina on jacquard shantung suiting by Rothschild von Gollas. Paisley jacket epitomizes the new linearity—plus the panache of a slit back. Jacket, $305. Skirt, $191. Capelet-collar blouse, $209. 6-22. At Donna Grande, Seattle; Bloomingdale's; Elegant Woman, Short Hills NJ; Woman's Room, Rolling Hills CA; Nancy Lawrence, Edina MN. Earrings, Marla Buck. Bracelet, Stephen Dweck.

Inset below left: In a different mood, relaxed silk tweed jacket draws its appeal from a rich palette of pastels. By Barbara McCaine for Ashanti. 12-24. About $235. At Valentina, Southfield, MI; Annette's Armoire, Chicago; Ashanti, NYC and Millburn NJ. Underneath, fine stripings of browns on poly crepe de chine. By Stuart Lang for Mzzz. 36-44 (16-24). About $49. Tan gabardine slacks by Jocelyn Paris show off their French heritage: fabulous fit. 4-24. About $74. At Lady Yaring's, Austin TX; Abigail Starr, New Hope PA; Jeanne Rafal, NYC; Bloomingdale's. Trafalgar belt. Outer Visions glasses. Watch: Sentimento, NYC. Aris gloves. Right: Chamois, a synonym for softness... works color magic on textured glen plaid from Givenchy En Plus. To note: rounded edges of jacket, pants that are closely related to but don't mimic their mate. In viscose. 14-24. Jacket, $220. Pants, $140. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin; Jacobson's; Forgotten Woman. Bracelet: Wendy Gell. Earrings, Janet Norem. Inset above: Oversize is redefined in a pastel plaid blazer that goes to great lengths but fits closer to the body. By C'est Simone in linen blend. 14-24. About $210. At Blach's, Birmingham AL; Jeanne Rafal, NYC; Ashanti, NYC and Millburn NJ; Elegant Woman, Short Hills NJ. Underneath, the luscious luxe of Kelvin Yiu's two-piece dress with well-draped surplice neckline, in shrimp-tone wool/rayon knit. 14-26. About $330. At Jacobson's; Elegant Woman, Short Hills NJ; Catherine's; Special Image, NJ; Forgotten Woman. Shown over champagne silk camp shirt from Ashanti. 12-24. $150. James Murphy jewelry. On these four pages: hair, Stephane Lempire; makeup, Bobbi Brown.

FRANKLIN

But always, that attention to line. Left:
A sure sign femininity's back in fashion, two-part peplum'd dress moves with grace. It works for day and on, while dots add dash. In rayon tissue faille. From Entue. 12-24. $300. At Marshall Field; Added Elegance by Edythe, Philadelphia; Greater NY Woman, NYC; Contessa, Brooklyn NY; Stephano's, Chicago. Maeve Carr hat. Aris gloves. Inset: Another graphic example of shapes showing new attention to the body. Houndstooth cotton blend slacks from Schrader Sport set off Entue's red linen/cotton jacket. The fit is all in the adjustable black patent belt. Pants, 30-40 (16-26), about $52. Jacket, 12-24, $250, at Sy's Unlimited, Southfield MI; Mademoiselle of Munster IN; Woman's Corner, Merrick NY; Ashanti, NYC and Millburn NJ. Opposite: Yellow pebble print tunic and skirt leave no stone unturned on prettiness. A sinuous shape in sensuous rayon. From Givenchy En Plus. 14-24. About $240. At Neiman Marcus; Marshall Field; The Better Half, Paramus NJ; Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros. Hat: Kaptuns. Earrings: Artwear, NYC. Inset: Sharp lapels, brass buttons, trim lines and fresh stripings make this double-breasted blazer a look to salute. Of rayon-silk, about $102. Straight skirt in rayon Moygashel is side-buttoned in brass, about $52. Polyester chip print blouse, about $54. All 16-26, from Schrader Sport Custom Casuals. At Bloomingdale's; Catherine's; Forgotten Woman; Lord & Taylor; Virginia Specialty Stores. Earrings: Stephen Dweck.

FRANKLIN

THE PRETTIEST SPRING

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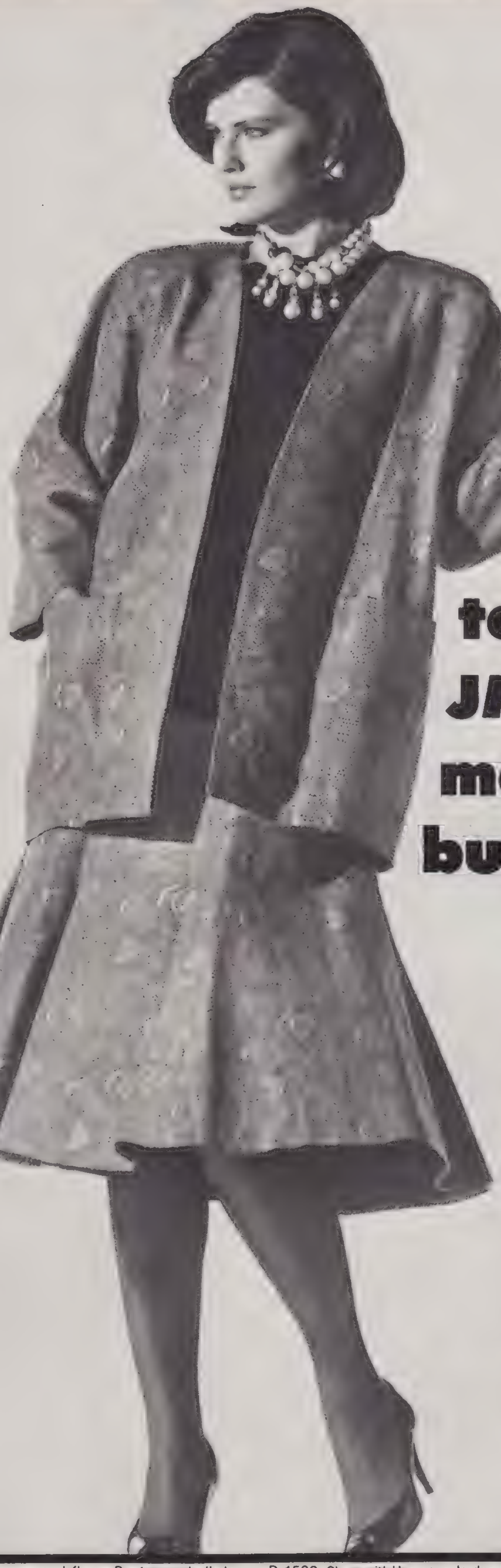

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Left: A "retrenching" of sorts—classic trench redrawn with new narrowness, in "Cool Wool" gabardine by Rothschild von Gollas. 6-22. About $475. White linen-weave trousers from Niki Lawrence. 14-26. $100. At Forgotten Woman; Jacobson's; Nancy Lawrence, Edina MN; Ann Brooks, Niles, IL; Woman's World, New City NY. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. Outer Visions sunglasses. Aris gloves. Inset: In a season of simplicity and spareness, the simplest and sparest: white linen camp shirt and kick pleat skirt epitomize easy elegance. Both by Barbara McCaine for Ashanti. 12-24. Shirt, $140. Skirt, $155. At Valentina, Southfield, MI; Annette's Armoire, Chicago; Ashanti, NYC and Millburn NJ. Jewelry: Artwear, NYC.

Opposite page: Blazing linen-cotton duster makes a sweeping fashion statement, especially with its back unbuttoned. From Entue. 12-24. About $200. At Jacobson's; Forgotten Woman; Roxie's Rack, Baltimore; Evette Plus, Cleveland; Charisma, NY. Underneath, long tank and slouch pants in white cotton/poly interlock hold their own. From French Vanilla. SML for 14-24. Tank, about $22. Pants, about $44. At Macy's; Lord & Taylor; Bullock's; Clothes for Eve. Kaptuns hat. Bracelet: Artwear, NYC. Souliers shoes. Inset: Borrowed from a bellhop, white viscose jacket is to the point: stylish. Unpressed pleats relax the attitude of matching pants from Givenchy En Plus, 14-24. Jacket, about $200. Pants, $140. At Catherine's; Sy's Unlimited, Southfield, MI; Macy's—NY; Jordan Marsh. Shoes, Charles Jourdan. Jewelry, Debra Fine Yohai.
On these pages: hair, Stephane Lempire; makeup, Bobbi Brown.

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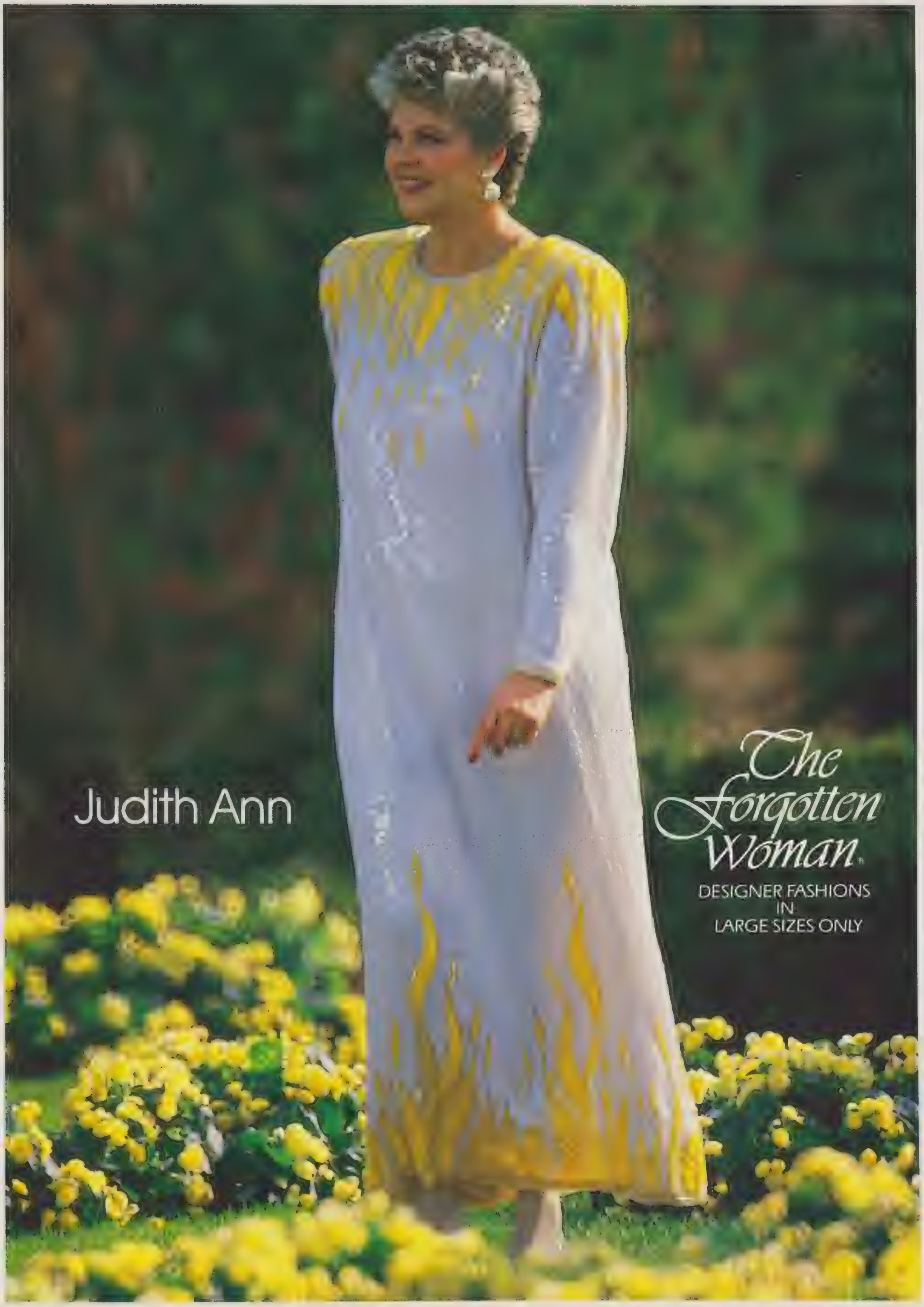

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5

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1,2,3

6

11

1. Lustrous cotton tank in plum, about $40, tops **2.** walking shorts, $74. **3.** Coordinated jacket, $126, is lit with hot pink. Jocelyn Paris. 4-24. At Lady Yaring's, Austin TX; Abigail Starr, New Hope PA; Jeanne Rafal, NYC; Bloomingdale's; Renoir's Lady, Portland OR. Jewelry: Artwear, NYC. **4.** Hot pink crinkled silk shirt-jacket boasts super saucy tails. By Cali. 36-46 (16-26). About $66. At Bloomingdale's; Pennington's; Forgotten Woman; House of Large Sizes; Macy's. Ray Ban sunglasses. **5.** "Neon Rose" printed vinyl flats by Stuart Weitzman, $100, could put spring in your step. Earl's, Jacksonville, FL; E.J. Robins, Brooklyn NY; Stein's Tuscaloosa AL.

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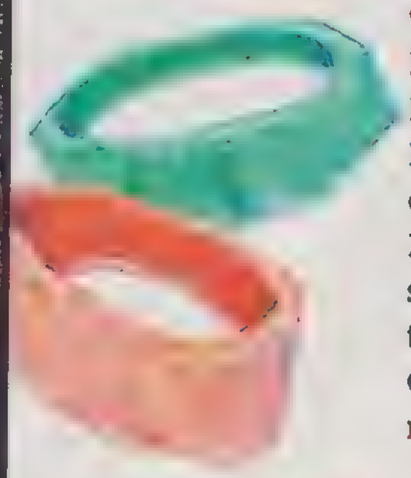

10

6. A jumpsuit for all reasons, in cotton from New Hero. About $75. One size. At Clothes for Eve; Woman's World; Elegant Woman, Short Hills NJ. Honey scarf. **7.** The leanest of looks at a very lean price—$32. Of cotton/poly knit. 12-26. J.P. for Lane Bryant. **8.** Palm tree polo is something new under the sun. In rayon boucle by Brenda French. One size (16-20). About $230. **9.** Companion skirt, about $245. Both at Forgotten Woman; Sizemore Casuals, Milwaukee; Elegant Woman, West Orange NJ. Added Elegance by Edythe, Philadelphia. **10.** Frosting cools bright acrylic bracelets from Artwear, NYC. $60, each. **11.** A thoroughly modern combo: silicon and silk chiffon. Pull one scarf end through a silicon "donut." $200. Artwear, NYC. On these pages: hair, Stephane Lempire; makeup, Bobbi Brown.

PHOTO: FRANKLIN; ILLUSTRATION: ROBERT SCHULENBERG.

12,13

14, 15, 16

17

18, 19

20

23, 24

21, 22

PIECES WITH POLISH

12. Aqua freshens leather blazer and **13.** pants for spring. From George Kiss. 14-26. About $1050. At Bloomingdale's; Macy's-NY; Charisma, NY; Jacobson's. Hermes scarf. **14.** Peplum jacket of lustrous linen/cotton, $98, accompanies **15.** tank, $40, and **16.** tapered crop pants, $70, from Jocelyn Paris. 4-24. At Bee Bee's Boutique, Dallas; Renoir's Lady, Portland OR. **17.** Stephen Dweck's stone necklace, about $440. **18.** Sea Queen's nylon/ Spandex swimsuit has plunging neckline and adjustable leg. 8-24. $39. At Forgotten Woman; Added Dimensions; Elegant Woman, Short Hills NJ; Lady Miriam's, Bellflower CA.

19. Near-sheer linen shirt by Stuart Lang for Mzzz works as coverup or solo. 36-44 (16-24). About $45. At Forgotten Woman; Sizemore Casuals, Milwaukee. **20.** Clean lines, classy looks and fine detailing make this a dress for anywhere, anytime. By Judith & Co. in linen/cotton. 14-24. About $130. At Forgotten Woman; Lord & Taylor; Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh; Marshall Field. Hat: Maeve Carr. Stephen Dweck earrings. **21.** Jade linen/cotton tee from La Chine. 36-44 (16-24). About $40. **22.** White cotton jersey pants by Outlander fit easy. +1 – +3 for 14-24. About $60. At Bullock's; Virginia Specialty Stores; Bloomingdale's; House of Large Sizes. Earrings: Artwear, NYC. Honey scarf. **23.** Charles Jourdan's racy pump, $155. **24.** Turquoise leather skimmer by Souliers, about $50.

PHOTO: FRANKLIN; ILLUSTRATION: ROBERT SCHULENBERG

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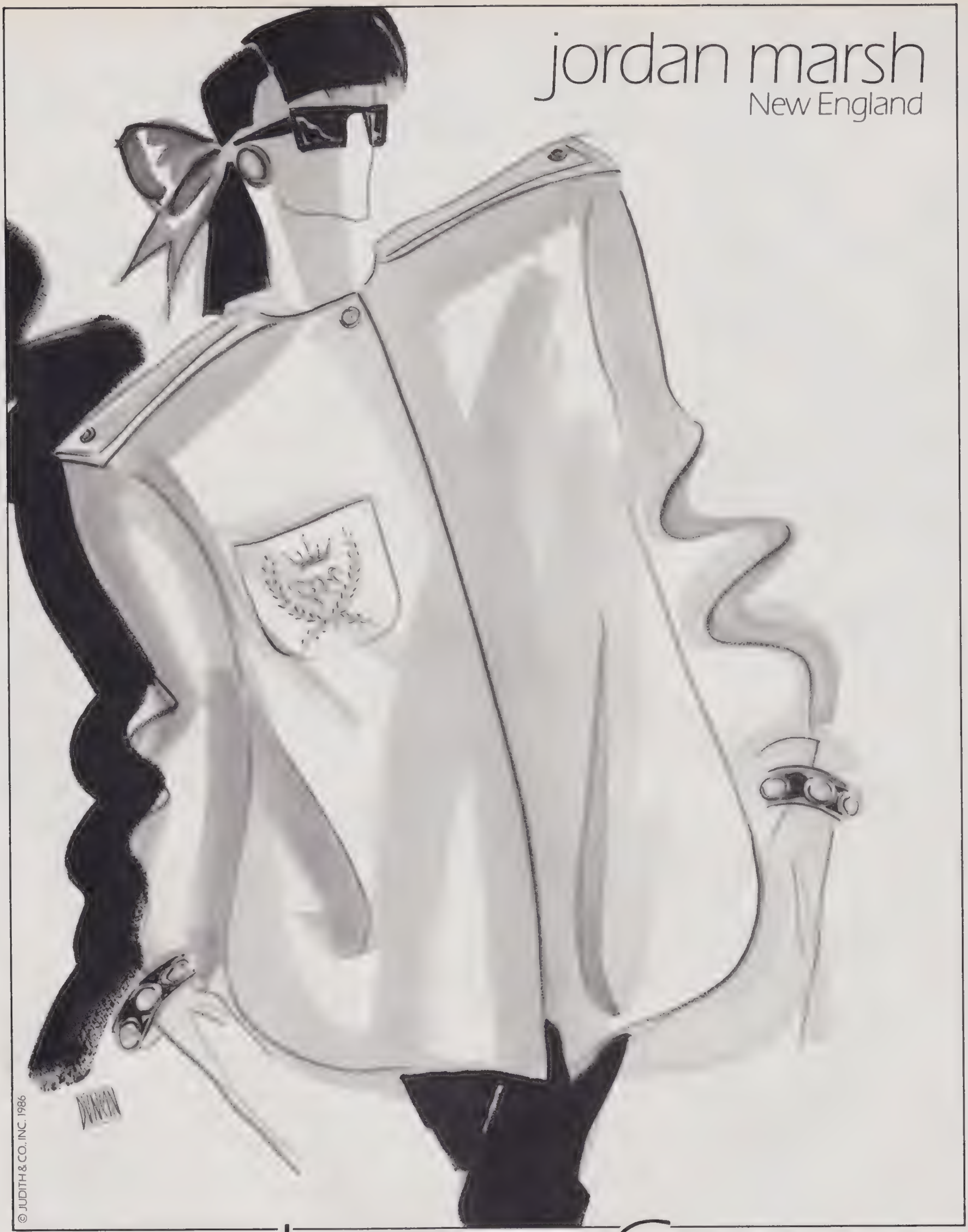

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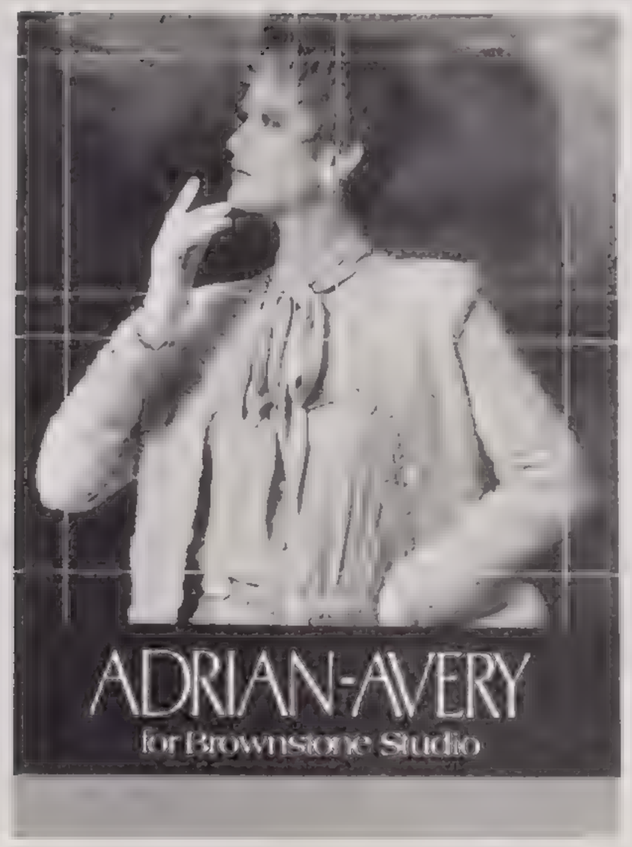

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"One of the most important services a salon can provide is to make a woman feel special," says top stylist John Sahag, *right*. He should know. Since his arrival in the U.S. six years ago, he's become one of the most respected hair experts, working with top models and photographers, with his work often seen in Vogue. What he's also been doing: studying top salons before "going public" in NYC's new John Sahag Salon.

At Sahag's salon, attention is on a woman's comfort and privacy: hand-framed mirrors reflect only the client and her stylist, "insulate" a woman from the rest of the salon. The atmosphere: calm and unhurried; the unique furnishings and architecture, the work of sculptor Onnig Kardash.

The salon's focus, says Sahag: "concentrating on the three most important elements of great-looking hair: cut, color, and conditioning." There are no manicures or facials—"services" that could detract from the salon's primary purpose.

What a woman will find: six stylists trained in Sahag's distinctive cutting technique, which he describes as "adding fullness and movement by cutting away bulk." Sahag's cut begins on damp hair, is finished, refined while hair is blow-dried. The result, evident in the photos, *left*, first seen in July '85 Vogue: hair with a definite line, a sense of freedom. "The days when a woman wants only one look from a cut are over," says Sahag. "Modern style is changeable."

Also making news now, says Sahag: an understanding that a woman need not change the length of her hair every season to be in fashion. "If a woman has found a length that is flattering, she can update her hair simply by changing its 'details'—this season that might mean adding wispy sideburns or double-textured bangs, or 'framing' the face with highlights a quarter-tone lighter than hair's natural color." (The salon is at 18 East 53 St., NYC; 212/371-4777.)

PRECISION

Taking the guesswork out of haircolor—and enabling a woman to find a colorist in any U.S. city who can "touch up" her color—is the aim of a new program at the eight hundred Glemby salons. The news in haircolor application, says Quito, color director of NYC's Glemby at the Plaza, is "using a small paintbrush or wide-tooth comb to concentrate color near the ends of hair, which eliminates obvious grow-out." Time advantage: a woman is out of the salon in under an hour. . . . At Nubest & Co., Manhasset NY, clients of hairstylist Michael Mazzei can leaf through photos of his spring/summer "collection" of fourteen haircuts before a cut/style consultation. Attractive: the look of a short ponytail tied with a black bow at night. . . . The promise of more effective hair-care products in the future: Redken's new six-million-dollar California research center. In the offing: lightweight, maximum-protection sunscreens for hair. . . .

Three photos, *left*: ANDREA BLANCH; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Photo, *right*: SANDRA HATALEY

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DENNIS GOLDSMITH

Full of verve and nerve, the lively designs that carry the signature of Dennis Goldsmith represent a way of dressing that is expressive, easy-going, and feminine. Up-to-the-minute but never faddish, the dresses in this line are marked by a contemporary spirit and a gregarious style. Versatile enough to blend smoothly into any situation, they are designed by Dennis Goldsmith in collaboration with Carol Le Valley. Mr. Goldsmith explains, "We both love fabrics and colors, and we both like upbeat clothes that are sexy yet subtle."

While working as a team allows the designers to bounce an idea back and forth until it evolves into something special, Mr. Goldsmith insists that their main inspiration is always their customer. "Our clothes are a response to the needs and lifestyles of modern women on the go. When we design a dress, we try to think of how that garment will look on a woman and where she can wear it."

Each season is a challenge, maintains Mr. Goldsmith. "We are constantly experimenting with new shapes and textures and patterns. To be a designer today you must be in touch with what's happening all around you. Ideas come from anywhere and everywhere. You never know when a good one is going to hit you." ■

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Design Inspirations

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A Special Advertising Section

Text by Noah James

This section photographed by Philippe Barthome. Hair and Makeup by Nadia Taricco of Cloutier. Styling by Tae. Photographed at the Biltmore Hotel, downtown Los Angeles. For hotel information call 1-800-421-0156.

Decidedly sophisticated yet surprisingly affordable creations for after-five.

Design Inspirations

Jaqueline Ward & Co.

David Herrenbruck

"After-five wear doesn't have to be dressed-up sportswear because of budget limitations," says Madam Jacqueline Ward, the driving creative force behind Jacqueline Ward & Co., the international mail-order fashion house that specializes in exciting and exclusive resort and after-five wear. Whether its a provocative sunsuit, a unique hat, a pair of handmade beaded or sequined shoes, sandals, or anything in between, Jacqueline Ward & Co. Catalogs offer a wide choice of elegant styles with decidedly sophisticated looks, starting at $29.

Madam Jacqueline, who hails from Philadelphia's famed Main-Line, is no stranger to style or sophistication, and her fabulous after-five creations reflect this fact. Her use of opulent fabrics such as liquid-fire lamé and beaded silks turn any woman into a stunning vision.

What is hot this season in after-five? "A fashion-conscious woman should not be preoccupied with what is hot but should remain in tune with what works for her. This is the essence of individual style," says Madam Jacqueline.

For a catalog, send $6 to Jacqueline Ward & Co., 838 Franklin St. Clarksville, TN 37040. Just for doing so, Madam Jacqueline will give you a $100.00 gift certificate and refund the price of the catalog with your first purchase. ■

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BOSTON TRADERS COLLECTION

Diane Freis

Approaching fashion from an artistic point-of-view, Diane Freis turns out dresses in a painterly manner by mixing colors, textures and patterns to achieve spectacular effects. From Los Angeles but working out of Hong Kong for the past decade, she has charted her own course with a one-size-fits-all concept and a skillful technique of combining different prints together in one dress. Unmistakable in style and spirit, these bold and wearable collages are further embellished with ruffles, tassels and pleats.

Having studied fine arts at UCLA, Miss Freis explains she is still an artist at heart. "Being able to express my love of art through the clothes I make is important to me. Blending and mixing patterns and colors and shapes adds another dimension to my designs. It makes them unique. It also allows me to express a certain femininity and individuality that get a woman noticed."

Influenced by various forms of art ranging from modern to primitive, Miss Freis explains, "When I begin a print I usually have a basic idea in mind, but the design really comes to life as I sketch. The colors follow the design." Fond of clear, bright colors as well as black and white, Miss Freis points out, "I use color to smooth and unify a collection, but I also use it to make a statement." ■

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Philippe Berthome

Women who care about quality and individuaiity have come to rely on the beguiling prints from Jonathan Martin to brighten up their days and nights. Lively in spirit, the blouses, skirts and dresses from this line are often imbued with as many as eight or nine different colors for a look that is surprisingly rich and highly visual.

Uri and Efrem Harkham, the guiding forces behind the label, explain that travel is one of their main inspirations. Constantly on the go to such places as Europe, Africa and the South Seas, they like to observe different customs and cultures. "We study the way people dress, the colors they wear and the art they make," says Efrem Harkham. "When it comes time to do a collection, we try to reinvent what we've seen by turning our observations into expressive prints that will appeal to our customers."

While color and pattern are important to both men, the look and feel of a fabric also excites them. Silk, for instance, is one of their favorite materials. They like the way it takes to color, the way it drapes and how it feels next to the skin. Employing cottons and rayons as well as silks for spring, Uri Harkham stresses, "What is important to us when we design the line is a sense of lightness, freshness and excitement." No one dresses a woman like Jonathan Martin.

Design Inspirations

JONATHAN MARTIN

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Design Inspirations EL VAQUERO

The exuberant leathers from El Vaquero exist in a class by themselves. Provocative is one word that describes their appeal. Glamorous and extravagant are other adjectives that come to mind. Exquisitely expressed in surprising textures and clever shapes, these lavish accessories run from belts and bags to fanciful boots, sandals, moccasins, and pumps. Exciting to look at, they're also fun to wear.

While El Vaquero means "cowboy," there is nothing rustic about the line. The product of an inventive and progressive aesthetic, it is designed by Valerio Giuntoli, one of Italy's most creative innovators. Approaching fashion on an artful level, his accessories are exercises in high style. Offers the designer, "I have always been fascinated by the unusual. My designs are meant to lift the spirit and stir up fantasies. They are also a statement against conformity. I am not interested in the status quo, I design for the future and for imaginative men and women who are not afraid of expressing themselves."

Quickening his designs with whimsical details like tassels, bullets, rhinestones, silver stars and ceramic stones, Valerio Giuntoli also creates his own leathers, tempering them with rich layerings of color and pattern. "I never have any fixed ideas," he says, "I approach each collection with an open mind. Each collection I do is the result of much thought and research. It is an evolution of my desire to know, to see, to communicate." ■

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FITNESS Q&A

Motivation: how to get it . . . weight-training safety . . . thigh improvers . . . mitral valve news

Q I have a problem keeping motivated when I exercise. Any advice?

A According to Gail Stentiford, assistant director, New York University's recreation department: Try turning your workout into a game, because "play" is a prime motivating force—nothing else gets and keeps you going quite the same way. Example for swimmers: calculate the width in miles of the nearest river; then swim enough laps to get across it. "There's no fun in taking your pulse," says Stentiford. "There must be something else going on, so that you're 'tracking' fitness in a way that adds enjoyment."

Q Can weight training cause high blood pressure?

A According to Jere Mitchell, M.D., director of the Harry S. Moss Heart Center, University of Texas-Southwestern Medical School, Dallas, it is important to distinguish the short-term effects of weight lifting from any long-term consequences. "Weight training can certainly cause a *temporary* increase in blood pressure. A trained power lifter, for example, who does a single, difficult bench press can have an increase in blood pressure from a normal level of 120/80 to more than 320/250. That is abnormally high, considering that aerobic exercise usually causes a rise in pressure to a level no greater than about 190/80," Dr. Mitchell said. "But it has never been shown that power lifting can cause a *sustained* increase in blood pressure, or state of hypertension."

The only lasting change that has been found in weight lifters is a slight thickening of the muscle of the heart's left ventricle, the primary pumping chamber. This raises some concern because the same change is present, although to a much greater degree, in individuals with sustained hypertension.

"There is no medical evidence that the brief increase in blood pressure during power lifting or the change in the shape of the heart that occurs with regular weight training can lead to health problems in people with normal blood pressure," Dr. Mitchell said. On the other hand, he warned, heavy weight training could be hazardous for a person who has uncontrolled high blood pressure. "Weight training causes the same relative increase in blood pressure in a person who is hypertensive as in a normal individual. A difficult maneuver could produce a sudden surge of blood pressure into a range that is dangerously high."

Dr. Mitchell said that women with high blood pressure should *never* undertake a weight-training program without careful medical supervision. They should probably limit training to repetitive workouts with light weights, since that type of activity causes only mild increases in blood pressure. However, dynamic exercise training (such as running, swimming, cycling) may actually be beneficial for some people with hypertension, added Dr. Mitchell.

Q I've lost ten pounds through diet and exercise; but the skin on my thighs is still ripply and stretch-marked. Help!

A "Although exercise tightens muscles, not skin, toning muscles improves the way skin looks. The reason: the tighter the muscle, the tighter the skin appears, owing to the contraction of the connective tissues," explained Michael Marino, R.P.T., Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC.

Quickest route to toned thighs: working with free weights in addition to a regular aerobics program. According to Marino, you should begin to see results within four weeks. Strap a one- or two-pound weight to your foot or ankle as you do leg lifts. (Weights hung from the instep will benefit the entire leg; ankle weights zero in on thigh.) Ten-minute sessions three times a week should iron out lumpy spots.

Jogging also works but takes six to eight weeks to show progress. Brisk walking also shapes and firms legs, said Barbara Pearlman, director of exercise at Elizabeth Arden Salons, who urges women to do a complete workout involving the four thigh areas: inner, outer, front, and back. "If you skip an area, you may perpetuate saggy skin," she cautioned.

To exercise all four areas, try leg lifts from various positions . . .

Inner thigh: Lie on back with legs bent, feet together, knees splayed outward, hands on waist. Squeeze an imaginary rubber ball between thighs; fifty repetitions (reps). (Each time you squeeze, buttocks should lift slightly.)

Outer thigh: Lie on right side with left leg straight, foot flexed. Slowly lift left leg as high as you can and lower to hip level; twenty-five reps. Repeat, other side.

Front thigh: Sit tall on floor with left knee bent, foot on floor; *(Continued on page 308)*

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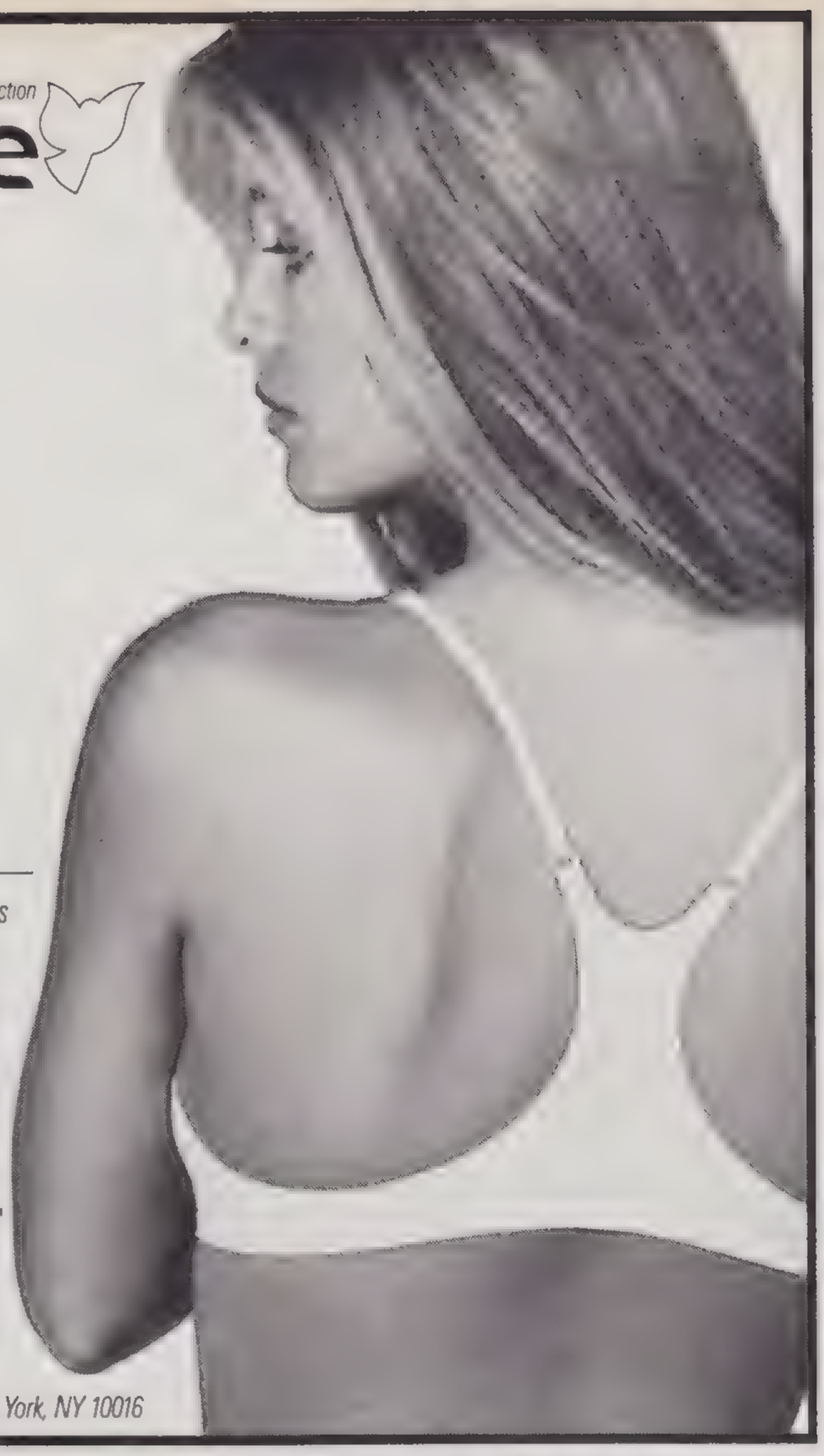

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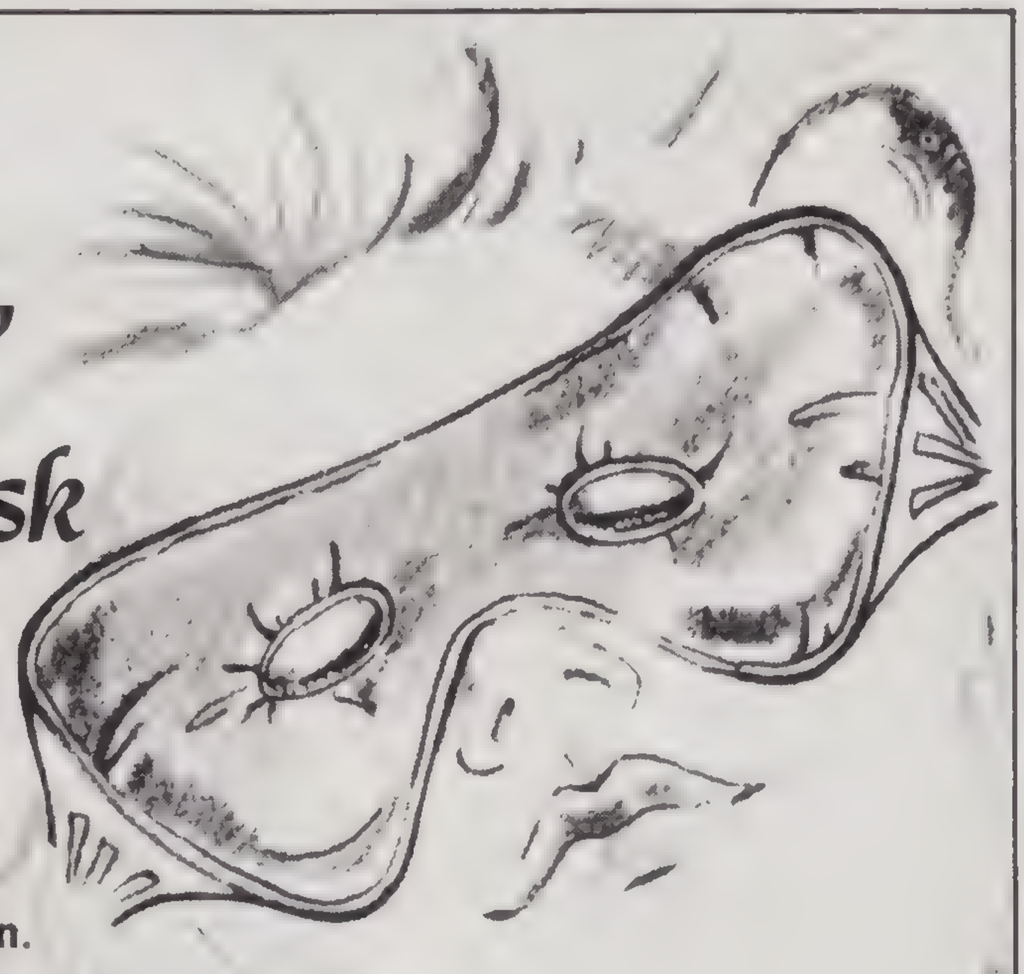

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FITNESS Q & A

(Continued from page 306)

right leg straight with foot flexed. Clasp hands around left knee and pulse right leg up twenty times; repeat on left.

Back thigh: Lie on back, left knee bent, foot on floor; right leg extended up. Clasp hands behind right thigh and pull leg towards you twenty times with toes pointed, then twenty times with feet flexed. Repeat, left leg.

Added Pearlman, "*Jogging* a minimum of twenty minutes can do wonders for toning thighs, buttocks; you can begin by running in place. As long as you maintain a three-times-a-week schedule, your legs will improve within six weeks of beginning your regimen."

Q I've been diagnosed as having mitral valve prolapse. I am told I can lead a normal life. But what about exercise? Is it safe for me?

A "About 5 to 10 percent of all women have evidence of mitral valve prolapse, but the great majority of them do not have any symptoms of an unhealthy heart condition," said Barry Maron, M.D., a senior investigator at the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute of the National Institutes of Health. "Such women can participate in all types of athletics, even competitive sports."

The only women with mitral valve prolapse who may have to avoid certain types of exercise are those who have troubling symptoms. "A limited number of people with mitral valve prolapse complain of shortness of breath, chest pain, palpitations, or dizziness. Anyone who has those symptoms clearly should seek medical advice before undertaking an exercise program," Dr. Maron said.

Mitral valve prolapse involves abnormal ballooning of the valve that controls the flow of blood between the heart's left atrium, or holding chamber, and its left ventricle, or pumping chamber. Medical researchers have been unable to explain why the condition causes problems in some people but not in others.

In most cases, the abnormality of the valve is discovered during a medical checkup. Dr. Maron stressed that the woman who is told she has the condition should not feel alarmed or consider changing her life style. "The risk of exercise in people with uncomplicated mitral valve prolapse has been compared to the risk of flying on a commercial jetliner. I would say the risk is even lower."

NOTE: *A potential risk faced by people with mitral valve prolapse is an unusual susceptibility to bacterial endocarditis, an infection of the lining of the heart. Endocarditis—which most often develops after surgery or dental treatment—can be very serious, but is usually preventable. The American Heart Association's recommendation: treatment with penicillin or a similar antibiotic before and after any dental procedure that causes bleeding, even a regular cleaning. Such treatment has been shown to be very effective in warding off infections.* ▽

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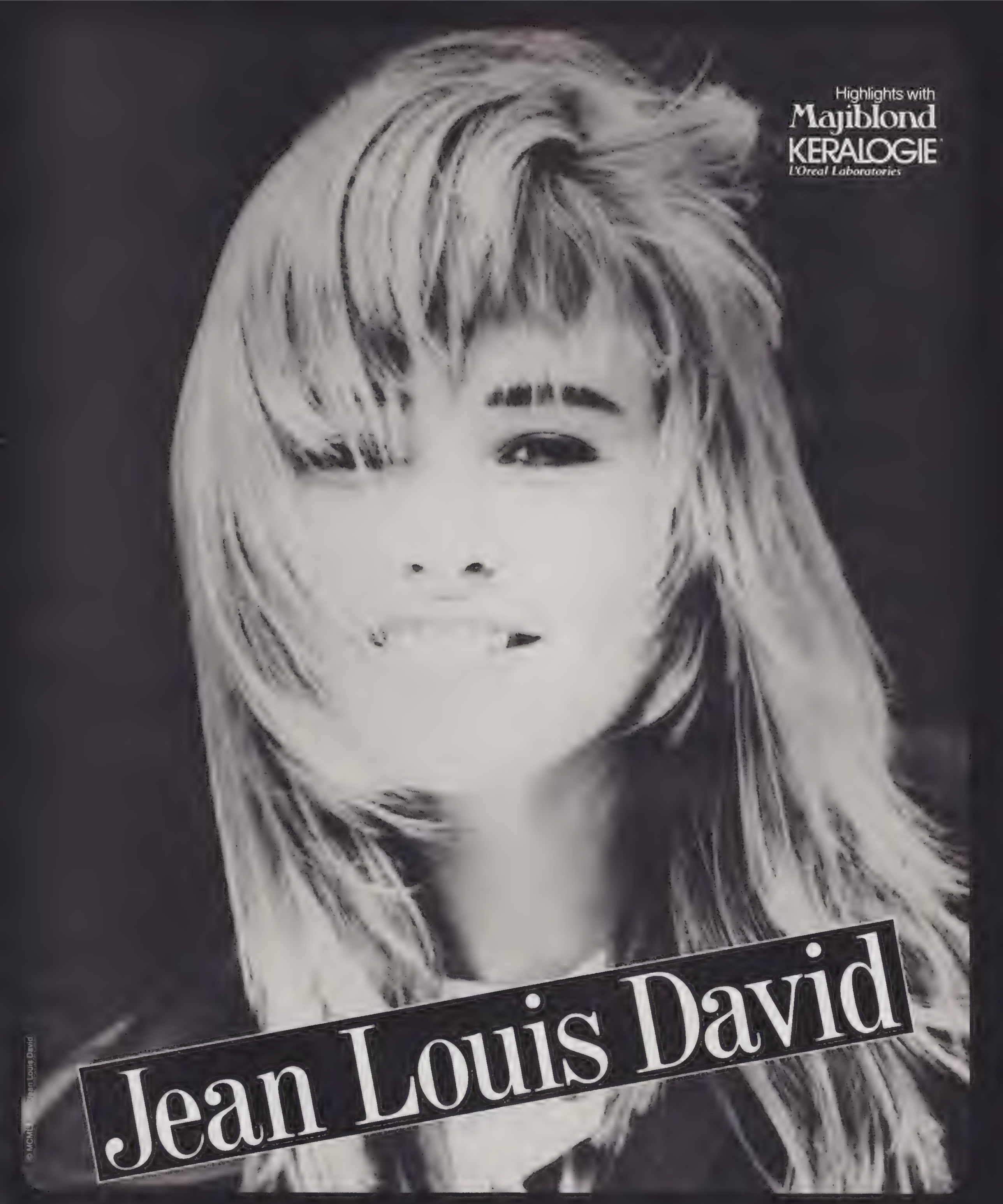

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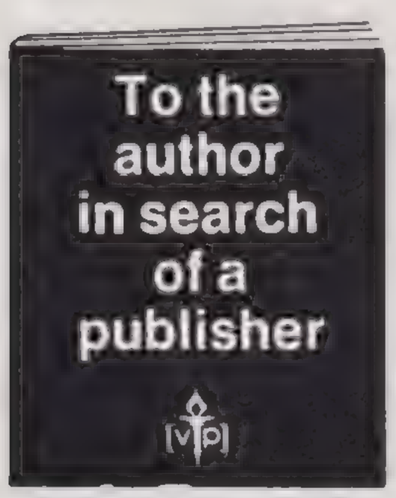

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women & cars

New air bags . . . minivan craze. BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

A PORSCHE IN EVERY PORT

"Fifteen years ago, when I was working at a Porsche dealership, I was selling primarily to men," says Wendy Gartner-Salles, now founder and co-owner of a five-year-old dealership, Bill and Wendy's Exotic Car Emporium, NYC. (The "Bill" is Bill Baker, her previous boss at Porsche, whom she asked to join her.) "But over the past five years, the number of women interested in such high-performance cars has increased dramatically. Today, executive women, primarily psychiatrists, stockbrokers, bankers, heads of businesses, buy Porsches and Mercedes for the same reason as men—as toys."

Favorite among Gartner-Salles's current 258 female customers: the BMW 528 sedan (about $24,000), the Porsche 911 or 944 (about $25,000 to $40,000), and all ranges of Mercedes. Client Harriet Mosson, president of Liz Claiborne Dresses, drives Gartner-Salles's most exotic import so far—a specially restored 1970 3.5 Mercedes convertible; fashion designer Alice Blaine tootles around in a Porsche 911 convertible. Thirty-six-year-old entrepreneuse Gartner-Salles, however, finds a simple Mercedes station wagon is just perfect for carting her own two little girls to and from school.

MINIVAN MANIA

"What do women want?" One car company, Dodge, says it's the "minivan." They claim their Caravan—a van/car hybrid that can now hold up to eight people—is not only the leader in its class (34.6 percent of the market) but has attracted an unexpected number of women buyers, 34 percent to be exact.

"We created the 'minivan' market when we introduced the Caravan in 1984," said Clark J. Vitulli, national merchandise manager, Dodge division of Chrysler. "It's of particular interest to women because today's minivans are more compact and maneuverable than the big vans." How? Front-wheel drive improves performance, handling, and safety on wet, snowy, or dirt roads (most other vans have only rear-wheel drive); lowness to the ground makes them easier to climb into—especially for shorter women; lots of hauling space in the back is excellent for transporting groceries, furniture, kids; shortness (176 inches) makes the minivan easy to park and garage. Vitulli speculates, "The minivan might eventually become the primary means of moving people and their possessions because it is more versatile than either a car or a truck."

THE AIR BAGS ARE COMING!

Air bags alone are not, as many people believe, a substitute for safety belts, which would reduce highway fatalities by 40 to 50 percent if everyone wore one. But in reaction to growing public awareness of safety and need for "real-life" testing, Ford Motor Company is offering, this month for the first time, a driver-side air-bag system in its 1986 Tempo and Mercury Topaz four-door sedan. This is good news since air bags offer drivers improved protection. Air bags alone would cut fatalities only by 20 to 40 percent, says Diane Steed, administrator, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. "They are not effective in rear-end or side collisions or rollovers. The best protection comes only when the two methods are combined."

Design problems and the need to maximize the amount of safety per dollar spent means that the Ford air bags, which cost $815, will be installed only on the driver's side. It also means that any front-seat passenger not wearing a seat belt would be completely vulnerable. That bothers Helen O. Petrauskas, vice president, environmental and safety engineering at Ford, who says research finds many women who favor air bags do so because they think it means they won't have to fuss with getting their kids to buckle up. "This kind of attitude must be changed," Petrauskas says. "Even if passenger air bags were installed, a youngster who wasn't belted might go through a window before it could do any good."

Ford is not the first to introduce air bags. General Motors, which claims to have developed the technology, introduced them in their '73-'75 Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Cadillacs, but the bags received so little customer attention that they were dropped.

Perhaps attitudes have changed. When Mercedes offered air bags in their 1980 European cars as part of a supplemental restraint system, there was great customer response. As a result, by 1986, Mercedes had made them a standard feature on every car. BMW, Volvo, and others are expected to offer air bags in the very near future.

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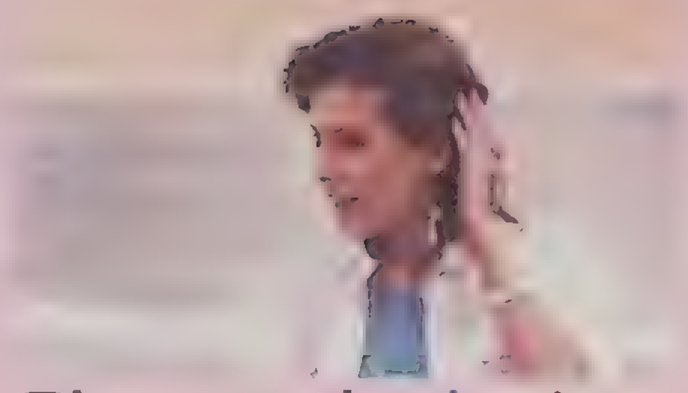

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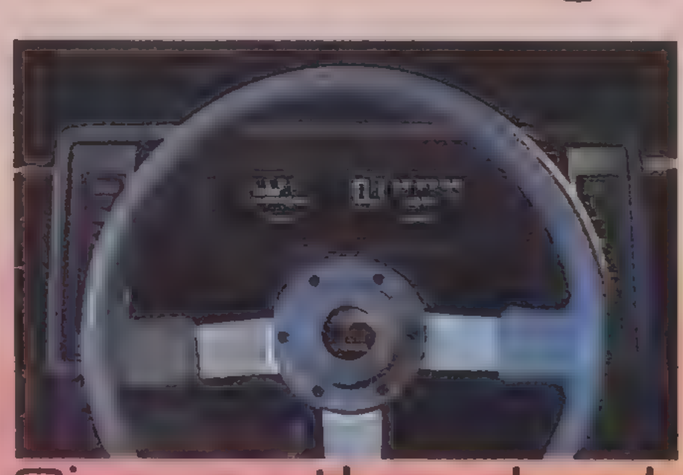

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Oh, some years I'd save three or four hundred (nine hundred one year), but it didn't last long. Something would always come up and I'd take it out and spend it. I always figured one of these days I'd bear down and build up a nest egg.

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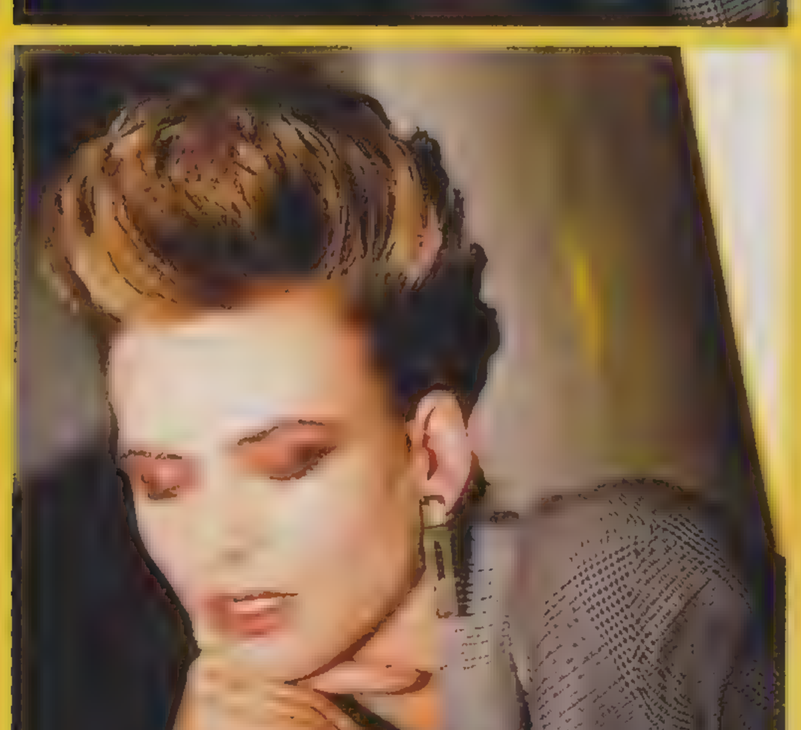

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Bravos for Aunt Ethel.

I was born in a tough little town where the people worked hard for a living. The idea of going off to acting school was considered silly. A waste of time and money.

"Listen, Pop, it's what I really want to do. I'm not interested in working in the mill." I was trying to explain to my father why I felt I had to leave home and get some money for acting school in New York.

My father shook his head and explained in a pained voice, "Now look, son, if you wanted to be a doctor, or maybe a lawyer, I could see digging up every cent I could lay my hands on to help you through school and all. But an actor?"

He put his hand on my shoulder and continued, "It's not a job for a grown man. Playing make-believe all your life."

Aunt Ethel was the only one in the family with any interest in the theater at all. She'd been the star of all the high school plays in her day. And she encouraged me to try out for parts when I was still a freshman.

"Tell you what, James," she said, "I've been on the Payroll Savings Plan at work since I was a young girl and I've got lots of Savings Bonds put aside. Now I'll make you a loan. Go to New York and get some training. You've got more talent than anyone I've ever known."

I could hardly believe such a generous offer. "No, I couldn't take your savings on that kind of gamble."

She shook her head and said, "You won't fail." Then she said with a big smile, "Maybe someday you can give me a front row seat to one of your big hits . . . as a bonus."

I finally agreed and spent some hard years in New York before I got lucky. And I really did get lucky. All of a sudden I was on my way. The hard work paid off and I paid off Aunt Ethel.

But I wanted to give her more. A bonus. So I had her flown to New York for a small part in my new play.

Last night we opened. Aunt Ethel still has the magic. She made that tiny little part stand out and took her bows to thunderous applause.

"If you had never returned a cent, but just gave me this night, it would have been payment enough," she sobbed as we sat backstage after the final curtain.

Knowing Aunt Ethel, she probably meant it.

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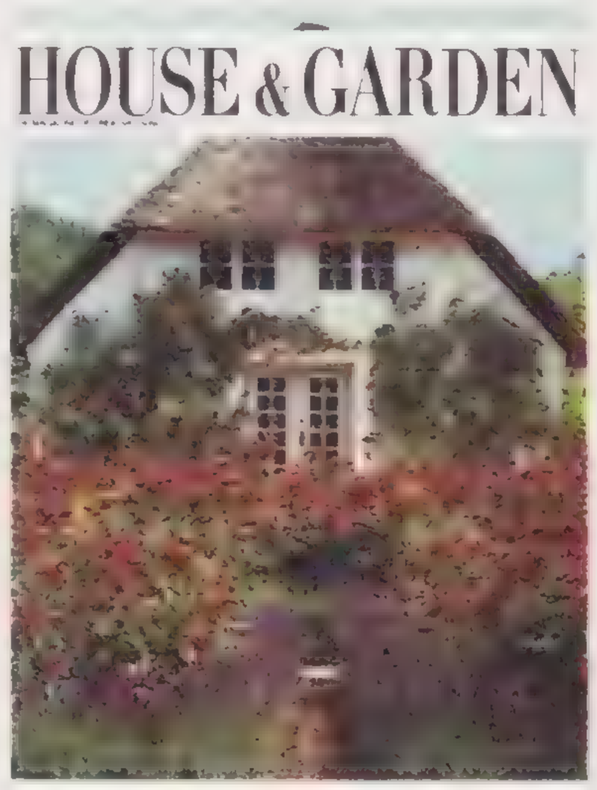

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A TWENTIETH-CENTURY *WAR AND PEACE!*

LIFE AND FATE
By Vasily Grossman. Harper & Row.
864 pages. $19.95

Reviewed by EVA HOFFMAN

Neither life nor posthumous fate has been kind to Vasily Grossman. During his lifetime (1905-1964), he was in and out of favor with the Soviet authorities—attacked during the anti-Semitic purges, restored to grace by the Khruschev thaw. His masterwork, *Life and Fate*, was to do for Soviet Russia what *War and Peace* did for Tolstoy's epoch. But not only was it censored, the KGB confiscated the manuscript upon its completion in 1960—a fact that should not have surprised its author, who had just written many pages about that security organ's merciless workings.

Undoubtedly the book's effect would have been much greater had it come to us twenty-five years ago (it was first published last year, in France, after the dissident Russian writer Vladimir Voinovich smuggled out a microfilm of the manuscript). But after Solzhenitsyn, after what we have come to know about the Stalinist era, Grossman's descriptions of the Gulag, or political prisoners' interrogations, do not have the impact of original revelation.

And yet, even with all we know, *Life and Fate* is a fascinating and powerful work. This is not because of its writerly virtues: as a novel, this panoramic epic that attempts, through a cast of hundreds, to show us a cross-section of the entire society, has all the faults of Socialist Realism: it is repetitious, styleless, ponderous, and disjointed. But as a sort of naturalistic document, *Life and Fate* does something that, as far as I know, no other novel has tried to do so fully—and that is to portray believing Soviet Communists as ordinary characters, rather than as predictable embodiments of evil, to give us glimpses of their beliefs, logic, and doubts. The collective picture that emerges is all the more shocking for the matter-of-factness with which Grossman records it.

The novel revolves around the World War II battle of Stalingrad, a moment at which "the will of the State" is at its most evident, in both its force and its cruelty. And indeed, Grossman shows us people subordinating themselves to that will—in battle, in death—as if their own lives were just particles in a great maelstrom. Grossman's method in this novel is partly documentary: there are many historically accurate discussions of war strategy and scenes of Russian soldiers defending crucial Stalingrad buildings and fighting on the Kalmyk steppe. There are scenes of people being evacuated to outlying areas and coming back to begin life again in Moscow or the destroyed Stalingrad (the constant movement of people and trains across Russia—Russia felt very much as an independent presence—is reminiscent of *Dr. Zhivago*). There are quarrels in crowded apartments and a smattering of romance and joy-amidst-gloom. The most consistently developed drama in the novel is that of Viktor Shtrum, a famous scientist who makes a theoretical breakthrough, is persecuted for anti-Semitic reasons, and is then miraculously saved by one of those legendary phone calls from Stalin that people like Pasternak and Bulgakov apparently received.

In the midst of these narrative strands, Grossman interjects lengthy disquisitions on totalitarianism. The Fascist and the Communist ideologies, in his view, are the same in their will to total power, in their determination to crush all vestiges of individual perception and freedom, and in their anti-Semitism and hatred of ethnic minorities. To convey these points, he juxtaposes scenes in a Russian labor camp and the notorious Lubyanka prison with episodes in a German concentration camp; he counterposes brief close-ups of Stalin and Hitler; and he shows a confrontation in which a German intellectual tries to convince a Soviet Communist that they are mirror images of each other. Grossman also suggests a more unusual thesis: that totalitarian states operate on the same structural principles as modern science, since *(Continued on page 330)*

A moment of calm at the battle of Stalingrad

Georgi Zelma/MAGNUM Photos

Grossman portrays his characters as ordinary people—particles in a great maelstrom

Eva Hoffman *often writes on books and cultural subjects.*

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(Continued from page 328) both deal in vast aggregates of individuals or of particles.

The effectiveness of the novel lies not in these arguments, convincing though they may be, but in the tone of eerie normalcy with which Grossman recounts the most abnormal conditions and acts. We all know that people in Stalinist Russia informed on each other, but in the narrative, denouncing one's spouse becomes a common event, and a failure to denounce a "politically defective" relative can rack a Communist's conscience; the fearfulness of making the slightest criticism of Stalin among one's closest friends is a natural fact of social life, and a famous scientist's envy of a colleague who got a bigger ration of eggs is a perfectly understandable emotion.

We also know that the early Communists were truly committed believers—but the steely faith of Grossman's Communists gives them a quality of being of other genetic material. Characters in the novel constantly allude to the 1937 purges, in which millions of people were exterminated, and dismiss them with the phrase that revolutionaries "don't wear kid gloves." Old Bolsheviks of the Lenin era, imprisoned and tortured by the new Stalinist breed, try to justify the ways of the Party even as they are being brutally beaten. Viktor Shtrum, a man of highest intelligence, makes his heroic decision not to write a statement of repentance for the sins he didn't commit only after anguishing that he may indeed be an "alien element."

For these characters, their faith is the measure of their morality, and the slightest deviation from it a matter of moral anguish. As a sometime Communist insider, Grossman presumably knew such people well—and it is precisely the extent to which he takes their point of view for granted that gives us a vivid sense of how completely people's minds were taken over, how much moral and intellectual strength it took to see one inch beyond the Party's authority or to make the most timid gesture of opposition. But finally, it all remains as fantastic and unfathomable as some dark fairy tale in which even princes and good children turn out to be monsters—and the monsters eventually all devour each other.

BLISS AND THE BOURGEOISIE

"Love is the average citizen's big crack at an artistic experience," says Laurie Colwin, the thinking woman's Danielle Steele

By JUDITH LEVINE

In the closing story of Laurie Colwin's new collection, *Another Marvelous Thing* (Knopf) Billy Delielle is strolling in the park with her new baby, William, and her best friend, Penny. She is reflecting on her ex-lover and her now-ended adulterous affair.

Colwin: Happy at last?

Affairs, Colwin says, are "for pleasure and education"

" 'I realize that no matter what happens, Francis is indelible. He's part of my experience —like seeing Stonehenge or traveling in India.'

'Or going to college,' said Penny.

'He was more like graduate school,' Billy said."

Adultery—a near obsession in Colwin's work —is not, as it is for Anna Karenina, the vehicle of pain and ruin. It is not, as for Madame Bovary, an escape from the tedium of a bourgeois marriage. Rather, adultery is the opportunity to enter a shared secret world, away from family and children. Affairs, Colwin says, are "for pleasure and education."

In Colwin's novel *Family Happiness*, Polly's marriage to Henry Demarest "made perfect sense." He is kind and generous, their two children healthy and amusing. But when Henry's work turns him distant, Polly finds a lover, Lincoln. She feels the pain and moral confusion of a divided heart, but in the end decides to keep seeing him. In fact, what Polly learns from the experience helps her repair the chinks in what is—despite the affair—the indomitable fortress of her marriage. "I love Henry and I love you," Polly tells Lincoln. "I know I'm supposed to think it's wrong, but instead I think it's *mine*. It's my destiny, and my complication."

Colwin's fiction is about love, both married and adulterous. "No subject is more interesting," says the forty-one-year-old author. "Love is the average citizen's big crack at an artistic experience," a route to "emotional adventure"; and adulterey creates even more "sparks on the page." "My central dramas are emotional conflicts in the moral world," she says.

What, then, is the moral meaning of adultery? Colwin insists her characters are "for the good," that because they care deeply about family, adultery is a "terrible thing." Certainly within this fictional universe one would think it is terrible; for in an era whose major social—and fictional—event is the collapse of the family, Colwin is a celebrant of rootedness and domestic harmony. Her characters' homes—filled with inherited furniture, toys, pets, portraits of ancestors—are monuments (Continued on page 332)

Judith Levine *writes about sex, feminism, and books for a number of national magazines.*

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THE BANGS HAVE IT.

BOOKS

(Continued from page 330) to the pleasures of dovetailing tastes and shared histories. "Married people suffered and rejoined over and over and over and over again," thinks Francis in the story "Swan Song." "Marriage was a trench dug by time, a straight furrow, the mighty oak that has grown year after year after year from a tiny acorn. Lovers were, by comparison, little scratches in the ground."

Colwin's characters do not slip into adultery casually; yet while they worry that they are putting their marriages at risk, they really are not. In these stories spouses never find out. The awful confrontation never occurs. Instead, the violence is internal. Like most adulterous lovers, Colwin's find themselves in crises of opposing duties, to self and to others, and of embattled notions of rectitude. Francis, in "My Mistress," the first story of *Another Marvelous Thing*, tells Billy he has rented a cottage for a week when both their spouses will be away:

" 'You don't seem pleased,' I [Francis] said.

'Being pleased doesn't strike me as the appropriate response to the idea of going off to a love nest with your lover,' said Billy.

'What *is* the appropriate response?' I said.

'Oh,' Billy said, her voice now blithe, 'sorrow, guilt, glee, horror, anticipation.' "

Although adultery falls into the moral category of wrong for Billy, Colwin supplies no retribution. Billy's marriage, like Francis's, is unruffled. It remains protected, sanctified. In the end, Billy leaves Francis, more because their relationship seems to have nowhere to go than because it is hurtful or inconvenient.

What is hurtful, for many of these adulterers, is the *situation*, not the act. It is a betrayal of the idea of moral decency within the family, not to another person. And in Colwin's fiction, the lessons learned in love affairs can serve to mend rather than destroy lives and spirits.

Though Colwin says, "I am interested in certain kinds of despair," happiness is her richest mine. Unlike Tolstoy, Colwin believes that all unhappy families are alike, but a happy family is happy after its own fashion. "The things that make people happy are as numerous as the things of the world," she says. Clearly, Colwin prefers to explore the varieties of happiness that can be found in love and not the brutal despair that befalls a person whose spouse is unfaithful.

Colwin's protagonists, it would seem, have it all. Along with good looks, wit, and wealth, they have the impossible good fortune to be able both to hold onto the serenity of married love *and* to taste the thrills of new love. Even more blessed, it does not force them to break someone's heart.

Walking in the park, Billy "felt her heart open and expand: she loved everyone, William, Grey [her husband], Penny, Francis." Even for a reader who finds unhappiness as compelling as happiness, such a story is rich with a kind of wishfulness. If only, when guilt wrestles with glee, we could all manage to remain like Billy, like Polly, firmly "for the good"—and happy, too. ▽

Colette in her mid-thirties from Willy's album

COLETTE: IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES

FLOWERS AND FRUIT. By Colette. Edited by Robert Phelps. Translated by Matthew Ward. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 163 pages. $14.95

COLETTE: A PASSION FOR LIFE By Genèvieve Dormann. Abbeville Press. 320 pages. $39.95

Reviewed by MARY CANTWELL

In 1943, during what Robert Phelps describes as "the darkest days of Nazi-occupied Paris," Colette published an account of gardens she had known or imagined called "Flora and Pomona." Like all the essays collected by Mr. Phelps for *Flowers and Fruit*, it is a superb verbal exercise, and sometimes incantatory. "I shall have . . . verbena rosettes, Maltese cross crosses, lupine spikes and moonflower insomniacs, Agrostis nebulae, and vanilla pinks, St.-John's-cane to help me along the final steps I travel, and asters to star my nights. A Campanula, a thousand Campanulas, to ring in the dawn at the same time the cock crows; a dahlia gadrooned like a Clouet strawberry . . . ." Given its birthdate, "Flora and Pomona" constitutes escapism of the highest order. For Colette, who says she always spent her wars in Paris, the sound of a seed bursting could drown a cannon's belch.

The woman who wrote these portraits of flowers, gymnastics for an imagination stiffened by age and pain, is the frizzy-haired prisoner of her bed seen on the last few pages of Genèvieve Dormann's *Colette: A Passion for Life*. Even then, a few years from dying, she was hardly docile. "Don't take her for just a nice little old lady," her friend Jean Cocteau warned. "Her velvet paw could show its claws very fast. And when she scratched she left a gash."

Physical love was written all over her. She was extremely crude, even vulgar

The cat is in evidence throughout *A Passion*, a collection of pictures of Colette and her world, accompanied by a text that is, if not stylish, serviceable—especially when Miss Dormann speaks of Bertrand de Jouvenel, Colette's stepson, whom his stepmother seduced when she was forty-seven and he, seventeen. " 'Yes,' he told me, *("Books" continued on page 337)*

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 332) 'now that everyone is dead, I can tell you what happened. . . . Look into my eyes. Colette had the same eyes, and we were going to form a club for people with sea-green eyes.' ''

Sea-green eyes, a swooping nose, hair braided into a thick rope or full and fuzzy as a milkweed pod: Colette died with the face she was born with. That face was photographed and painted countless times, from its beginning in Saint-Sauveur-en-Puisaye, in the Midi, to its ending in the Palais-Royal, in the heart of Paris. One sees her in *A Passion* with Sido, her mother; with Willy, her first husband; with Marguerite Moreno, her closest friend—real people who, because of her pen, have achieved immortality. One sees Colette's animals, too, and in the background France itself—a country she expressed as inevitably as she exhaled.

''She always gave me the impression of being an extremely sensual woman, even something of a bitch, a woman to whom physical pleasure meant a lot,'' the writer Paul Léautaud said of his friend. ''Physical love was written all over her. She was extremely crude, even vulgar.''

Colette's appetite—for men, women, flowers, food—was enormous; her ability to celebrate ''those pleasures so lightly called physical,'' astonishing. Cocteau had it right. When she died in 1954 he said, ''It was less a matter of funeral services than of gardeners at work, transplanting.''

TWO FOR THE ROAD

A blithe happiness drives Borges, the venerable old man, and María, his young traveling companion, around the world

By LUISA VALENZUELA

Everyone who has ever met Jorge Luis Borges feels entitled to write a book about him. Soon we will read *My Ten Minutes with Borges*, or *The Day I Ran into Borges*. But I hope that María Kodama some day writes *Travels with Borges*—in the same spirit that Graham Greene wrote *Travels with My Aunt*, though in a less farcical and irreverent vein, of course, since her book would deal with real life. It could be equally mischievous, though.

Over the last five years, the famous, old, blind Argentine writer, the literary glory of our times, and the mysterious, young, part-Oriental woman have traveled the world. María sketches the physical world in words for Borges; step by step, she describes for him landscapes and places he can no longer see. He, who journeys in a halo of literary awards and varied homages, maps for María the maze of his inner world. Together, rather than indulge in the glow of fame, they slip discreetly aside and go in search of the bizarre.

A book has been born out of this traveling and reflecting: *Atlas* (Dutton), a subtle exploration of places and the memories of places, with text by Jorge Luis Borges and photographs by María Kodama. What is left unsaid, what is discovered in meeting them in different cities, is the blithe happiness that drives them around the world, the venerable old man and the woman who has pulled the venerable old man out of his encapsulation and brought him into contact with life.

María says: ''I was asked to define my relationship with Borges in one word. Whether I am his secretary, his seeing eye, his spouse, whatever. And I answered, 'He is my school buddy.' ''

And María tells a story: ''My mother is Argentine, but my father belonged to a very traditional Japanese family. I grew up listening to tales of warriors and was never able to relate to girls my age.'' She was fourteen when she met Borges. With him she recovered the dazzling world of imagination and of codes of honor; unknowingly, she came in touch with legend itself, the sphere of prodigious memory embodied by Jorge Luis Borges.

''I have been close to him for twenty years,'' she says, ''and became his travel companion when his mother died. In relation to Borges I feel what I felt when we met Robert Graves in his home in Majorca. Graves could not speak or move anymore, but you could feel the vitality of that man, and you realized who he had been. When Borges asked me to describe him, I simply answered, 'He is a patriarch.' ''

Exchanging visions of inner and outer worlds, Borges travels with María Kodama

LUISA VALENZUELA

Borges doesn't look like a patriarch. He gives the impression of frailty, and his strength comes as a surprise. It derives from a ceaseless curiosity, a relentless will to learn. He always wants to go on—just one more ride around Central Park.

In my mind's eye, I will always see these two almost ethereal figures, dressed in off-white, materializing on a *(Continued on page 340)*

Luisa Valenzuela *is the author of ''Strange Things Happen Here,'' ''The Lizard's Tail,'' and, most recently, ''Other Weapons.''*

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 337) certain day in spring in the backyard of an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. They had soared through the Purgatory of an infinity of empty tables, the Inferno of the kitchen, and finally landed close to the trees. They were Borges and Beatrice; sorry, María. In passing through New York City they had been trapped by the promise of the Garden. We hadn't seen each other for many years, but it didn't come as a surprise to meet them entirely by chance in that improbable place. They had arrived from California and could speak only about their balloon flight.

Borges was exhilarated: "María, who is always reading the unreadable, found out about this in the Yellow Pages. We flew over the Napa Valley. There were five of us on board, and I believe our joy was infinite. As in dreams, you get the true sensation of flying, billowed by the winds."

A soft wind billows them always. Madrid, Seville, Geneva (Geneva, the city of Borges's youth, finds its way into all of his itineraries), Rome, Amman, Lisbon, Cairo, Milan, New York. And sidetracks. This is the itinerary of just one of their constant migrations. He is eighty-six, and she is fifty years his junior. He is blind and she photographs everything, as to see for two.

Forty years ago an English lady read Borges's tea leaves and prophesied that he would make his living by giving lectures and traveling. Borges, the shyest man on earth, was scared to death.

"María couldn't have made me a better present than this taste for traveling," he says. "We might even go and live in Japan. It's not bad, is it, for a man who boarded a plane for the first time at age fifty? And I tried to think it was heroic, but there was a newborn on board who cried all the way and obliterated all the epic prestige of the flight."

Epics are no longer possible on modern aircraft, but there is room left for wonder: a Japanese singer decided to fly with them from Paris to Rome to sing in Borges's ear. "How strange," he would tell María later, "while the lady sang my *milongas*, I felt spiderwebs on my face. Are my poems that stale?"

María, always so down to earth even in mid-air: "Borges, what a thing to say! She is a very elegant lady. Those were the *aigrettes* on her hat." And María laughs while she tells the story, as she laughs when she travels with Borges.

She also often scolds him. "We have fun, like children do, but he sometimes worries me. He gets into the weirdest situations. He loves poking into the unknown. So do I; that's why I don't think that going around the world with him is a burden. Only the gifts we receive along the way can become a burden."

The idea is to travel light. And light of spirit. The obsession of the gold rose is still with María. Someone should write about it: *María the Keeper of the Gold Rose and Our Homer*. It was one of his awards, but what an award! He received it in Palermo, Sicily. It is large, in full bloom, and reveals a woman's face. Solid gold. He insisted on carrying it all the way. As a mark of respect for the offerers, he refuses to ship the offerings direct to Buenos Aires.

"From Palermo," María says, "Borges and I went to Venice, from Venice to Tokyo. And wherever we went, I was scared stiff thinking someone might steal the rose. To top it all, in Venice he was given a valuable collection of commemorative medals. And I was going around laden with all this treasure while Borges made fun of me. While talking about Nirvana in the Monastery of the Forty-seven Ronines, he was blissfully oblivious of my fate."

Enjoying the here and now is perhaps Borges's fountain of youth. Those who know him will find it hard to believe, but in Madison, Wisconsin, he was the one to propose buying masks for the Halloween party. He wore a wolf mask and entered the house softly exclaiming, "Man Is the Wolf of Man," in Latin of course, as this was an academic situation.

And then he claims that masks and mirrors scare him. He is always returning to the mirrored days of Buenos Aires, where his home remains unchanged since his mother's days, but just as a respite. María Kodama hardly has time to reorganize her apartment when it is time again to go. Half complaining, half smiling, she starts packing once more while her luscious Abyssinian cat watches her with grief. Borges is happy. He might even be thinking of taking the cat with them: "Everybody is entitled to the world," he says, "except politicians."

—(Translated by Susana Dougall)

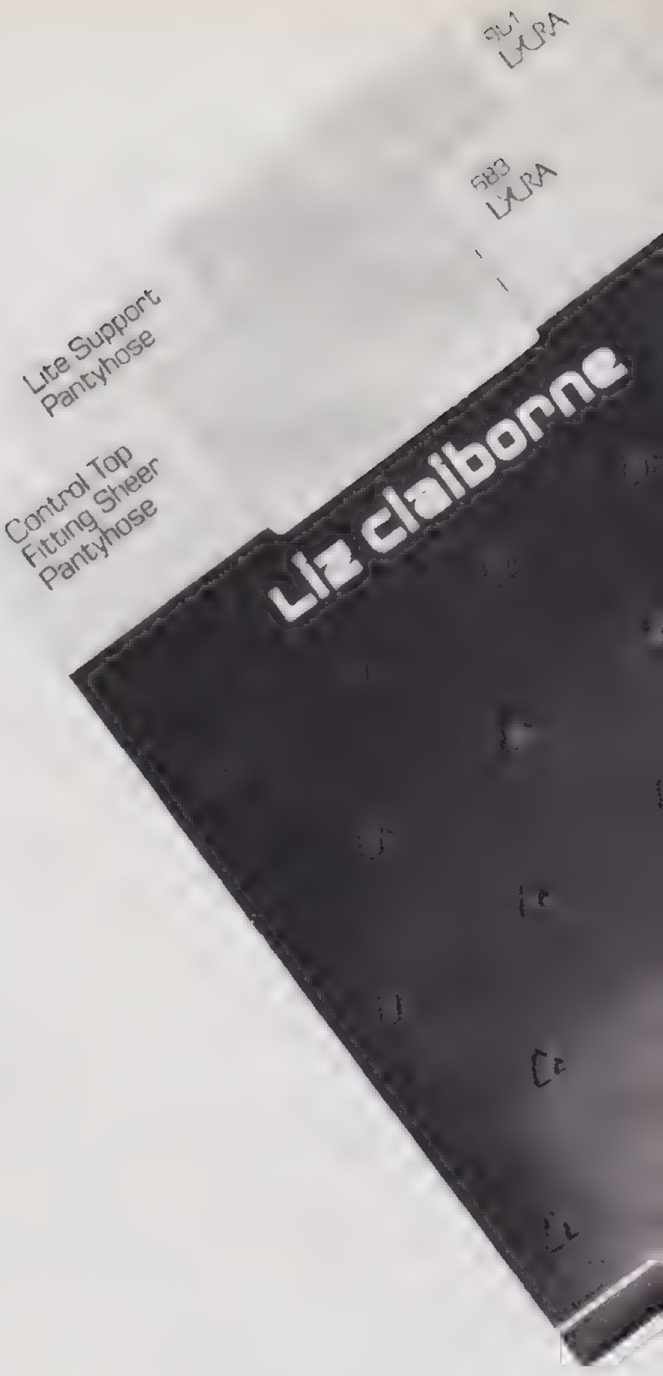
Rather than indulge in the glow of fame, Borges and María slip discreetly aside and go in search of the bizarre

STARVING SAINTS: HUNGRY FOR PERFECTION

HOLY ANOREXIA.
By Rudolph M. Bell. University of Chicago Press. 248 pages. $22.50

By CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Among confirmed saint-watchers, it is common knowledge that—as the poet Phyllis McGinley once put it—"saints are not angels." In *Holy Anorexia*, a daring study of piously self-starving medieval and early modern Italian women, Rutgers University history professor Rudolph M. Bell demonstrates *(Continued on page 348)*



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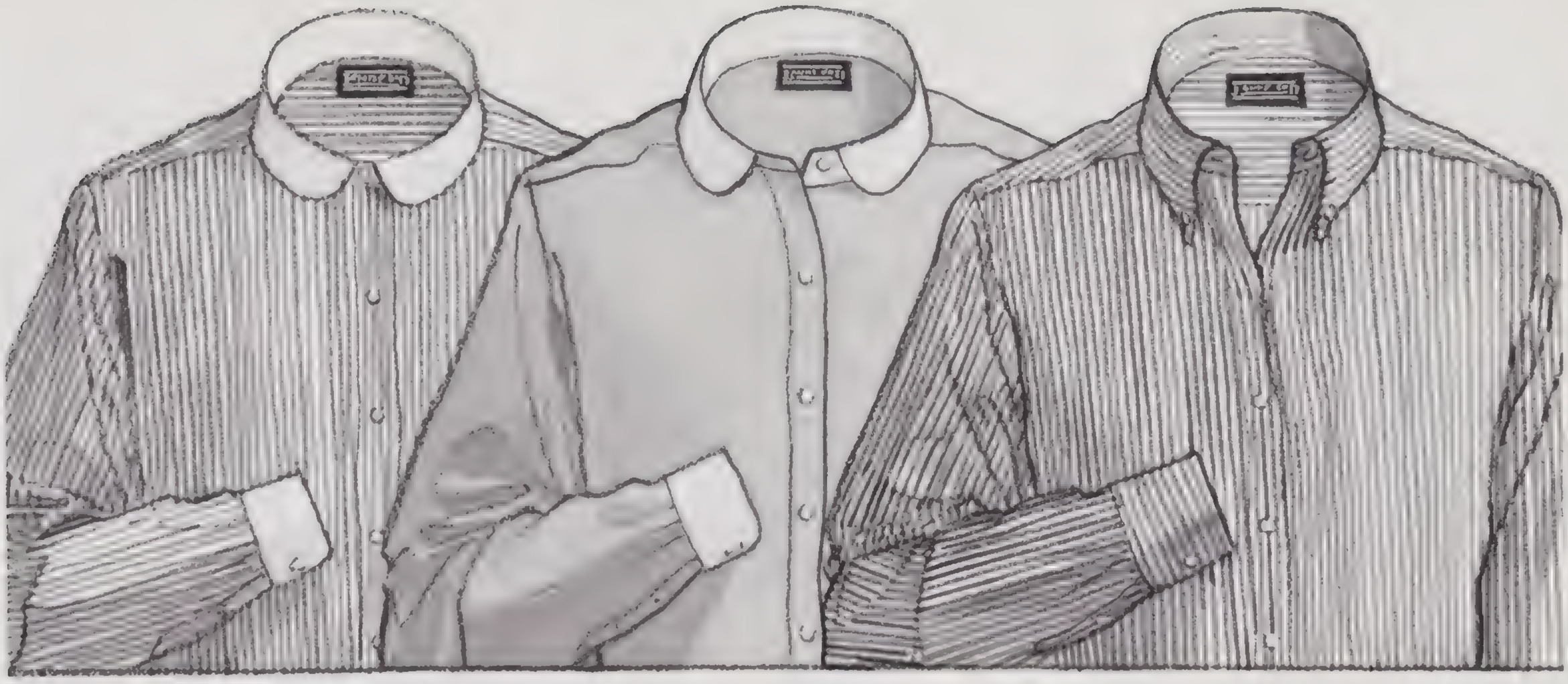

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 340) just how unnervingly human (and even inhuman) saints can be. The women he writes about spared no one in their quests for holiness, quests that left their bodies by the wayside.

Catherine of Siena, for example, a brilliant Catholic reformer and mystic, quite deliberately starved herself to death at the age of thirty-three, as her mother stood helplessly nearby. Angela of Foligno frankly rejoiced over the deaths of her mother, husband, and children, which enabled her to pursue freely her physical and emotional self-punishment. While Professor Bell openly admires many of these women, and never questions the validity of their religious aspirations, he keeps a certain distance—as, for example, when he cites contemporary reports that the starved Veronica Giuliani made nocturnal visits to the kitchen, rumors the saint deflected by claiming that diabolical doubles were binge-eating in her place.

Bell's contention is that "holy anorexia," like today's well-documented *anorexia nervosa*, sprang from a young woman's need for autonomy, and that successful self-starvation represented, then as now, "a real and powerful victory over the only thing western (or westernized) society allows a teenage girl to conquer—herself."

Medieval girls, living in a patriarchal culture, could look forward only to confinement, either within marriage—which made them virtual slaves to their husbands—or within convent walls. The convent often seemed the less oppressive choice. A female religious could exercise at least some control over her body (read, her femininity) by denying its needs; even though excessive self-starvation usually provoked the anger of superiors, both male and female, who could not condone such willful and independent behavior.

Still, in a world as yet uncharted by Charcot and Janet, turn-of-the-century clinical theorists on anorectic behavior, suffering ascetic women

Denial of appetite was a sign of holiness

struck most people with awe. As William N. Davis, Director of the Cornell Center for the Study of Anorexia and Bulimia, points out in his epilogue, a culture that regarded denial of appetite as a sign of holiness offered such women the chance to feel effective, secure, and fulfilled. In modern society, where anorexia is viewed as an illness, anorectic women might feel conflicted and confused, rather than justified. Davis offers an interesting comparison between "holiness" and "thinness" as cultural ideals, and agrees with Bell that "The modifier is the key; whether anorexia is holy or nervous depends on the culture in which a young woman strives to gain control of her life."

Bell is most definitive about the sexual implications of anorexia: He wrote that "food is food, not an incorporated phallic symbol, but it is no less sexual for being food. It sustains the body, corrupt life on earth, and thereby kills the soul, life everlasting." Not quite the argument to convince a Freudian, but Bell would caution against applying modern diagnoses to medieval complaints.

This book, like Bell's earlier collaboration with Donald Weinstein, *Saints and Society*, offers unusual opportunities to consider the lives of a number of extraordinary people—all of them passionate, single-minded, and (according to the judgment of at least one authority) holy—within the larger context of the societies in which they lived.

This volume marks the progress of holy anorexia from its first recorded instances in the thirteenth century to its heyday in the sixteenth century—when powerful male reformers began to view such behavior as "insane, demoniacal, and heretical," and acted accordingly—to the phenomenon's decline in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries when (not coincidentally, Bell maintains) it finally became possible for women to venture beyond the convent, testing their effectiveness in the world. The intersections of psychology and religion are, as always, fascinating to watch—and these intrepid women's stories do provide some nourishment, in fact, for the inquiring spirit of our age.

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LA MAISON BLU

ENTERTAINING

Times out: new slants on restaurant style, tips from top hostesses. BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

When top hostesses have provided enough fare and mood at home, where do they head? Top restaurants. Increasingly, that's the maximum-efficiency route to giving large or small-scale luncheons and dinners; when traveling, it's a sure way to assemble friends. What it is *not* is simply a matter of making a reservation: the best of restaurant entertaining today bears as strong a stamp of a host or hostess as tried-and-true at-home dinners do.

For Denise Hale, hometown nights-out mean dining at San Francisco's L'Etoile or at Stars. Le Cirque provides her home base in New York City. "You have to do it with people you trust," says Denise Hale. "Sirio Maccioni of Le Cirque is a master at what he does; he works for perfection of detail, the same way I do at home."

"Detail," for a Denise Hale lunch or dinner, means providing her own Laura Ashley or Porthault-print linens; folding table napkins herself before her guests' arrival on

Private style: With the addition of masses of simple white tulips, tall votive candles, and her own blue-and-white linens, Paris's São Schlumberger (left) adds a hostess' very distinct personal stamp to away-from-home restaurant dinners

scene. For large dinners, "I insist on punctuality. People are asked at eight or eight-fifteen for drinks, and exactly forty minutes later everybody sits down. The table is set the way I want, the way I would do at home," she says, which for her means bread plates but no butter on table or butter knives. There are no ash trays. Other cardinal rules: staying with the wine selected for pre-dinner drinks throughout the meal; waiters are instructed never to fill glasses more than one-third full on each pour. At a recent luncheon at Le Cirque in New York City, for Henry McIlhenny of Philadelphia, Hale's menu, orchestrated by Le Cirque chef Alain Sailhac: vegetable terrine followed by bouillon, lobster St. Jacques, capons in ginger, crème brûlé. Pouilly Montrachet 1984 was the wine served both before the meal and at table.

In Manhattan, Mortimer's—the decade-old restaurant that's decorated like a cozy brick-wall country club—serves as social canteen and away-from-home home for internationals São Schlumberger, Jacqueline de Ribes (who once took over the entire restaurant to fete Paris designer Yves Saint Laurent, decorating Mortimer's rooms with YSL posters), Estée Lauder, and Betsy Bloomingdale. Nan Kempner uses Mortimer's for luncheons for two or 122; she consults with owner Glenn Birnbaum about her choice of the best truffles, caviar, or beef stew.

At Mortimer's, New York City seat for private dinners, café-room charm, above: with jardinières, anemone topiaries

Carolina Herrera says, "My former apartment was too small for entertaining, and my house isn't ready yet to receive guests. Dining out is simply the best solution. I like Mortimer's," says the designer, "because when you entertain there, it's exactly as if you were doing it in your own home. Glenn Birnbaum is a perfectionist who follows every detail from flowers to color of table cloths. He makes it all so easy; and when you work, that's a lifesaver."

For special lunches, Carolina Herrera prefers to seat as many as forty-two guests at a single long, narrow dining table. For a mid-winter Mortimer's lunch, that table then was covered by a cloth of hunting-green linen, by starched white napkins, small baskets of peacock chrysanthemums. "At a very long, narrow table everyone can talk to everyone else," Carolina Herrera says. Another notion: "I like having the first course, dessert, and coffee served at table; in

The personal style of designer Carolina Herrera, right, for one of her Mortimer's luncheons: a long, narrow table to promote conversation; a buffetful of entrées; guests mixing between courses

between, everyone gets his own food from a buffet, which helps to create additional conversation."

Other times-out pleasures: At a recent Herrera lunch, a backdrop of Russian-green moiré-patterned wallpaper from Clarence House was the seasonal decoration in Mortimer's smaller (often private) dining room; at the buffet were beaten biscuits, baked Virginia ham, shrimp with rice, chicken hash, beef stew, a garden salad, country bread, Mortimer's slaw, brie. The Herrera wines: Nouveau Beaujolais 1985 and St. Véran. Pheasant broth and Cointreau dessert were both served at table. ▽

Jacqueline Onassis, right, opts for tables with awning-stripe linens, field flowers, plumbago trees; lunches of light cheese soufflé, crab salad, and sorbets

Photos, top: BRIAN HAGIWARA; left and right: PIERRE SCHERMAN

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THE BEST OF WINES

Vogue names names: the best and worst of the world-famous red Bordeaux, 1981. BY MARTIN GERSH

Red Bordeaux are universally regarded as the world's most important wines. Having reviewed every significant vintage of recent years, I now come to 1981—which is very good indeed, most closely resembling the admirable 1979. Nature generously provided the essential raw materials: grapes with excellent fruit characteristics, acidity, and tannins. The vintners of all thirty-six world-class châteaux considered in this column should therefore have had little difficulty making splendid, complex, well-structured wines capable of holding at peak drinking condition for at least the next dozen years.

The wines recommended below certainly are very like the great, classic Bordeaux of the 1950s and 1960s: smoky and tangy, exhibiting hard tannins derived from long skin-contact fermentation and extensive barrel aging. Consumed with food, they are challenging, memorable, fascinating, and, above all, mysterious.

Yet some of the 1981s are disappointing. Seven of the Bordeaux I evaluated—though pleasant, attractive, unflawed wines—will not be recommended because of vinification decisions that woefully have curtailed their potential life-span and stature. I specifically refer to Châteaux Cos d'Estournel, Gruaud-Larose, Pape-Clément, Petit Village, Pichon-Longueville-Lalande, Rausan-Ségla, and Talbot. Among the current darlings of the wine media, these red Bordeaux are blatantly fruity, much softer in their tannins, appreciably less smoky and provocative. Admittedly, they may please many of you—so, as always, I urge you to sample the wines and come to your own conclusions.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1981 RED BORDEAUX

Château Kirwan *Dignified, solidly structured, moderate-to-large-bodied, with an excellent prune-plum fruit constituent, Kirwan 1981 is an exemplary Margaux. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $13–$15.*

Château Léoville-Barton *Somewhat austere yet eminently civilized, showing a provocative red currant flavor aspect—a singularly fine and, alas, consistently underrated Saint-Julien. Best drinking: for the next 17–18 years. Aeration: 6¼–6½ hours. $11–$13.*

Château La Gaffelière *Revealing a flirtatious and spicy cranberry-tinged fruit element, this is a handsome, moderately big-bodied Saint-Émilion with lots of personality. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $14–$16.*

Château Pichon-Longueville *A towering Pauillac of great authority whose densely concentrated fruitiness is coupled with a long-lingering aftertaste. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $13–$15.*

Domaine de Chevalier *Uncommonly lovely—a perfectly integrated red Graves of reserved manner and discreet scale, with an aromatic peach-plum taste component further enhanced by an exquisite sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 12–13 years. Aeration: 5–5¼ hours. $18–$20.*

Château Brane-Cantenac *By far the most ample-bodied of the ten vintages of Brane-Cantenac that I have known, this lustrously beautiful Margaux boasts ripe purple plum fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 12–13 years. Aeration: 5–5¼ hours. $14–$16.*

Château Lynch-Bages *An outstanding Pauillac of nice size—very suave, adorned with a pleasingly astringent red currant flavor aspect. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $14–$16.*

Château Léoville-Poyferré *A deep, exceedingly fine Saint-Julien notable for its impressive scale and excellent, pungent fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $13–$15.*

Château Canon *A gem of a Saint-Émilion—compact, reasonably big-bodied, featuring a captivatingly piquant cassis-like taste element. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $14–$16.*

Château Léoville-Las-Cases *This is a divinely mysterious wine on the highest level of excellence—tightly knit, grand in scale, with sumptuous, rather toasty berry-like fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $20–$22.*

Château Beychevelle *Ravishing, truly superior—a moderately large-bodied Saint-Julien with an unusual, seductive flavor that combines black cherry with boysenberry overtones. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $17–$19.*

Château Certan de May *A marvelous Pomerol of substantial size and impeccable balance, with a fascinating, spicy prune-like taste aspect. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $17–$19.*

Château Calon-Ségur *A top-flight, formidable wine from Saint-Estèphe—immense, cohesive, richly fruity, exciting. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $14–$16.*

Château Haut-Brion *Velvety, full-bodied, possessing charming red plum-like flavor—the most classically structured Haut-Brion since three vintages from the 'sixties—1964, 1966, and 1967—that I recall with great pleasure. A glass of wine simply cannot taste better than this! Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $37–$42.*

Château Latour à Pomerol *Though 80 percent Merlot and 20 percent Cabernet Sauvignon in its grape structure, this superb, very generous-sized Pomerol is Médoc in style, marked by faintly tart, amazingly vibrant boysenberry-like fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 16–17 years. Aeration: 6–6¼ hours. $20–$21.*

Château La Tour-Haut-Brion *Big, well put-together, serious in manner, unusually delicious in its first taste—a terrific, forceful Graves. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $19–$21.*

Château Margaux *Firm, small-to-moderate bodied, with the most subtle, elegant, tangy red currant flavor element—a true aristocrat. Best drinking: for the next 16–17 years. Aeration: 6–6¼ hours. $37–$42.*

Château Figeac *Smooth-textured, showing a spicy currant-like fruit component, Figeac 1981 is a vigorous, premier-quality Saint-Émilion of important size. Best drinking: for the next 13–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $16–$18.*

Château Prieuré-Lichine *Very much in the mode of its near-neighbor, Château Margaux—a delicate wine of great class displaying an understated cherry-like taste constituent embellished by a distinctive salty-sweet finish that lasts long on the palate. Best drinking: for the next 15–16 years. Aeration: 5¾–6 hours. $11–$13.* *(Continued on page 356)*

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1981 RED BORDEAUX

(Continued from page 353)

Château Ducru-Beaucaillou *Characterized by dense black cherry-like fruitiness and a lovely sweet finish, this scintillating Saint-Julien is a highly distinguished wine. Best drinking: for the next 14–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours. $28–$30.*

Château Trotanoy *Of vast dimensions, with a rather somber black currant flavor aspect—a rare jewel from Pomerol that exhibits a satisfying amalgamation of all its taste constituents. Best drinking: for the next 16–17 years. Aeration: 6–6¼ hours. $28–$30.*

Château Palmer *Memorable for its singularly beautiful first taste redolent of lilacs and plums, Palmer 1981 is a superlative Margaux of prodigious size and exemplary cohesiveness. Best drinking: for the next 18–19 years. Aeration: 6½–6¾ hours. $22–$25.*

Château Cheval Blanc *Flawlessly made, silken-textured, with delectably piquant* framboise*-tinged fruitiness—a grand and sublime Saint-Émilion. Best drinking: for the next 19–20 years. Aeration: 6¾–7 hours. $35–$40.*

Château Mouton-Rothschild *Worldly and vivacious, with a rich, tangy apricot-plum fruit presence, this Pauillac is huge and spectacular—utterly enthralling. Best drinking: for the next 18–19 years. Aeration: 6½–6¾ hours. $35–$40.*

Château Pétrus *In the 1981 vintage, Pétrus is absolutely gorgeous, gigantic, Burgundian in style, its remarkably concentrated peach-plum flavor heightened by a luxurious sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 16–17 years. Aeration: 6–6¼ hours. $100–$110.*

Château Lafite-Rothschild *Revealing delightfully astringent yet slightly sweet fruitiness, this legendary Pauillac is inimitable, definitively urbane. Best drinking: for the next 18–19 years. Aeration: 6½–6¾ hours. $40–$45.*

Château La Mission-Haut-Brion *A titanic, magnificent Graves that contains a splendid wild cranberry-like fruit component along with its customary pinpoint concentration and graciousness. Best drinking: for the next 19–20 years. Aeration: 6¾–7 hours. $35–$38.*

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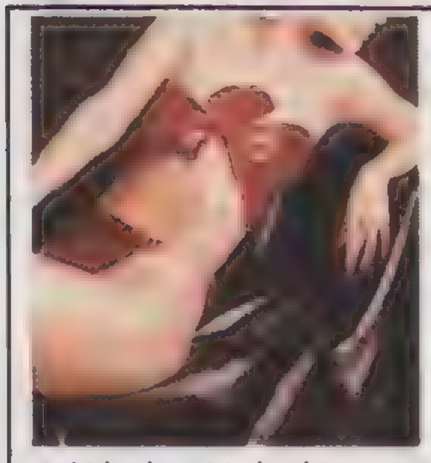

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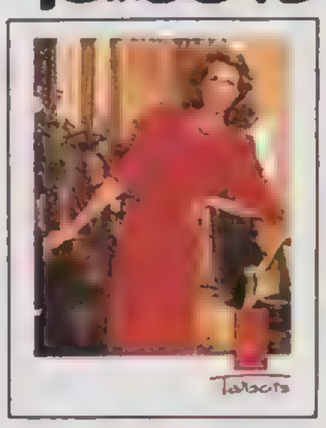

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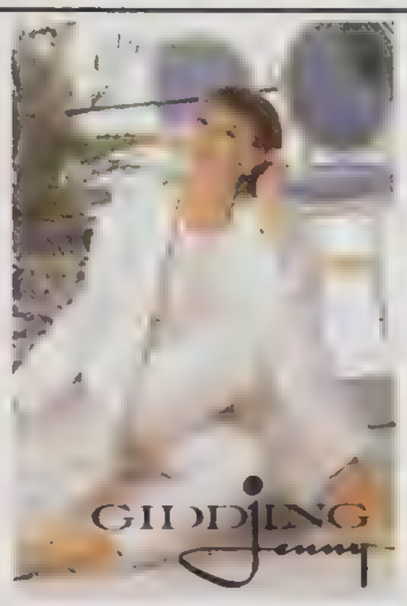

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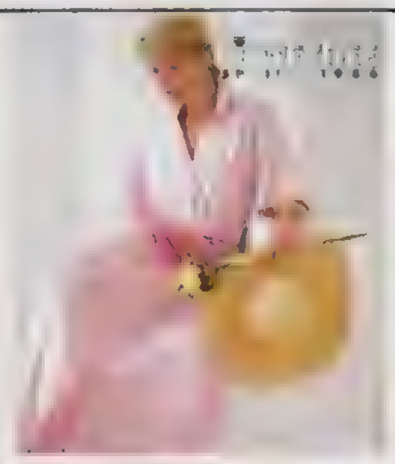

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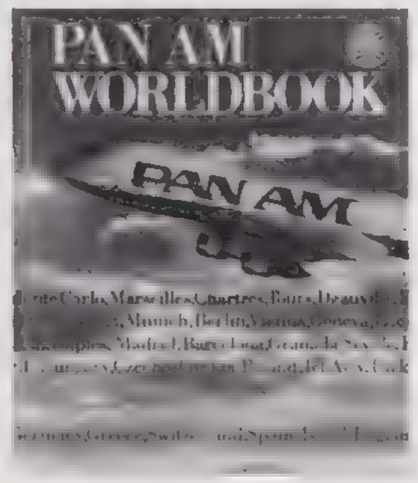

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Worldly delights—cocktails, tea sandwiches, and other classic extravagances. BY BARBARA KAFKA

Harry Cipriani's—intimate, convivial, pleasantly congested

I have some small sense of how it feels to be an astrologer. It is not that I read the stars. But at the end of each year, or shortly into the next one, magazines and newspapers from around the country start calling to find out my culinary predictions for the year to come. By March, I have read my prophecies with as much discomfort as I made them. I really don't believe that people change the way they eat as they change hairstyles. When American regional food popped up, for example, it was clear that it would be with us, in some manifestation, for a long time. Even the insulted kiwi is selling more today than it did in its fashion prime.

This year, I decided to take out last year's forecasts and see how they stood up.

Knowing no fear, or only a little, I suggested last May, in spite of the almost daily hot success of yet another new restaurant, that home entertaining would be making a cautious return—even if only as take-out food feasts to go with video cassettes. I do see the prediction coming true now in connection with a yet more outré notion—a return to hard liquor. I realize that total liquor sales have gone down. Yet there is a growth in premium liquor sales—single-malt Scotches, vodkas imported from yet-undiscovered countries, and the like. One of the hot retail items all last fall was the martini set. I just cannot ascribe all of these purchases to visual compatibility with 'thirties interiors. The cocktail party is coming back.

When I give lectures and demonstrations, I am asked increasingly about food to serve at cocktail parties. Many of the newly popular ethnic foods, from guacamoles to hummus, taramasalata, and eggplant caviar, are marvelously tasty versions of the old American standby, dips.

Late last summer, Mortimer's, a chic restaurant in New York City, started selling tea sandwiches to take out. At ten dollars a dozen, these slim delights are not cheap and yet they are being sold at the rate of one hundred dozen a day. They are seldom bought for tea parties; Irish salmon, egg and anchovy, watercress and chicken, tomato-cucumber with dill, and other traditional combinations go quite well with drinks.

These delicacies make me feel very Oscar Wilde, as in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "Why all these cups? Why cucumber sandwiches? Why such reckless extravagance in one so young? Who is coming to tea?"

With such high-class echoes ringing in my ears, I will try not to predict a return to miniature pigs-in-blankets; but I fear we may be in for rumaki, those once-ubiquitous bacon-wrapped, toothpick-skewered chicken livers.

I did tell you that we were going to see a return to French haute cuisine in restaurants, and I am delighted that I do have proof. My evidence also supports one of my favorite new trends: a return to restaurants for grown-ups. Restaurants for grown-ups have settings where it is perfectly acceptable to wear good clothes rather than costumes or working attire, environments where I can hear the conversation of my friends, and food that is not copywriting (sounds good, has little content) but rather something that is good to eat.

Aurora (60 East 49th Street, NYC, 212/692-9292) is serving the brilliant food of Gerard Pangaud, a two-star Parisian chef who has come here to live and cook—he's not just visiting and supervising. The food is already some of the best in the country. Intelligent adaptations have been made to ingredients available in America. The quickly sautéed foie gras is served on paper-thin slices of black radish; the sublimely light and unctuous red-pepper mousse is adorned with barely cooked Louisiana shrimp gilded with olive oil. There are newly lightened dishes, a mushroom pâté held together with so little egg that it seems a miracle—sitting, forest brown, on its intensely green watercress sauce [recipes, page 364].

While the food would be enough to make Aurora a winner, it is a pleasurable relief to be in a restaurant where the glove-leather chairs are comfortable, the space between tables is sufficient for privacy, the wood panneling is warmly reassuring, the beautiful rainbow granite bar is meant for companionable conversation not pickups, and the noise is muted.

Aurora's brilliants: mosaic of salmon and leek, sublimely light red-pepper mousse embraced by barely cooked shrimp

Another new, old-style delight—though hardly French—is Harry Cipriani in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel (781 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212/759-9020). This is not a copy but a recreation by the owners of Harry's Bar (the original) in Venice. Already it is as

(Continued on page 364)

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 358)

hard to get a reservation here as it is in Venice. The crowd is affluent and worldly. It comes to eat the fish soup that is by some legerdemain an exact replica of the original, to drink Bellinis—white peach juice with prosecco (a bubbling white wine from the Veneto), to taste the daily risotto or a tender egg pasta, and to ingest an incredible number of orders of the incredibly thinly sliced raw beef with a filigree of sauce known as carpaccio.

While perfectionistic, the attitude to food is also informal. You can recognize from Venice the best of hamburgers and a club sandwich with a shredding of ingredients and specially made, lightly puffed bread that redefines a classic. Harry's may be the ideal adult bar, with plenty of people-seeing, pleasant congestion, and a noise level kept bearable by the padded silk walls.

The design elements have all been taken from the Venice original. I don't know whether it was blind loyalty or courage and conviction that caused Mr. Cipriani to lower the ceiling and cover the windows that otherwise would have a view of the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel. The result is gently lit, softly flattering—the pale peach walls give a glow to the skin—an intimate, convivial place protected from the world. There is a sophistication here that makes it worthwhile to have grown up, to be allowed out where the grown-ups are.

Some of the specialties of Aurora that are relatively easy to make, serve, and even digest, *below*:

PÂTÉ OF WILD MUSHROOMS

serves sixteen or more

3 pounds mushrooms consisting of:
1 pound fresh chanterelles
1 pound fresh shiitake
1 pound ordinary mushrooms
2 ounces unsalted butter
2 eggs
⅓ cup olive oil
1 ounce shallots, diced fine
½ ounce Italian flat-leaf parsley, chopped fine
½ ounce fresh chives, chopped fine

Clean mushrooms. In 1½ ounces of the butter, sauté each kind of mushroom separately. Set aside two-thirds of chanterelles. Place remaining chanterelles with other mushrooms in food processor (reserve mushroom liquid for another use, such as stock). Puree, remove from food processor and toss with eggs, olive oil, shallots, parsley, and chives. Blend only until evenly mixed.

Preheat oven to 320° F. With remaining butter, coat bottom and sides of 4x12x3" porcelain or glass terrine. Place puree ½" deep in bottom of terrine. Halve lengthwise remaining chanterelles. Cover puree with flat layer of chanterelles. Place another layer of puree over chanterelles. Repeat layers.

Cover top of pâté with parchment paper. Bake for 1¼ hours. Remove from oven and allow to rest for at least 3 hours.

To remove pâté from mold: place a platter or board on top of mold and invert. Pâté should come out easily. Slice 3/4" thick; serve warm or cold with watercress sauce.

Watercress Sauce

⅔ cup olive oil
Juice of 1 lemon
Leaves from 1 bunch watercress
Salt and pepper

Place ingredients in bowl of food processor. Puree finely.

To serve: Place slice of pâté in center of plate. Spoon sauce around perimeter of pâté.

SHRIMP WITH RED-PEPPER MOUSSE

serves six

Red-Pepper Mousse

3 large red bell peppers, cored and seeded
*5 gelatin leaves**
Crushed ice
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt and pepper
1¼ cups whipping (heavy) cream

In food processor, puree red peppers with 2 tablespoons water until juice consistency. Pass juice through a fine sieve or chinois into a stainless-steel bowl.

Place gelatin leaves in cold water just until softened. Squeeze out excess liquid and put leaves into pepper juice. Over low heat, stir juice and gelatin until gelatin dissolves. Immediately place bowl over ice water to cool down, stirring from time to time. Add lemon juice, salt, and pepper to taste.

Whip cream until it forms soft peaks. Slowly fold cream into cooled pepper mixture. Place mixture into six 3½" ceramic or glass ramekins. Refrigerate overnight.

*Sheets of dried gelatin available at specialty stores. If necessary, substitute slightly less than one package powdered gelatin sprinkled on ½-cup cold water and dissolved.

Shrimp

24 medium shrimp (16 to 20 per pound), preferably fresh

Cook shrimp in 2 quarts boiling *court bouillon* (an aromatic poaching liquid of onion, leek, carrot, celery, and lemon in 6 cups water, 2 cups white wine; simmered for 30 minutes) for 1 minute. Remove and peel. Do not refrigerate.

Sauce

⅔ cup olive oil
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt and pepper
6 fresh basil leaves, chopped fine

Whisk lemon juice into olive oil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in basil.

To serve: Toss shrimp with sauce. Remove mousse from ramekin: center inverted serving plate over ramekin and flip. Place shrimp around mousse. ▽

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Zyderm Collagen is not for use in breast augmentation or for implantation into bone, tendon, ligament or muscle.

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Also, he or she will take care to avoid laceration of or injection into blood vessels. With certain substances that are injected into the head or neck area (e.g., local anesthetics and steroids), there is a remote possibility that accidental placement of the needle into a blood vessel could result in eye problems. Such an incident has occurred once in an estimated 400,000 treatment injections of Zyderm Collagen, resulting in partial loss of vision in one eye.

Your doctor will take special care when injecting Zyderm Collagen around the eyes and lips, due to the thinness of the skin in these areas.

Finally, your physician will monitor the amount of Zyderm Collagen you receive, as there is a limit to the amount that may be used.

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FOOD TRENDS— PASS THE GRAVY!

Nouvelle cuisine was part of a purity binge. We've since become more reasonable about pleasure.

BY RICHARD SENNETT

A few weeks ago, I dined at a temple of *nouvelle cuisine* in Paris, expecting the usual: perfectly trimmed green beans arranged in a pinwheel on the plate, a translucent tomato *coulis*, a slice of fish brushed with a reduction of shallots and tarragon—a prissy symphony of food in which not one unnecessary calorie spoils its perfection. That night the green beans, the tomato *coulis* were as always; the monkfish would barely satisfy my cat Max as an hors d'oeuvre. But the sauce was . . . made of butter and flour and cream! It was thick and glistening, with a sharp, fabulously vulgar bouquet of burned onion, and there was lots of it, a fish tank of Sauce Maillot in which my entrée swam. Grandmothers used to make sauces like this to plump up little boys.

In the next days I tried to spread the news to friends in France, but, as usual, I was the last to know: "one" is bored with *nouvelle cuisine*, "one" is bored with this constant worry about dieting. A friend who cooks in Lyons, the embattled capital of French fat, commented with a sigh of relief, "Enough nouvelle cuisine is enough."

Fashions in food are like any other sort of fashion. Familiarity is death. In America, when the tasteless kiwi fruit appears prominently on a menu, you know pretty much what you are in for; in London, restaurants that make a fuss over their vegetable pâtés are known to decorate the rest of their meals elaborately. In Paris, the worthy salsify was "amusing" for six weeks last winter, and then no one was amused. But the rise and fall of *nouvelle cuisine* involves more, I think, than the ordinary rhythm of fashion.

The conflict between what we call *nouvelle cuisine* and traditional cooking has been going on for a long time; in the past, it seemed a clash between reason and art. In the eighteenth century, for example, the chef and entrepreneur Menon emphasized fresh fruits and vegetables in *A New French Cooking*. He sought to reduce fats and carbohydrates, though, lacking a scientific explanation for the regimen he was the first to label "cuisine minceur," he only guessed at what would be healthful. Menon's adversary was the great chef La Varenne, whose treatise *The French Cook* embodies what we think of as the classic and elaborate procedures of French cuisine, most of which enrich basic ingredients calorically.

As Elizabeth David, the doyenne of English food writers, has pointed out, the *nouvelle cuisine* of our own day owes a great deal to Dr. Edouard de Pomiane, a scientist and chef who taught *(Continued on page 367)*

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NOUVELLE CUISINE

(Continued from page 366)

single women, working women (and men) in France during the 1920s and the Depression how to cook easily and healthfully for themselves. His "servantless" cuisine is superb; you can get some sense of it from his book *Cooking in Ten Minutes* (Faber & Faber). And you can detect his influence in the popular cookbooks of Michel Guérard—for instance, in Guérard's famous *confiture d'oignons*, a confection of sweet and sour onions, which owes to De Pomiane the discovery that onions can be combined with raisins, and without butter. "New" is always a tricky claim.

What is distinctive about this latest bout of *nouvelle cuisine* is what it reveals about our more general attitudes about pleasure.

Nouvelle cuisine became popular in the late 1960s and early 1970s among young chefs, and the cuisine reflects the mood of those times—it was both a reaction against the heavy, elaborate "bourgeois cooking" of restaurants and affluent homes, and a proclamation of the virtues of natural ingredients treated simply. *Nouvelle cuisine* was to the culinary vanguard what health food was to the revolutionary masses.

Nouvelle cuisine survived into the "me generation" of the late 1970s and early '80s for reasons its creators never intended. Michel Guérard thought of his lightly poached vegetables and cream-free sauces as healthful in a general way rather than specifically dietetic. But to fat-obsessed women and men his menus seemed the answer to dining out and entertaining at home. This in part explains the popularity of a cooking demanding more skill and effort than much of the old bourgeois repertoire. Good *nouvelle cuisine is* difficult: it takes more art to poach perfectly a vegetable than to boil it to limpness before smothering it in cheese sauce. Moreover, when *nouvelle cuisine* is not done well, its sin is blandness—as demonstrated by all those colorful platters of poached fish the *nouvelle* restaurants serve that arouse neither the nose or palate. Yet for people worried about their waistlines, sight may be a blessed replacement for smell.

In America, this pretty, bland, slimming food is perfectly adapted to our puritanical fear of pleasure: from burgers to kiwis, the sin of grease replaced by the virtue of fruit without taste. I always thought the counterculture of the 'sixties was an eruption from the grave of our seventeenth-century ancestors: Cotton Mather would surely have approved of oats, wild berries, and muddy soybean gook as the proper food of people purging themselves of worldly sin. Beans and rice, however, are hardly slimming.

The "me generation" took the next puritanical step. While a dark angel whispered in the ear of every straining, suffering jogger, "faster, farther," the fear of pleasure expressed itself in the fear of fat. The generous, Rubenesque body was somehow disgusting; the body of little more than skin, muscle, and bones somehow healthy. The essence of a purity-minded individual, the anthropologist Mary Douglas once remarked, is to counter one extreme by its opposite. In dining, radicchio and mâche seemed the "answer" for bodies bloated by cheeseburgers.

Perhaps it is this episode of puritanism from which we are now recovering, in food as well as in more generous clothes and more balanced attitudes toward exercise. To judge from the pastas, rich desserts, and ribs people are ordering in restaurants, the ingredients of the old cuisine, like butter, cheese, eggs, and red meat, seem not so villainous as a few years ago. True, an ounce of cheese can contain about one hundred ten calories, a tablespoon of butter one hundred, but that delicious ounce of Roquefort or Vermont cheddar also contains abundant calcium; and the tablespoon of butter, when used to stew tarragon leaves that then bathe a skinned, boned chicken breast, provides the flavor for a dietetically modest dish of great distinction. Why shouldn't part of the definition of what is "good for you" be what tastes good?

In her book *Purity and Danger*, Mary Douglas has what seems to me a good explanation for this return to sanity. People go on purity binges for the same reason they go on drinking sprees: they want to withdraw from feeling anything. Alcohol dulls the sensations; self-denial starves them. There remains only the perverse pleasure of feeling superior to all those pie-eaters who can't control themselves. People who get drunk occasionally need not become alcoholics; puritans also recover, for most people discover self-denial is not the staff of life. Mary Douglas thinks cycles of puritanism determine whom we vote for, and what we are willing to spend money on; I think they also influence how we eat.

As we become more reasonable about pleasure, I hope we will be equally reasonable about the virtues of the *nouvelle cuisine*. Done well, its techniques sharpen the natural flavor of foods: its pure, flourless vegetable sauces, for instance, provoke the palate, as does the varied combination of fruits with meats, or the mixing of different national cuisines on the same menu. What is called the "New American Cuisine," best represented in the cookbooks of Alice Waters, chef of Chez Panisse in Berkeley, California, embodies this good side of *nouvelle cuisine*, as do the superb recipes collected by Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz in *Cooking with the Young Chefs of France* (M. Evans & Co.).

I must admit that when my waiter in the temple of salsify and tomato *coulis* first brought the wondrous sauce for my fish, I was not reasonable. This waiter, an elderly, compassionate soul, understood me. Without my asking, he returned with the sauceboat, with more bread in a basket, and with a deep spoon. As I sat happily spooning sauce onto bread, laughing at the wicked stories of my companion, sipping wine, spooning more sauce, I felt not only that an era was ending but that a new age, perhaps, was beginning.

Richard Sennett, *a writer in New York, has just completed "Palais Royal," a novel.*

LIVING

Bed linens fit for a pope or a prince, newly Minimal pottery . . . touting tradition in '86, a heritage of quality. BY BARBARA PLUMB

Americans are buying fine European linens as never before. Some say it's part of the country's return to the traditional—young women are once again building trousseaux—but more likely it's just that we are discovering what the Europeans have long known: the sensuous touch of luxury linens. One European linen house that has been enjoying our national awakening is the Milanese firm Frette, famed for its intricate jacquard weaves. An institution in Italy for more than a century—princes and popes have slept on their sheets—Frette recently reintroduced one of its oldest patterns, "Novecento," based on a Leonardo da Vinci design of interlacing lilies. Woven in the finest cotton, it is difficult to distinguish the sheen and feel of the material from satin. The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation has commissioned the venerable French linen firm Le Jacquard Français, best known here for its witty, countrified patterns created by the renowned French textile designer Primrose Bordier, to reproduce a collection of American table and kitchen linens.

Whatever the style, fine linens, like few other things in life, improve with age, growing softer and more supple. Their high thread count promises a durability for succeeding generations.

Ceramic Stars

Sol LeWitt, a noted Minimal artist, began his forays into the decorative arts by designing furniture, then tiles—now glazed ceramic tableware. When he and his wife, Carol, moved to Spoleto, Italy, they bought simple plates for everyday use from an artisan in nearby Deruta. The LeWitts were so impressed with his hand painting that they asked the craftsman if he would try other than typical folkloric designs. "He and his wife are now doing a lot for us—working day and night," LeWitt said.

Having experimented with stars in his wall drawings several years earlier, LeWitt decided such geometric forms would adapt easily to ceramics. Both the platter and bowl, above, $80 each, are available at the Museum of Modern Art, NYC.

"Liserons," by Le Jacquard Français, a century-old linen house in Alsace-Lorraine, top, enhances the table at coffee time with a twining design of morning glories. Barneys, NYC. (The brass coffee service and Wedgwood set from James II, NYC.) Gabriele D'Annunzio had his Frette towels enlivened with a hand-embroidered crowing red rooster, left, top. The towel is part of Frette's extensive linen archives, dating back to the firm's beginning. Collectors of rare and exquisite antique linens and laces should visit Françoise Nunnallé, a NYC dealer, who scours the world for museum-quality pieces (by appointment; 212/246-4281). One of the gems in her collection is a nineteenth-century French raised-embroidery pillow sham, below left. With its ornate design and its flawlessly executed pastoral scene, the sham is a marvelous piece of artistry.

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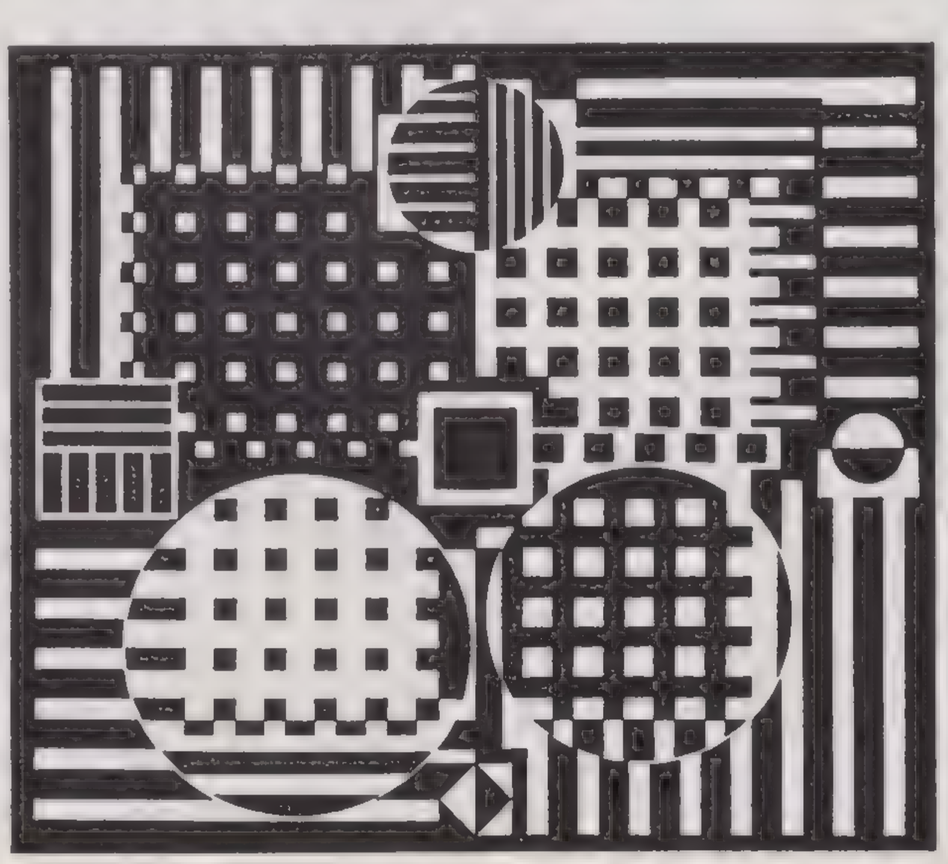
LIVING

Look-again style: trompe l'oeil takes on new—very modern—guises

The popularity of eye-foolery in the decorative arts has zoomed and dipped since Roman times when, in 20 B.C., an entire wall of the Villa of Livia at Primaporte was painted to simulate the view of a well-tended garden. People are amused by having their perceptions tricked, as long as the result is an obviously playful game, not a forgery.

The optical impression of great depth, common to the marble floors of a few great Venetian churches, enlivens ordinary linoleum tiles. The patterns provide a variety and interest lacking in today's boxy interior spaces, devoid of any architectural detailing.

Trompe l'oeil even has a place at the dinner table. Robert and Trix Haussmann, widely known for their eye-fooling architectural designs on textiles, create the witty illusion of a fabric on a plate.



Trompe l'oeil is invading the home. Floors of Venetian churches inspired (top) "San Pantaleone" linoleum tiles by Sheppard Day of London. (Call: 1-800/992-1971.) Robert and Trix Haussmann designed a porcelain plate (center) as "a folded textile with stripes" (Sointu, NYC). Victor Vasarely applied his nimble geometry to (right) an area rug (Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC).

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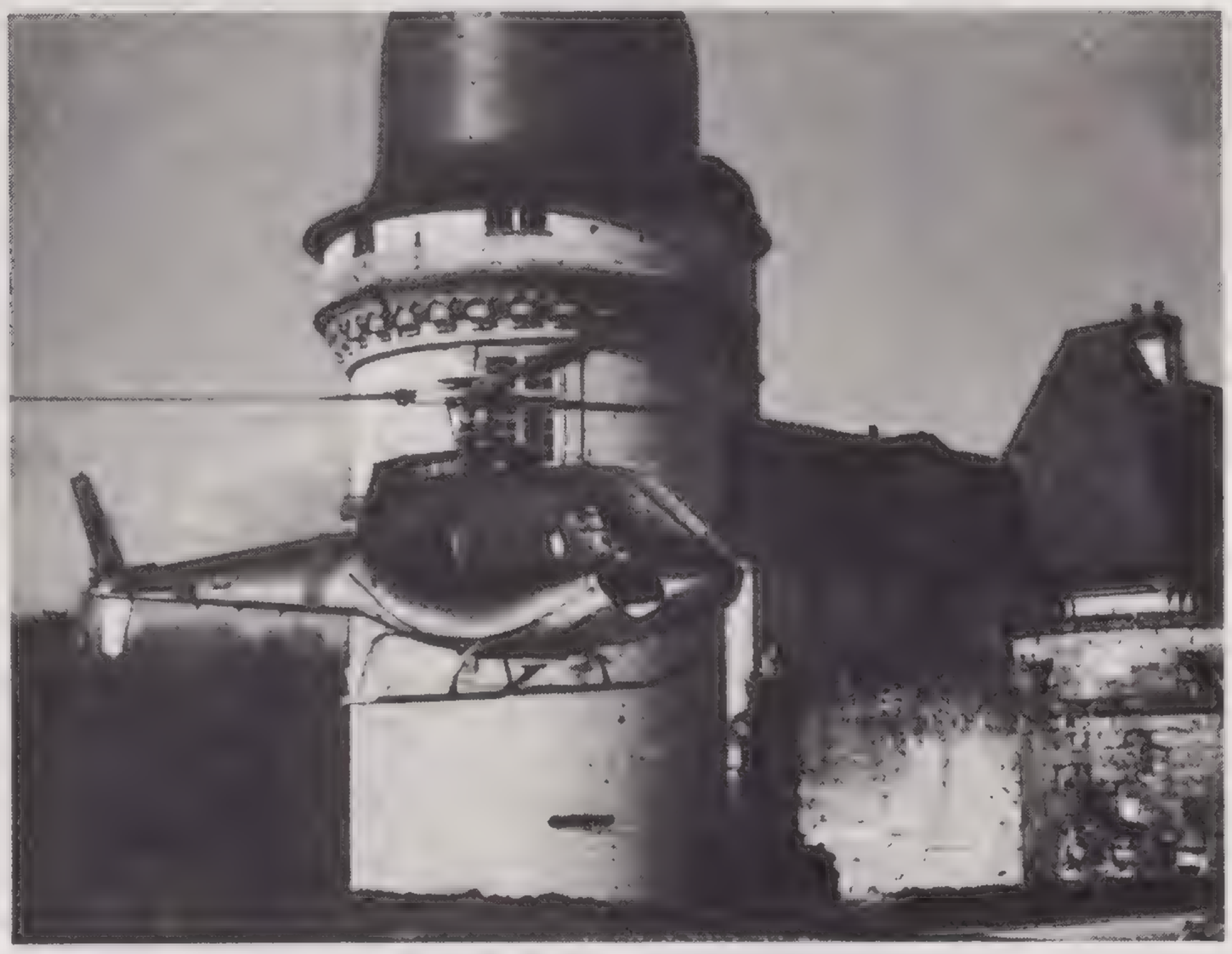

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Switzerland is more often associated with banks, clean air, glorious scenery than with great art—but the truth is that some of Europe's finest museums, galleries, private collections are here. Plotted to take in the best of the above—from the Impressionists at Zurich's Büehrle Foundation to the legendary treasures of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza—a new two-week tour from Regent Tours of Lawrence, NY, not only spends a week in Switzerland but visits Florence, Siena, Venice, and Verona in Italy. In Venice, a special treat: a reception at the new Agnelli-backed Palazzo Grassi museum. Departures are set for April 30 and October 15; $2875 covers hotels, many meals, all land transportation—but not air fare. Details, call Regent Tours at (516) 569-3929.

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Photo, middle: HUGO VAN LAWICK

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TRAVEL

Trieste, Italy: the potent allure of grandeur past. BY JAN MORRIS

The Grand Canal of Trieste; the city was once the principal port of the Austro-Hungarian Empire

Every few years, I like to visit Trieste, Italy, because I enjoy its surreptitious air.

We all get tired sometimes, I suppose, of living in the open, where everything is plain to see and we ourselves are obvious; and for anyone with this sporadic impulse to withdraw into somewhere more opaque, Trieste seems to me the perfect destination—Trieste, which is Triest in the German orthography, Trst in the Slav, and which lies introspectively in one of Europe's obscurer corners.

Not that it is physically a nook-and-cranny sort of city. On the contrary, it is rather spectacular, set on a wide bay with a castle on one promontory, a lighthouse on another, and a handsome tree-lined promenade running away in a wide curve along its waterfront. Its climate, too, is nothing if not explicit—furiously hot in high summer, swept by mighty winds in winter—and its manner is on the whole gentlemanly and generous. I have always loved the place.

But I also find it engagingly ambiguous of flavor, like some very sophisticated drink, stopping short of sour but very, very far from sweet. The history of Trieste has been rankled by disappointment. Once the chief port of the entire Austro-Hungarian dominion, Vienna's gateway to the south, it was left forlorn by the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire after the First World War, and has staggered on since then as an Italian seaport in a more or less unrelieved condition of uncertainty.

The very buildings of its city center, around the Piazza Unità d'Italia, embody a sense of regret. Once the headquarters of immense corporations and powerful bureaucracies, still big, ornate, and pompously crested, they stand there like so many mummified grandees, their power and consequence long sucked out of them. They look rich on the outside, shabby within, and the city life that streams around them offers something of the same effect, appearing at first sight energetic, prosperous, and homogenous, but turning out to be, on longer acquaintance, anything but.

Stream by, all the same, life certainly does. Trieste is as raw and noisy as any other Italian city, and its wide central quay beside the harbor is thronged with the parked cars of half of Europe. They are there, though, only because they are on their way to somewhere else: to Venice in the west, to Yugoslavia, Hungary, Bulgaria in the east, northwards to Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. Not many people nowadays visit Trieste just for its own sake; not too many ships dock in its magnificent port; it is a way station, a one-night stand, somewhere to change your money or stock up with road maps.

And yet this incessant through traffic, which might make the place feel particularly free and frank, in fact only accentuates Trieste's cramped situation. Though it is in Italy, it is surrounded on three sides by the high limestone *karst* of Yugoslavia. More than that, it is inhabited by a peculiar mixture of peoples and memories, Germanic, Slav, Latin, all of whose traditions and languages seem to be forever trapped in its ambience, like stale air in a closet. Trieste is all one thinks of as an enclave, idiosyncratic, wry, skeptical, resigned. It is a place where Jews were happy, until the Nazis murdered them, and where creative exiles of many kinds have found a suitable refuge, from James Joyce to Sir Richard Burton the explorer. It is a grand place, I myself find, for brooding, idling, or messing about.

"Dead as usual," said a citizen recently when I asked him how things were in Trieste these days, but he said it with a black laugh, and made me feel that *(Continued on page 376)*

Jan Morris *recently invented her own city, "Hav," and documented it in "Last Letter from Hav" (Random House, 1985).*

DICK HUFFMAN/CLI

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TRIESTE

(Continued from page 374)

it might not be true anyway, that he might well know of hidden currents of profit and opportunism flowing through the city, dubious mercantile channels out of Sofia or Budapest, black-market deals with dissident Croatians. Just as the best never seems to befall Trieste, so the worst never quite happens either.

This makes for curiously agreeable anomalies. Stagnant though Trieste may be politically or economically, still I know of few places more inspiriting to while away an hour or two than the famous Caffè degli Specchi in the great piazza, looking down to the sea. The customers are marvelously variegated, ranging as they do from Hapsburgian dowagers with lap dogs to rangy jet-set dropouts; the sticky cakes are positively Viennese; as likely as not there is a warship moored hardly a stone's throw away beside the marine terminal; and if the day and mood are right, it is easy to imagine that all those haughty structures around the square are still in their gloriously profitable prime.

The framework of grandeur is still there, you see, offering a splendid backdrop for Trieste's frail wraiths of nostalgia. The Opera House, though scarcely one of Europe's most glittering now, still looks ready for the gala reception of archduchesses. The stance of the Palazzo Municipale is unashamedly metropolitan. No banks could be more colossally plutocratic than your big old Triestini banks, wreathed in symbols of *fin-de-siècle* fruition; and Trieste's places of worship are still imperially cosmopolitan, whether it be the domed Serbian Orthodox church of San Spiridione, like something out of Moscow, or the tremendous synagogue, one of the biggest in Europe.

Dead as usual? It is hard to believe. I am told there are at least thirty indigenous millionaires at large in Trieste, which is, as it happens, one of the safest places in Italy; and part of the city's charm is that inescapable streak of ambivalence, leaving you always puzzled and disturbed, not sure whether you ought to be sorry for the old place, or whether you are being thoroughly bamboozled.

Besides, it is fun. There is a touch of raffishness to Trieste which easily obliterates any trace of melancholy, and regularly persuades me that in this paradoxical backwater I might easily adopt a life of harmless crime myself—as a coffee smuggler, say, or as a dealer in illicit blue jeans.

The geography of the place, of course, encourages this aspiration, for occupying as it does an ideological junction, as well as ethnic and political crossroads, Trieste seems just made for exhilarating mayhem. Its neighboring countryside is dominated by the fact that it stands upon a frontier—has indeed often been tossed backwards and forwards *across* that frontier by the exigencies of history. It has a flinty, harsh, demanding quality that I relish, and there are perfect places out there for skullduggeries or clandestine *tête-à-têtes*.

At one extreme, for instance, there is the old castle of the Formentini at San Floriano del Collio, near the border town of Gorizia. This is a fine James Bondish kind of establishment, for centuries the home of the Formentini counts, now a hotel, a restaurant, and the center of a rich vineyard. Splendid it is to sit in that old castle courtyard on a fine summer day, high on the vine-clad hill, eating homemade salami and Gorizia chicken, drinking a chilled Pinot Bianco from around the corner, and planning, if only in the fancy, escapades of benevolent villainy along the arid *karst!*

At the other extreme, though, are the crowded noisy inns of Basovizza, the last village before the Yugoslav frontier to the east, which is a very Slav community, but a favorite resort of Triestini of all kinds. These are trellised, trestle-tabled, jam-packed, often hilarious hostelries, with waiters dashing madly in all directions, and jolly groups of friends drinking beer and eating spiced quail, venison, or wild boar; and there, I like to think, more complex kinds of conspiracy might flourish, double agents would be at home and anarchists feel themselves fulfilled.

But back from Basovizza in the evening, down the winding road from Opicina on the top of the ridge, and there lie the lights of Trieste below you looking altogether welcoming and innocuous. My view of this fascinating seaport is of course utterly and probably preposterously subjective. I have known it all my adult life, and my images of it are probably wishful images, heightened by time and imagination, of myself when young... ▽

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TRAVEL Spring in Seville—Spain at its most sensual. BY ALAN JOLIS

Garden of Moorish delights: Royal Alcázar Palace grounds

GAETANO BARONE/CLI

I defy anyone to go sit alone in the gardens of the Royal Alcázar Palace of Seville for ten minutes and not find one's self being swept away, floating up over the wild peacocks, fountains, and twenty-foot-high sculpted hedges, whispering prayer-like: "Oh garden, garden, I want what you want!" I think it has to do with the orange blossoms, jasmin, and eucalyptus that bloom in late March or early April and perfume all of Andalusia.

Recently I went to visit Spanish friends and relatives in Seville, and each afternoon I found myself going deep into the Alcázar gardens to sit with a book at the base of a hundred-year-old tree that swayed slowly like a boat at its mooring. The strong southerly winds rustled loudly in the bamboo shoots. During the passing showers, when the clouds raced overhead and the whole sky looked as if it were about to fly away, I was overcome by such a sense of solitude and peace with the elements that I couldn't help but whisper to myself: "Oh universe, universe, I want what you want!" And should anyone interrupt these magical thoughts in the hidden depths of the Alcázar gardens, the spell requires that it be a barefoot gypsy girl selling a sprig of oregano guaranteed to cure all manner of ills, including unhappy marriages, impotence, and baldness.

In Seville, the saying goes: *La calle es la vida y el apartamento es un complemento*—Life is in the streets, one's house is only incidental. This is the town of flowering balconies and flamenco pouring out over the red-tiled roofs in the Barrio de los Remedios. But it is also the city of native punk-rock clubs in the Triana district across from the Tower of Gold, that fortress on the Guadalquivir River where galleons disgorged their shimmering, blood-stained cargo. (Rodrigo de Triana is reputed to be the first man in Columbus' expedition to sight the New World.)

My favorite time of day in Seville is early morning. I often wandered through the narrow streets of the Barrio Santa Teresa after dawn when the church bells start to toll. One morning, I stopped for a glass of *vino tinto* in a café on Calle Luchana and asked where I could hear good flamenco. The barman broke into soul-wrenching classical lyrics, accompanying himself with two small stemless wine glasses, held like castanets. The five hundred poems he had written over the years were all neatly stacked under the sink by the cups and glasses. In this *(Continued on page 378)*

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SEVILLE

(Continued from page 377)

working-class bar, Manuel Lindes Toscano gave me the private concert of a lifetime—a repertoire of flamenco songs from Sevillanas, Tanguillos, and Zarzuelas, to Zorongos Gitanos and Malagueñas—as the Monday-morning patrons, still half-asleep, stood at the bar blinking and smoking acrid black tobacco.

Gypsies and Andaluz fight over the birthright of flamenco. The gypsies say they carry it in their veins, some of the Andaluz argue it was imported by the Duque de Alba when he conquered the Netherlands (the Flemish were called "Flamencos"). But nothing in Belgium or Holland remotely resembles this passionate, soul-ripping guitar-picking. Most likely, it was developed gradually from the eighth century on as a mixture of Moorish and Jewish folk dances. Indeed, one still finds an echo of it in North African and Middle Eastern music. It's no wonder Arab sheiks are buying real estate in Seville.

To see proper flamenco, you must be in an overcrowded bar, more full of smoke than an opium den, eating *menudos* (bull tripe in garlic), *langostinos envueltos* (crayfish with ham), *caracoles en salsa* (snails in olive oil), and other wonderful *tapas* dishes. A drunk with brilliantine slipping off his thick jet-black hair, his big hands gripping a chair, must sing to a guitar accompaniment: his song will be a long, cigarette-hoarse, nasal, monotonous Moorish wailing that breaks and leaps out of his chest, punctuated by tight staccato clapping and a female dancer's beautiful hand arabesques, ending in a guttural hiccup and guitar notes cascading onto the dance floor.

If you want to practice the movement of the arms, it was explained to me, you must pick an imaginary pear out of the air, take a bite from it, and throw it away. But the hands turn so much, they appear to dislocate at the wrist. A flamenco dancer never smiles, never looks at the audience. Her back is arched, her nostrils flare, and her black hair, parted in the middle and pulled back very tightly, is as shiny as a mirror. Unless you're in a tourist trap or it's a painting, the rose behind her ear *never* stays in place.

The whole ambiance of Seville moves with long curving balletic arm gestures and a minute strumming in the soul, up one's spine and down one's nerve endings. For years, intellectuals and students rejected flamenco because the Franco government used it to attract tourists. It was seen as a cheap selling of Spain to people who understood nothing of its essence. But now, flamenco is coming back into its own. Even in the general store where my friend Nela was trying on a green and yellow polka-dot fiesta dress—with bouffant leg-of-mutton sleeves and five layers of petticoats—the salesgirl, a Sevillana to the core, with a dimple in each cheek, started a hard staccato handclapping as Nela turned and turned and turned in the mirrors.

Later, at the opening of a tiny pharmacy in the outskirts of town, three girls begin to dance and sing together. Neighbors join in. I

join in! The dog howls. The grandfather pulls out his wooden flute and plays "Poor Bartolo had a flute with only one hole." The street in Seville is not just a way of life, it is an extended family. All the generations mingle. A bus driver climbs into his seat, turns around to his passengers and asks: *¿Como está mi familita hoy*?—How's my little family today? Suddenly, it's your dad driving this city bus! And you wouldn't find it at all odd if a stranger were to ask you what you had for lunch.

And there is sex in the air. The women wear neon pink or green tights and harsh yellow or blue tops, long coral and gold earrings and bright lipstick to match. Since Franco died, Spanish women have attempted to cast off the social restrictions of the past. As my cousin María, who is in her mid-twenties and unmarried, says: "I don't understand. We girls are all supposed to be virgins. But there are no

Pride and passion are the two greatest national assets of Spain

rules for the boys. So whom do our supposedly macho males take to bed then? And why do they make us women carry their stupid honor? Why don't the men carry it, if they think it is so important?"

"Yes," I answer. "Your back isn't broad enough to carry all the honor of Spain, is it?"

"It's not on my back that I carry it," says my usually demure cousin, her eyes sparkling with wounded pride.

Pride and passion are the two greatest national assets of Spain. This is a country where it is all right to beg, but it is considered a dishonor to have to obey someone. The classic insult that the insolvent gypsy hurls at the uppity restaurant waiter is: *Ve a servir, servidor!*—Go serve, servant!

Pride, passion . . . and an obsessive concern with the past: Events that occurred years ago are still spoken about and speculated on as if they happened yesterday. In the *tapas* bars, people still boast that it was the barefoot Andaluz who were the first to defeat Napoleon. The Jews were expelled almost five hundred years ago, but a medical student will swear that the letters of Christopher Columbus reveal an unmistakable Cabalistic sign under his signature. Another patron will assert that Columbus had a son named David and that no certificate of baptism has been found for either father or son. Some even believe that Queen Isabella's Jewish financiers knew Columbus was one of their own when they agreed to underwrite his venture. When asked why none of this appears in Los Archivos de las Indias, which houses the official archives of Colonial Spain, fabulous rumors of conspiracies and semi-official plots and counterplots will be invoked. There are thousands and thousands of secrets and untold stories tucked away among the lemon- and orange-laden trees of this city, among the fleeting notes of the heart-wrenching gypsy song. ▽

VOGUE, March, 1986

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VO

TRAVEL

Key West: another ho-hum day in paradise.

BY BLANCHE McCRARY BOYD

Key West's unique geographic status is celebrated by a seaside sign; Cuba is ninety miles to the south.

The massage table was out beside the swimming pool. The sun was hot and a breeze was blowing, and Gary, the masseur, was working on Rollie's back.

Brit and I were lying on lawn chairs, sunning ourselves. Rollie is a friend of ours from Connecticut who rents a house in Key West for the season. A well-known photographer of literary figures, she was acting as our guide to the island.

Rollie raised her head and spoke lazily. "Do you know what the Key West Syndrome is? You go to the corner for a loaf of bread and don't come back for a month."

In less than a week, we had become infected with the Key West Syndrome, so neither of us bothered to reply. But the breeze was blowing bougainvillaea blossoms across the surface of the water in the pool, and Rollie's long-haired dachshund Jutta thought they were alive. She began barking. Brit rose, retrieved a blossom, and gave it to the dog. "See? It's just a flower." Jutta, in love with her fantasy, savaged it and ate it.

Key West is a quirky, dreamlike place where people as well as dogs are in love with their fantasies. The island is the southernmost tip of the continental United States, the last resort, the so-called end of the road; and as such, it invites mythology. "People do not go to Key West on their way to somewhere else," we were told more than once.

The old part of town is dotted with tiny houses that once belonged to cigar makers and large faded nineteenth-century mansions. The climate in Key West is nearly tropical, the winter sun hot. The mood is revealed by bumper stickers that say "Be nice," T-shirts that read "Another ho-hum day in paradise."

The island's most famous residents have been Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams, and Key West remains a place favored by writers. During the winter, the island feels as self-consciously literary as a writers' conference. There are, of course, natives—called "conchs"—and people who own and run the hotels and guest houses and restaurants and shops, but even many of these seem to be writing books.

Poets James Merrill, John Ciardi, and John Malcolm Brinnin, political journalist Alexander Cockburn, essayist Jane O'Reilly, and novelist John Hersey all winter in Key West regularly; many other literary figures put in appearances. Many writers own their houses on the island, but apparently, to consider oneself a winter "resident," one must merely rent a house and stay longer than two weeks.

Tourists in Key West are sneered at, even by other tourists. Tourists take the guided trip on the "Conch Tour Train," flock to Hemingway's house, which is now a museum, and drink at Sloppy Joe's, where Papa hung out. Sloppy Joe's is filled with important memorabilia like Hemingway's birth certificate.

Perhaps our view was skewed by arriving during an annual six-day celebration called "Hemingway Days." During "Hemingway Days," conferences are held to discuss issues like "Hemingway's Women," and cocktail parties are staged in his former house. On the final night of last year's festivities, a photographer from *People* grouped together half a dozen Papa lookalikes for portraits. Not surprisingly, the regular literary residents of Key West tend to avoid "Hemingway Days."

The macho *(Continued on page 382)*

Blanche McCrary Boyd *is a novelist and essayist. She is currently finishing a new novel.*

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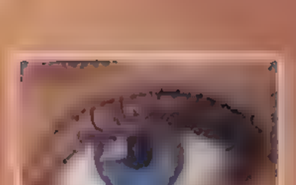
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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 380)

influence of Hemingway is offset by a visibly comfortable gay community. Tennessee Williams' heritage is felt in the large number of male guest houses and bars, and in streets and beaches full of beautiful young men.

Brit and I stayed at Pier House, a sumptuous hotel whose advertising billboards along Route 1 down the Keys read, in hot-pink letters on a dark-blue background, "You don't

To stay in Key West: a moderne motel

have to sleep with us to have a good time." Located in the old part of the city, the Pier House has a large, well-maintained pool and a beach, part of which is topless. The Pier House's restaurant is possibly the best place to eat on the island; a rooftop bar is popular for watching sunsets.

The other well-known resort hotel on Key West is Marriott's Casa Marina Resort. The disadvantage of Casa Marina is that it is on the far side of the island, away from the old part of town. Casa Marina compensates by being ar-

City symbol: huge conch sculpture

chitecturally more interesting than Pier House. It was built in the early part of the century by Henry Flagler, who also built the railroad that used to run all the way from Miami to Key West. (Key West is as dramatic as it is beautiful: in the hurricane of 1935, the railroad was destroyed, along with a train carrying five hundred fleeing island residents.)

Pier House and Casa Marina are both ex-

JEAN PAGLIUSO

pensive and tend to insulate visitors from "real life," which on the island is as funky as it is literary. For an earthier Key West experience, try the Southernmost Motel.

Our suite at the Pier House had a small balcony looking out over the water. In the mornings, we would order a pot of coffee from room service and think about how best to extend our stay. Most mornings, we sunned at the hotel's facilities; Key West's public beaches are manmade and mediocre. In the afternoons, we browsed through shops on Duval Street or rode bikes.

Our favorite store was Fast Buck Freddie's, where Brit bought a Norma Kamali jumpsuit and I purchased a pink neon flamingo for my living room. There is a shop that sells only emeralds, several that carry only Haitian art, and a wonderful place to buy kites. Oddly, Key West seems to lack a good bookstore.

Superb restaurants on the island are too numerous to list. Besides the Pier House, we liked Claire and the Half Shell Raw Bar best. Claire is as elegant as the Raw Bar is casual, and so literary it has a branch in Manhattan. At Claire, you might see famous writers at the next table; and if you hang around the bar, you can make an appointment to have Tennessee Williams' cousin Stell read your palm.

The Raw Bar has concrete floors, heavily varnished wooden tables, and an open-air patio looking out at the water. Meals are served family style, which means you might eat your conch chowder or Apalachicola oysters while seated with strangers.

Southern comfort: a Key West Victorian

Next door to the Raw Bar is the Turtle Kraal. In earlier times, Key West was a center of the turtling industry, but all that remains now is a tiny free museum and several pens where gigantic turtles with their shells encrusted like rocks swing their graceful flippers and raise their prehistoric-looking heads. Near the turtle pens are pools filled with hallucinatorily colored fish. One had sky-blue lips, and its velvety brown body was precisely speckled with cream spots. Another, whose eyes had bright orange rims, had a cut nose like Jack Nicholson's in *Chinatown*.

On several afternoons, we went to Mallory Square Dock to watch the sunset. A kind of instant carnival takes place here while the sun burns into the horizon. You can watch mediocre jugglers, get *(Continued on page 385)*

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KEY WEST

(Continued from page 383)

a ninety-second massage for a dollar a minute, or buy a tasteless drink of coconut water served in its own green shell. An acid casualty turned poet stands to one side raving in rhyme. A lady who sells Key lime pies rides around on a bicycle shouting "Put a tart in your life!" But you might also find an excellent magician so thin he seemed anorexic, or a Rastafarian who can tie his body into astounding knots, or a palm reader less expensive than Tennessee Williams' cousin Stell. And when the sun actually sets, the crowd applauds sweetly.

It costs fifty dollars to have your palm read by Stell Adams, a fact I discovered on my last night in Key West. Stell is blond and plump and has kind eyes. I met her in the bar at Claire. She was carrying a tiny white dog with protruding eyes. We had a drink, then crossed the street to her house, passing through a wrought-iron gate and then a garden into a modest, cluttered apartment. Stell's strong Southern accent and the eccentricity of the scene reminded me of her cousin's plays.

We held hands across a tiny table on rollers. Our knees kept touching. Stell's manner was reassuring, a combination of mother and shrink. In her hour-long analysis she got a number of things wrong about my past and some surprising things right. She kept squeezing my hands. Her main message was about pleasure: I must learn to enjoy my work. After all, this life is only a rehearsal for the next.

Dusk fell while she talked, and the piece of sky I could see behind her through the screen door turned inky blue. I felt drowsy with comfort: Key West is where everyone is nice, and the future is sweet and known. When I was leaving, Stell even apologized for charging a fee. Things will be different, she says, when she finishes her book.

ISLAND UPDATE

The Reach, the just-opened luxury resort on Key West, has the most attractive rooms on the island—spacious and sunny, with dhurrie rugs, wicker furniture, terraces overlooking the Atlantic. Facilities include a Nautilus/aerobics center, a small library that dispenses sherry along with books, a gourmet food shop that makes up picnic boxes for afternoons on remote islands. There is equipment for all water sports, also access to a local tennis club and the public golf course. . . . Getting to Key West: From Miami, the island is a dramatic four-hour drive through the Keys across the Overseas Highway, or a forty-minute jet hop on the new Piedmont and Eastern shuttles. . . . This month, Key West's annual "Old Island Days" celebration offers the rare opportunity to tour the island's most spectacular Caribbean-style houses. Dates: March 1, 14, and 15. Phone (305) 294-9501 for information. —CYNTHIA PENNEY

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VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Newsmaker dressing in white. . . T-shirts for "black tie". . . city-style: sense, choices

with a NY CITY beat

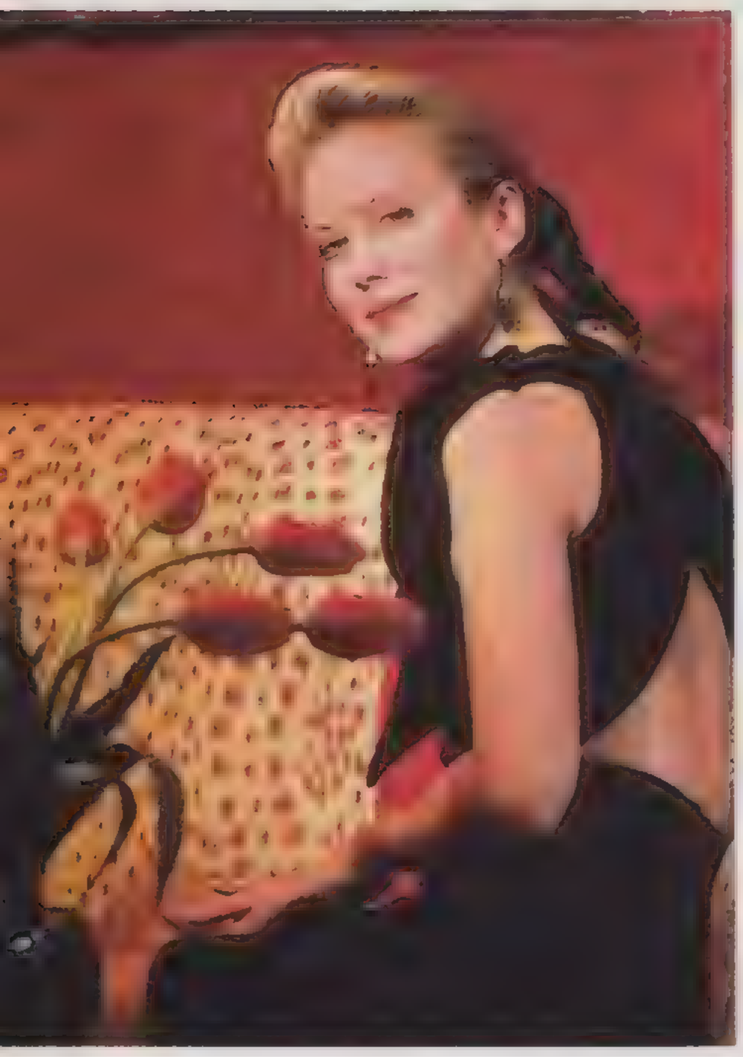
Blond, leggy, thoroughly New York City born and bred, Nina Griscom looks totally at home striding up Madison Avenue. Daughter of New Yorker Elizabeth (Mrs. Felix) Rohatyn, Griscom moves to a quick-paced (and recognizably city-paced) beat: investor, volunteer, full-time advisor on a new "Siri Vail" accessories mail-order business. Her dressing: by day, in mixes of new or old-favorite jackets, tops, skirts; in plenty of black for day or evening. A body-shaped black leather Azzedine Alaïa suit is a new favorite. "I like Azzedine Alaïa's clothes because, for me," says Nina, "they are outrageous, sexy, and fun. The style certainly isn't throwaway, but it's got a certain humor."

Living in New York—among almost endless dressing options—Griscom likes variety within a certain consistency of style. She might find pieces on Via Montenapoleone or Madison Avenue. "I don't go to Europe specifically to shop, but when I do I seem to pull my clothes together there. Milan has some of the best shopping in the world for shoes and handbags."

Weekends in the city are worked out with a mix of easygoing tops and pants. "Weekends are for nice big sweaters, suede pants or jeans. I might put a charmeuse shirt with jeans, Zoran cashmeres."

By night, though Nina might go with an occasional hit of bright color, it's always for clothes built on a slim silhouette: pieces by Bill Blass ("His clothes are dramatic, elegant, easily wearable"), Scaasi, Oscar de la Renta. What gets her going, come evening: "A half-hour nap to relax and gather myself," says Nina. "And fifteen minutes flat for hair and makeup." Another option for big-time dressing: a short black satin skirt worn with one of her favorite collectibles—a dinner jacket. The newest? A YSL spencer in aqua moiré, edged in rhinestones.

("View" continued on page 388)



Nina Griscom, top, wearing Azzedine Alaïa's black leather suit, red gloves—with dogs Phineas and Hamlet. Clockwise: for Suzy's masked ball, a Scaasi strapless gold dress; at home, Halston's charmeuse wrap jacket. By day, Nina dressed in Yves Saint Laurent small jacket and leather skirt; at night in a jersey halter dress from Bill Blass.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN. PIERRE SCHERMAN Hair and makeup by Ron Lewis

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VIEW

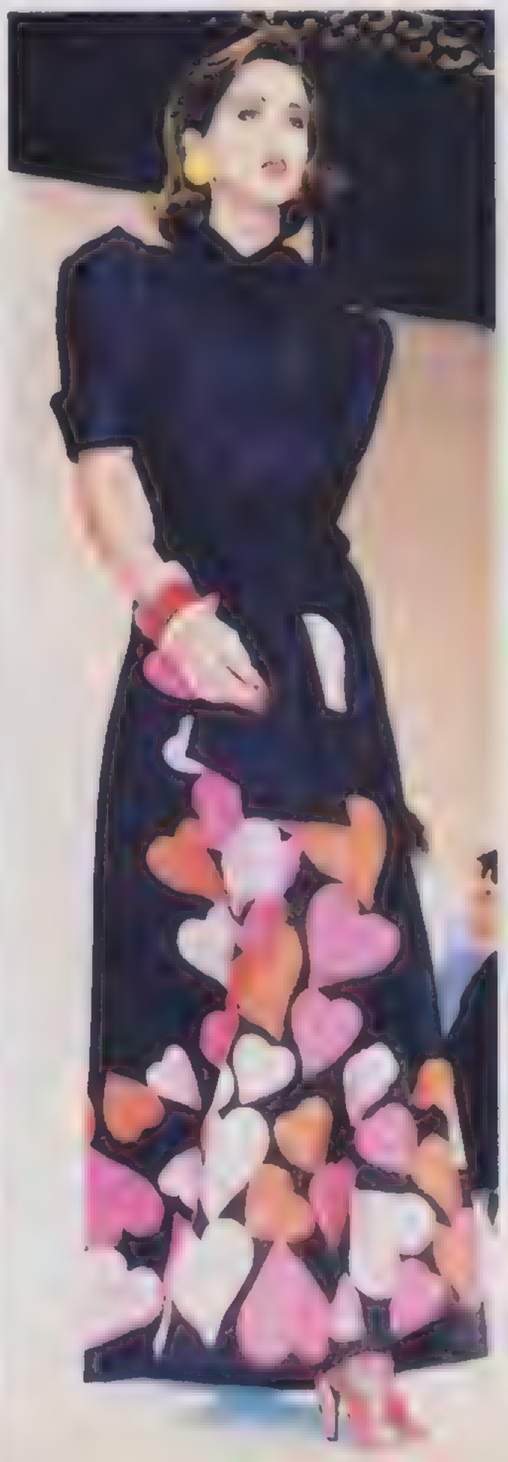
LUXURY: BY THE YARD

Last year, it was the chintz blitz in fabric prints. This spring, news-making fabrics often stand as baroque counterparts to a simplicity in fashion. Bill Blass, for one, uses water-resistant weightless taffeta from Brochier in France for a 7/8 length raincoat. The paisley warp-print taffeta goes over a crisply tailored glen plaid suit. "My customers always ask for a raincoat and this printed taffeta looks fresh, versatile, moves easily from day to evening," says Blass.

Yves Saint Laurent, for the first time in his Rive Gauche collection, has gone to legendary fabric designer Andrée Brossin de Méré and commissioned elaborate patchwork hearts (*below*) for his long dinner skirts. Brossin de Méré, who made her first patchwork designs in 1969 (when she collaborated with YSL on a wedding dress), began her career at Dior in 1947. Lanvin, Givenchy, and Nina Ricci (as Saint Laurent does) also use her patchwork and embroideries in couture collections.

("View" continued on page 395)

Riches: Bill Blass's paisley warp-print taffeta raincoat worn over glen plaid, above; YSL's new dinner skirt with Andrée Brossin de Méré patchwork hearts, left. Below: Rich floral Lurex lamé from Italy's Ratti, where twenty-four in-house designers create twenty fabrics each day



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VALENTINO

GIANNI PROMENATING

Rigorously black lycra
set the focus on the contrasts
of cuts and straps against
the skin in this most dramatic
swimwear. Photo by Helmut
Newton. Hair by Aldo Coppola.
Make-up by Gasperino Carboni.

SACE:
HEMIES

VERSACE: ALCHEMIES

A choice of materials, colors and shapes mutually complementary for the most dazzling seductive effect. Black lycra emphasizes the sharp contrast of the swimsuits'rigorous cut against the skin. Sequine-dotted chain mail for the black evening dress and the bronze lopsided overall. Absolute black for the bark-embossed slither dress.

GIANNI VERSACE: PROMENATING ALCHEMIES

Against the purity of the cut

color of the black costumes

flaunting sweet, vivid colors

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VIEW

WHITE on WHITE

In a season of navy, of neutrals, what stands out is the attractiveness, the purity of all-white dressing from day to night. And the diversity, this season, of whites. There's the casual charm of Calvin Klein's all-American seasonless cashmere sweater sets over slim skirts, *top left*. At Oscar de la Renta, it's a white wool jersey T-shirt top, narrow skirt, easy jacket, *left*. And, in Paris, Saint Laurent showed a dramatic white day dress, *bottom left*, in crisp poplin.

Newest: white dressing in soft, luxe—weightless—leathers. For the house of Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld designed a perfectly tailored white leather jacket for spring/summer wear. The jacket is safari-style, the waist belted in white hemp. "This white leather," says Lagerfeld, "is the logical evolution of the strapless black leather evening dresses I showed for winter. Those dramatic looks were popular with Chanel customers who wanted something very unexpected."

"It's a surprise!" says American Cathy Hardwick, of the short, strapless, zip-up-the-front leather dress, *near left*, that she's designed for warm weather. "It's my contribution to a marvelous tan. It's for women who want a crisp, assured look, for women who want to make a strong statement," says Hardwick. "I see it strictly as a new day look, rather than for a 'serious' evening."

Says Valentino, who relies on white, in his spring/summer ready-to-wear collection, for dressing from day to night: "White is beautiful; it's also very pure. For a simple dress, when you want to show the work of seams and the beauty of a cut, white is the perfect means of support. White never lies."

("View" continued on page 412)

NEWSWATCH

Watch for white body-shaped dressing: "new name" Patrick Kelly (a young Paris-based, American-born designer) is providing some of summer's flirtiest knit dressing, whimsical sleeveless tank dress shapes. For day, Kelly sees white jersey tank-top dresses *(above)* worn under oversized man-tailored white shirts in chiffon or cotton; with, for night, Maud Frizon's new witty platform mules (taxi-yellow soles, a doll's face appliqué) and "the throwaway ease of many, many bracelets."

MATS GUSTAVSON, PIERRE SCHERMAN, CLAUS OHM

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VIEW

DRESSING UP.

when women fall for "pretty"

Bill Blass, in his spring/summer showing, sends models out in black and white lace dresses, in endless incarnations, to great applause. Deeply fringed shawls, nude illusion lace, and a new blush color turn up among the narrowest of streamlined pieces—minimally *modern* pieces—at Geoffrey Beene. Women go for crisp taffeta evening skirts, small cashmere tops, and crushed-down gloves at Adolfo.

Something's up. Fashion characters, supposedly a hard-boiled bunch, are quietly soft-hearted this season on romantic things: blatantly romantic laces, sweeping skirts, makeup-tint colorings. At Paris collections, soft black velvet or big chiffon bows made this the year of the ponytail. The big restaurant openings in Manhattan this winter? A Belle Epoque (and Pierre Cardin-owned) Madison Avenue Maxim's . . . and a new New York Harry Cipriani at the Sherry Netherland. "Harry," that is, of Harry's Bar in Venice, of peachy Bellinis, Hemingway flirtations, *Across the River and into the Trees*. By year's end, *Out of Africa* had finally romanced fashion folks away from The Year of India.

Whatever their clothes needs by day—a working uniform, something "basic"—women seem to be spreading their wings by candlelight. They're going for "something more"—for black tie or a restaurant dinner, for something that shows a decided investment of effort and care. "It's the opposite of the office-to-party look of the early 'seventies," says Bruce Oldfield, London designer/shop owner/dresser of Princess Di. "It's a conscious effort to look 'dressed-up.' "

"Dressed up," by new definition, often translates as "clearly pretty" now: Princess Diana's blue velvet dress and Oldfield long suede gloves worn to the White House were probably the season's most-photographed (and often emulated) turnout. "I suppose we'll all be wearing them now, long matching gloves with bare evening dresses," says Pat (Mrs. William F.) Buckley, semi-seriously. Her own new nighttime way of looking, this season, came with a more streamlined edge: Valentino cashmere shawl, Blass flannels, sequined moiré-patterned tunic from Oscar de la Renta. Buckley's added glamorous details: a gunmetal and silver Judith Leiber jewel-like evening box, grey satin low-heeled pumps with bows of rhinestones.

Other influences: Valentino's fall/winter couture collection . . . and a certain sneaky (and wholly attractive) long-torso black velvet-topped dress, with a sweeping satin skirt brought in closer to the body with a big bow. The formality (and femininity) of it has evolved for spring into a whole new way of working dinner skirt and sweater dressing (at Oscar de la Renta, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Adolfo, Bill Blass). Oscar de la Renta puts his small cashmere sweater sets, with equal ease, with everything from narrow jersey skirts to columns of re-embroidery to broad spills of black taffeta. Norma Kamali's black or white evening silhouettes this season could easily have been drawn by Charles Dana Gibson—they're romantically Edwardian-to-a-T: small-waisted, bare at the arms and neck, discreetly flirtatious.

Kamali's necklines (and it's a signature of the spring evening season) are not slashed sexily deep but are broadly (prettily) shoulder-revealing. One long black-dotted chiffon evening dress at Oscar de la Renta comes nipped in at the waist, side draped, with soft bows at the bared shoulders.

Where does that take fashion? Some designers, for fall, are already talking of longer skirts, of a new softness, ease, and femininity. Shoulder pads are shrinking, often going by the wayside; small set-in sleeves are already turning up above small set-in waists. Geoffrey Beene, for one, for this coming fall, is enamored of lace. The love affair—with romantic dressing—goes on. Not just women—but designers, too—seem to fall for it.

("View" continued on page 420)

Fashion characters, supposedly a hard-boiled bunch, are quietly soft-hearted now on romantic things

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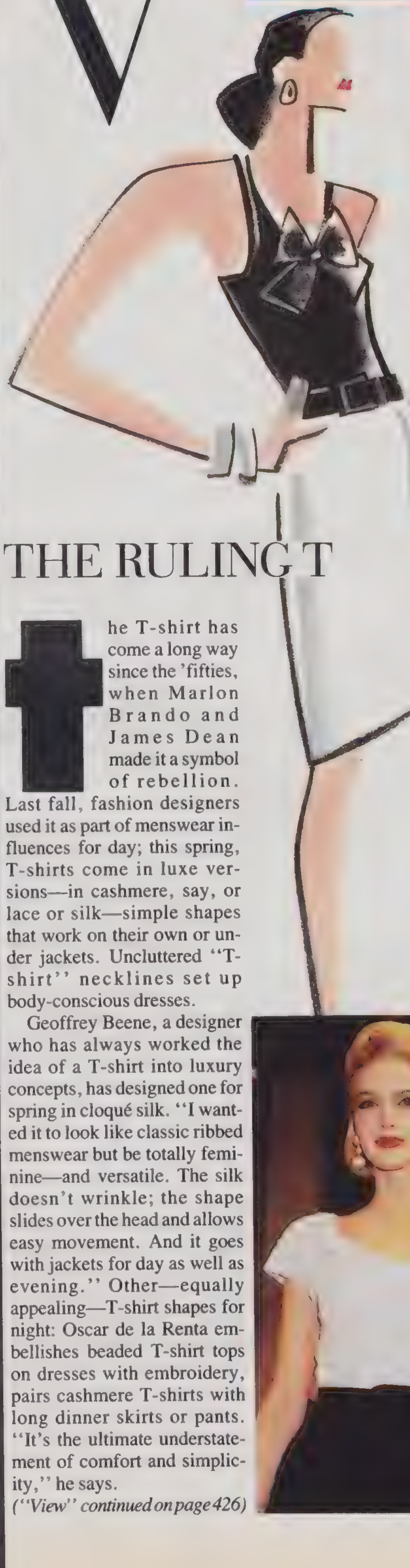
VIEW



Left: Oscar de la Renta's tank-top style shirt with satin bow; above, his white cashmere T-shirt for late day; below left, Oscar's richly embroidered beading. Below right, Geoffrey Beene's cloqué silk T-shirt switches from day to night

THE RULING T

The T-shirt has come a long way since the 'fifties, when Marlon Brando and James Dean made it a symbol of rebellion. Last fall, fashion designers used it as part of menswear influences for day; this spring, T-shirts come in luxe versions—in cashmere, say, or lace or silk—simple shapes that work on their own or under jackets. Uncluttered "T-shirt" necklines set up body-conscious dresses.

Geoffrey Beene, a designer who has always worked the idea of a T-shirt into luxury concepts, has designed one for spring in cloqué silk. "I wanted it to look like classic ribbed menswear but be totally feminine—and versatile. The silk doesn't wrinkle; the shape slides over the head and allows easy movement. And it goes with jackets for day as well as evening." Other—equally appealing—T-shirt shapes for night: Oscar de la Renta embellishes beaded T-shirt tops on dresses with embroidery, pairs cashmere T-shirts with long dinner skirts or pants. "It's the ultimate understatement of comfort and simplicity," he says.

("View" continued on page 426)

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's up? Shopping unlimited . . . fashion-crowd "uniforms" . . . summer-find jackets . . . new takes on "safari," stylish kids

People are talking about . . . summer pleasures: One find of the season is a terrific shirt dress. It might come hip-wrapped and wildly printed at Ungaro . . . or long and in softest white charmeuse, for dinner, at Chanel; for summer city days, in blue denim or black poplin from Donna Karan. Shirt-like dresses, in their best incarnations this season, have strong shoulders, an oversized ease, the tailored sense of a coatdress: Thierry Mugler's in ivory shantung silk, Ron Leal's for Betty Hanson that's double-breasted. They've a crisp presence . . . . What works again and again? A new jacket in a bright color: in red leather from Gloria Sachs, safari-style and in tangerine from Laura Biagiotti. Donna Karan's red cotton-knit jacket comes with sweater ease. Geoffrey Beene opened his spring/summer show with rich red or yellow slicker coats, trousers and wrap jackets. Amongst a sea of blacks, of dark navy, of summer white, you fall for it every time: that one, quite wonderful, piece of color.

The fashion crowd, each season, seems to come up with a favorite "uniform" from Azzedine Alaïa; the women buy those pieces for themselves, repeat them over and over in their wardrobes. What's coming for spring? By all reports, top sellers are a body-shaped Azzedine short suit in navy denim; black viscose-knit narrow pants and a long cardigan. The topper? A raincoat—in tan silk and in a trench-style shape—that's big, big, big to go over body dressing . . . .

"Once, there were simply designer boutiques. Now, it's the designer department store"

Once, there existed, quite simply, the concept of designer boutiques. When Ralph Lauren opens his new Madison Avenue shop this month, the day of the designer department store is being inaugurated. In New York's old Rhinelander Mansion, this ultimate Ralph Lauren Polo shop comes, literally, specialty-store sized: Ralph Lauren across the board, from summer suits to oxford-cloth sheetings. For Madison Avenue, it seems, only the best of the best will do: It's where to head for Ralph Lauren's sheets, for example, that are made in Italy, embroidered, in 100 percent linen. . . . Barneys new women's store is the other hot shopping news now in Manhattan—downtown, a store full of boutiques, with masses of fashion things unique to Barneys. You'll find special-to-the-store designs from the likes of Perry Ellis, Basco, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, or Madame Grès; young designer "names" or iconoclasts. Watch for Pucci-revived pieces and a new Barneys way with the whole world of "antiques": That might mean vintage Hermès or Chanel, the best of fashion collectibles. One of them is an "antique" Chanel suit—that was once owned by a Chanel fan by the name of actress Catherine Deneuve.

Kids' style: Fashion, it seems, never stops. Today, the designer-dressed child might turn up in anything from small versions of pale Mary McFadden pleats to Parachute funked-up pieces. The newest "kids" on the block, now, come from Esprit: toddler-sized knit mini skirts, big pullovers, joggers, new T's. For California kids, the world over. . . . L.A., a perpetually "visual" place, inevitably offers up, at any moment, some of the season's best fashion watching: be that the chauffered fashion crowd, now, heading to Rodeo Drive's Chanel, to Comme Les Garcon or Maxfield's for trendy dressing. In L.A., heels are tallest, skirts are briefest, fashion entrances most effective at Spago now or at City, the hot new restaurant. For nighttime spangles, sequins, the current taste-trends of Madonna and Sean Penn, the show is at Helena's: L.A.'s new dinner/dance club.

The world of big jewelry and "important" stones, today, is a continent-hopping one. A standout ring or choker might move, for customer-viewing, from Bulgari in Paris to New York City to Milan; a Harry Winston jewel show up in Florida or London. Where do the truly rich head now? Follow the road-show schedule of Geneva-based jewelry designer Marina B: Monte Carlo in summer months, NYC in the fall, St. Moritz for Christmas, Gstaad after the New Year. Palm Beach is the hot spot, quite wisely, in January . . . . The place for sunglasses? Designer shows. Dark shades, again, are springs most prevalent accessory, showing up on runways with everything from raincoats at Fendi to Sonia Rykiel evening dressing. Asymmetricals mean Issey Miyake; horn rims, Ralph Lauren. Liz Claiborne, for summer, sports her own new eyewear. To watch for—and they're good-looking: bold geometric shapes in bright colors.

In a season when "safari" might translate as a Ferre pink linen jacket or a leather suit at Chanel, there's a real appeal in authentic "gear," khaki pieces from pros such as Banana Republic or British Khaki. New from the Australian Outback Collection: canvas jackets with ticking lining, long khaki dusters in weathered cotton. All are overscaled, rough-and-rugged, great for bush or backyard . . . . What's new, too: The Tissot watch comes with quartz workings, a black leather strap, with minimalist red and yellow hands—but that's not what's striking. Its face is made of polished rock. For less than $200, "granite faced" has a whole new meaning.

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WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF HOW TO WEAR CLOTHES— THE ANSWERS START WITH ACCESSORIES...

Think of it this way: a look isn't a look until it's put together. Fashion as "news," as what happens on a runway, is only a beginning; what happens after that is up to you. What you do with clothes—how you wear them, what you wear them with, what you add, subtract, mix, move: the accessories, the makeup, the haircut—these are elements that make a real difference. And this is an issue about all of those elements; about the things that give a look its distinctive character, its style.

Often, it's the changes in accessories—small, but striking changes—that "turn" a season as well as a look. What follows here, a guide to the best new accessories and to new things to think of (differently) as accessories; things to count on—from one to ten—for a number of very good reasons.

1. First, for its nonstop versatility, nonstop finish—a white jacket. It almost goes without saying: the look of a jacket and the top underneath is still the key to daytime dressing. And a new jacket, a new top is still the fastest way to update the pants, the skirts you already own. Now, it's a jacket that's smaller, gentler. A jacket that's white—the "color" of the season, every way in every texture. Depending on your particular style of dressing, it could be a longer, one-button white jacket, or a white jacket cropped at the waist. Or something more unexpected, and even more versatile: an easygoing white suede blouson. It's one of the most movable of all jackets...in any climate, any kind of city, it slides over everything, from warm-ups to classic trousers to skirts to a maillot. It becomes, in effect, the perfect accessory.

2. For an immediate lift, a noticeable difference—a new slingback shoe...in silver. A shoe that strikes the right balance between an all-closed pump and all-open sandal...a shoe in an airier, interesting texture (silver wire, mesh, reptile). But the outstanding feature—the silver—the season's neutral of choice, day and night. Silver that looks terrific with navy now, with white later. Silver that colors a whole range of shoes, from a new at-home mule to a racy moccasin.

3. For the way it "lightens" the leg, "lightens" the look of clothes: a stocking that's whitened, sheer, shimmered. The difference between it and winter's matte black stocking—obvious. The change—welcome, as you move to warm-weather dressing. And as you start to wear all the new colorings—darkened navy, pale neutrals—nothing looks better.

4. For day-to-night adaptability, for the most relaxed attitude in dressing: the modern version of a sweater set. In fact, the look of a sleeveless turtleneck top or bare tank top under a longer, matching cardigan is a constant: a look that defines the season. There are sweater sets in everything from cotton, linen, and silk knit for day to cashmere edged in rhinestones for evening. And the way the pieces move—over short and long skirts, over pants—is the way any good accessory moves.

5. For bold dramatic effect—and for attention focused at the wrist—strong new cuffs in silver. To wear in pairs. To wear one on each wrist. To wear—again and again—with anything white. The newest shape in silver—the spiral (a shape repeated in different ways for different accessories) for a nice contrast with the clean lines of a jacket.

6. For its inviting texture, its precise nature—a smaller white bag. The newest ones, truly, change your mind about white bags. These are neater, more structured; they don't pretend to hold everything, and they succeed in being the most charming late-day/dinner bags in a long, long time. A white crocodile clutch. A white moiré envelope edged in snakeskin. A white ostrich square. White horsehair outlined in black. Clearly, a difference in texture...makes all the difference.

7. For pure delight—and instant change—a wig!—it's the season's surprise hit accessory. As entertainment, as fantasy, as a very real option, especially at night, a wig can change your whole look. And when you try a color, a length that's far from your own, there's an unequaled impact. What heightens that impact: keeping other accessories to a minimum: a wig, if it's the right one, takes center stage.

8. For the most unexpected, most sophisticated color—no question, it's the season's new makeup. The difference: it's color used deliberately as an "accessory," color used in the most minimal way possible. The actual shades, from three new palettes—orange, lavender, metallics. Colors that can work for every woman, every skin tone (the explanation, later this issue). The reason you like them so much: the sheerness, the almost see-through transparency of texture (interesting how texture appears in every category). The requirement that sheerness sets up: skin in the best condition possible. The point: today, makeup is never a disguise...it's always a revelation.

9. For the perfect "finishing touch": small-fitting, wrist-length gloves. Gloves that add color, texture to the sleeve of a cardigan, a raincoat. White kidskin edged in gold chain. White leather with a spiral of black. Navy kidskin strapped at the wrist. Beyond the obvious, gloves stand for finish on another level, for a certain modern attention to detail. There's a precision, a neatness in the way the best looks come together; it's not overdone or excessive, but nothing is overlooked: hair is smooth, controlled, well cut and well cared for; nails are buffed to a natural shine or sheerly glazed with color; the new makeup colors, subtle but definite, add to the overall image. Everything is present and accounted for; when something is missing, you know it fast!

10. For its classic quality, its modern good looks—a new oversized sport watch in gold. As a single watch on its own. As one of a pair with a "related" friend. As an anchor for a collection of gutsy chain-link bracelets. As another way of "dressing" the wrist this season. And as the perfect symbol for a new thinking about real jewelry and the part it plays in creating a look. Increasingly, the smart thinking—smart money—is on real pieces to collect, to own, to wear nonstop. These are pieces that pay continuing dividends in terms of style and reliability. Whether it's that sport watch or a moon-phase watch on a burgundy lizard strap...gold coin earrings or textured gold hoops ...or a half-dozen multicolored gold bracelets—it's the kind of jewelry that naturally goes with everything...goes on and on.

What all these new accessories share: a singular quality—any one of them is enough to make a difference. Which underscores yet another difference: the idea that a few key things—things that work and work hard and move around in your wardrobe—are worth a lot more than a closetful of things you never go near. Last month, we talked about selectivity; it's a word that applies here as well.

Another word worth mentioning as it applies to clothes and accessories—"classic." It's a word that's received bad press lately: there's nothing inherently boring or dull about a classic. In its best sense, a classic serves as a standard of excellence: something recognized for its enduring interest and appeal. Classic accessories, as we've seen, have built-in longevity. Classic clothes are the perfect base for any accessory and the perfect take-off point for the expression of personal style.

And, in the end, it's always a question of personal style. Harder to pin down, to be sure; it's something some of us have to a spectacular degree, something most of us can have to a greater degree if we want. The choices are there; there's freedom even in a context of "news." You don't have to be locked in to something you're not happy with: if the slingback is everyone's favorite new shoe, but your style is clearly "pumps with everything"...then look for the best new pumps, but look for them in silver-grey snakeskin. There are ways of getting to the news on your own terms...and getting that much more out of it. Someone once defined personal style as staying the same, but doing it differently to keep things interesting. It is...and this issue is a guide in that direction.

NONSTOP STYLE : THE

PERFECT ANSWERS

The thinking behind the standout looks on these twelve pages: that whatever works best, works best wherever you are, wherever you go...that in any city, anywhere in the world there are certain clothes and accessories that qualify for the title of "perfect answers"

Perfect, *right*: this dashing, go-everywhere raincoat—3/4-length, in navy silk taffeta from Neil Leonard. It works rain, shine, day, night, over pants, short skirts, over and over ...and has a distinctive "edge" that sets it apart. About $1130. Mid-March at Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. To order, Bergdorf Goodman....What gives a look character, personal style, *left*—the accessories, and the way they're worn. From Chanel, a charming white beret; the perfect gold hoop earrings; short white kid gloves with gold chain; textured white bag *(right)*. Plus *(left)* the best-looking new gold sport watch, from Cartier....Soft, pretty makeup: Revlon's Gemsmoke Amethyst blush; Gemsmoke lips. These twelve pages: hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. All pages photographed in Palm Beach, Florida; here, at the just-built house, constructed by Robert W. Gottfried, Inc. Details, more stores, last pages this issue.

Wayne Maser

THE PERFECT ANSWERS

The idea of travel becomes a departure point on many different levels. The reason: a trip often "forces the issue," puts the clothes you own and the clothes you may be shopping for to an acid test. You want things that work hard and, if possible, work more than one way. Above all: you want the kinds of clothes you feel good in . . . the kinds of clothes you know you look good in: it's as simple as that. . . .

The smart way to put a travel wardrobe together—keeping the above thoughts in mind—is the smart way to put any active-life wardrobe together. To start, you need certain essentials—things for which there are no substitutes, whether it's the best all-around raincoat or the best shoes for day; things with built-in versatility, reliability. What you want, in addition, something that gets you—fast—to an attractive, polished image . . . something that gives you an edge.

What allows for that: the character of the clothes themselves. Clothes that are "ultra-classic" in a sense: they go beyond appropriate, beyond dependable to another level of dressing. Clothes that symbolize a heightened, more sophisticated approach to fashion, day and night. They meet expectations, but not always in expected ways. That all-around raincoat doesn't have to be a traditional trench coat: the raincoat, previous page, is a perfect example.

What takes you even further—and it's something clearly taken into account on these pages—the advantages of seasonless dressing, something that holds true even if you never leave home. The core of the wardrobe here: jerseys—lightweight, crush-proof, foolproof. Also: thin, seasonless wools, cashmere, silks, suede—nonstop fabrics and textures . . . . And coloring plays an important role: staying within neutral territory is key—in this case, in this season, that means staying with darkened navy as a base. Other neutral choices—good mixers—black and white.

Another advantage to the clothes on these pages—each look is precisely that—a total look, but nine times out of ten, it's a look in pieces. With the right advance planning, those pieces can be made to move—to work longer, harder.

And what's true of the fashion is true of the accessories: there is more imagination, more charm to everything. Every detail counts: hair, makeup, jewelry—it has to do with a certain modern standard of attractiveness . . . a certain *style*. Style that underscores the perfect answers on every page. . . .

Modern day dressing at its best, *right*: racy, good-looking, relaxed in attitude...and just different enough. From Calvin Klein, the ease of a longer, roomier turtleneck in navy cashmere; seasonless, tropical-weight navy wool trousers; and, in navy cashmere, the coat that does it all! Adding to the modern beat: the look of hair held smooth by a knotted headband; terrific sunglasses; an ideal shoulder-bag in brown crocodile; shaped, sized just right. Turtleneck, about $230; pants, about $230; coat, about $700. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Earrings, Bulgari....A real answer—and the season's shoe find, *opposite*: this multi-strap, slingback sandal on a high, stacked heel, in black "lizard." It's a shoe that lends character to a variety of looks, day through dinner. And with it, the season's stocking: sheer, whitened, shiny. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. About $160. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, San Francisco. Stockings, Hanes Hosiery. About $4. Altman's; Marshall Field's. For details, more stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

THE PERFECT

Answers....The most indispensable accessory for most women: the right handbag. How to define "right": a bag big enough to hold what you need, *not* big enough to be mistaken for a briefcase. What works best: a more structured shoulderbag, sectioned inside to keep everything neat, find-able. What looks best: an interesting texture: crocodile, reptile/leather, embossed leather. Newest colors: White (*always* textured); silver.

Answers....Nothing makes more of a difference—simplifies life more—than a really good haircut. Characteristics of well-cut hair: hair that's easy to manage; hair that dries quickly into shape (key); hair with built-in versatility—which could come from bangs, soft layers near the face.

Answers....There are very easy, very pretty ways—beyond cutting—to give hair a new look this season. Headbands—everything from knitted fabric to reptile to gold lamé—hold hair smoothly in place. Charming bows anchor a neat ponytail. Ribbons tie in unexpected ways. And—the ultimate hair accessory—a wig or hairpiece—for instant, and instantly reversible changes. It's something to consider, especially for evening.

Answers....If you use a computer on a daily basis and hate to leave home without it—there are new lap-top portable models that go wherever you do.

Answers....More smart on-the-go office help: small, packable, all-in-one desk kits that contain mini-sized versions of the essentials—stapler to tape....Small and timely—a voice-activated matte black travel alarm.

The point: dressing that's attractive, modern, highly adaptable...and charming in its smallness, its simplicity. The most understated way, *left*, from Donna Karan: her new body suit in ribbed navy jersey, smaller, sparer, short sleeved. With a new crisscross wrap tube skirt in jersey (variations on her own "classics"). Donna Karan New York. Body suit, of wool and nylon, about $150; wool skirt, about $140. Late April at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Charles Sumner, Boston; Caché, Miami; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Palm Beach background, this page: the house, constructed by Robert W. Gottfried, Inc.

Wayne Maser

ANSWERS

The difference a single element in dressing can make—a big difference, depending. There's unlimited potential, *right*, in this bare body suit of ivory knit—crisscrossed in front, bare in back. It's the perfect top under a jacket for day; the perfect top for short and long skirts, trousers at night...and it looks particularly charming the way it is here—held by a wide, white contoured belt...with a gold hair ribbon...pretty new lavender-based makeup. Body suit, Donna Karan New York, of rayon and silk. About $170. Late April at Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Julius, Sacramento CA; Nordstrom, Seattle. Elizabeth Arden makeup: Shivering Purple lip color; Passionate Shadows on eyes. For details, more stores, see last pages of this issue.

THE PERFECT ANS

The season's perfect "extra"—the white jacket. Even better, more versatile, *above*, this luxurious white suede blouson. There isn't a time, place, situation where it wouldn't be welcome—at a resort, in the city; day or night; with black, with navy, with almost anything. Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather. About $325. North Beach Leather Stores, NYC; Bal Harbour; Chicago; Dallas; Las Vegas; San Francisco. Watch, Cartier. Bracelets, Bulgari. ...There is always something enormously appealing about a beautiful white blouse. A standout, *right*, from Claude Montana, in silk crepe de Chine, with its black-snap closings, kimono sleeves. With a shiny black reptile jacket; the narrowest side-laced black skirt. Blouse, about $370. Jacket, about $3100. Skirt, about $250. Turnout late March, Claude Montana, Beverly Hills. Blouse, Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel; Perkins Shearer, Denver....Standout makeup: Avon's Blue Lake eyeshadow; Golden Lace lipstick. Background: the Palm Beach Hampton Condominium.

W E R S

Wayne Maser

THE PERFECT

Answers. . . . There are some things it pays to buy, to own in multiple. Stockings, for example. The buzzwords, as you know by now: whitened, sheer, shimmered. When you find a version of the above, and it fits you perfectly, invest in a dozen—it's worth it in the end. . . . Another collectible: gloves—one of the season's more charming accessories (wonderful examples throughout these pages) and an accessory that adds "finish" to everything. . . . Something else to buy in multiple: shoes. We all know how hard it can be to find just what you're looking for; when you do, investigate other color choices. The multi-strap sandals, three pages back, are perfect day to dinner, in black lizard. Or in white. The same shoes, in colored satin—the perfect evening sandals.

Answers. . . . How to give skin proper care under travel or extra-frantic conditions? By following a skin-care system, a program you're comfortable with all the time. The thinking now: the best skin systems allow for a constant re-evaluation of what skin needs. Obvious shocks—long plane rides, drastic climate changes—are one thing. But there are subtle everyday changes that can change your skin's "balance." Look for a treatment system that takes these variables into account. Something else to look for: specific "emergency" treatments.

Answers. . . . More and more the smart thinking in accessories is geared to "real" jewelry: investing in things you can wear and wear; pieces that express a definite personal style and become a constant in your way of dressing. What to go for—quality goes without saying. But look beyond the "basic" basics. Think of all the news in watches recently—everything from moon-phase and retro styles to new oversized versions of metal sport watches to one-of-a-kind antiques. Each is a reliable, hard-working essential. . . and each has something more: a special character that sets it apart. Even in a classic context, there's room for something a little different. Take bracelets. Differences in tones and textures of gold and silver can make all the difference—with or without the addition of semi-precious stones, you end up with a bracelet that has an individual quality.

With a new focus of attention on the wrist, *above*, key elements that add up in a very modern, attractive way. Starting point: a good-looking watch—one of the best-looking in a long time: Cartier's new gold Pasha sport watch. . . . The gold bracelets—with differences in texture, in design, all from Bulgari. . . . And charming new gloves. These, in navy kidskin, from Chanel. . . . *Beauty Note:* What comes first—skin treatment. One reason: the sheerness, the minimal nature of makeup this season. As a "base," skin in the best condition possible. Two helpful new treatments: Biotherm's Firming Eye Care Treatment and Anti-Wrinkle Lip Treatment. Pretty "minimal" makeup: L'Oréal's Horizon Pink lip color; Lace and Heather eyeshadows. For details, more stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

ANSWERS

Casual with a difference, *right*—with an ease and luxury of shape, of fabric—the difference you expect from Zoran. Here, his perfect "ultra-classic" classics; the perfect relaxed dressing anywhere: a longer, sleeveless turtleneck in black cashmere/silk knit and longer cardigan in ribbed camel cashmere/silk—an ingenious approach to the sweater set. And his wonderful new pull-on pants—taupe silk taffeta (!), easy on top, narrow in the leg. Turtleneck, about $350; cardigan, about $500; pants, about $250. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Ultimo, Chicago; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; Miki, Mill Valley and Berkeley CA. For details, more stores, see last pages.

THE PERFECT

Change at night...but the ease, the unpretentious attitude continue. Clearly evident in the season's best sweater-set dressing, one of the most appealing ideas for evening. One of the most appealing versions, *left,* from Oscar de la Renta: his small, bare tank top in navy cashmere and matching cardigan, both edged in shimmery, silvery rhinestone bugle beads. And worn for maximum effect with a long, swish-of-silk-taffeta skirt in navy—an unexpected delight. Turnout, about $2290. Cyreld, Brookline MA; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Marshall Field's; Jacobson's, Ohio and Michigan. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue....The unexpected evening accessory—the white wig!—for an instant, total change of look. Wig, by Sturé Osten Designs, Inc. In the background, the Palm Beach house, constructed by Robert W. Gottfried, Inc.... A striking, modern reinterpretation of one-shoulder dressing at night, *right:* Gianfranco Ferre's narrow, narrow tube of a dress in navy lambswool/cotton jersey—one shoulder, bare; one, embroidered...and totally revealing in a whole new way. About $1400. Via Spiga, Houston; I. Magnin. Photographed at the Palm Beach Hampton Condominium. Details, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

ANSWERS

SHOES: A NEW STANDARD

The best of the news in shoes: An exciting new range of neutrals in tones of grey and silver. And, a new emphasis on texture—reptiles, mesh, interesting prints—as a focal element of design. The season's prevailing shoes: slingback pumps and mules—beautifully shaped and proportioned; ornamental in unexpected ways; perfect send-up for the season's whites, pales, navys. Another key change: a shift to sheer, whitened stockings, often shined but not patterned, or textured.... *Opposite:* Knockout example of the news: Roger Vivier's sensational slingback pump of light-as-air silvery wire mesh—modern, sophisticated, totally beguiling. About $1000. To order at Roger Vivier, NYC; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. ...In the corner, one of the big-news bracelets—matte-finished, sterling silver, sculptured. By Patricia von Musulin. The stained-oak table by Josef Hoffman from Galerie Metropol, NYC. The aluminum studies here, and the studies for lampshades next two pages, by Serge Mouillet from the DeLorenzo Gallery, NYC. Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

SHOES: A NEW STANDARD

Adding to the appeal, the impact of the new tones and textures, the "basic" color is often whitened or burnished giving it a different look, a different character. Prime example, *this page left:* Donna Karan's strappy mule (mules are important news day and night!) of silver-washed reptile. Donna Karan New York. About $150. Bloomingdale's; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. . . . News, *this page right:* Andrea Pfister's version of a spectator pump—silver-washed reptile with pale grey—marvelous looking, totally neutral. About $345. Neiman-Marcus. . . . Clearly, it's no longer the height of a heel (any more than the length of a hem) that's news. . . it's the whole look of the shoe—its shape, proportion, color. All these elements, perfectly combined, *opposite,* in Manolo Blahnik's sculptural silver mule. About $280. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, last pages.

SHOES: A NEW STANDARD

Another irresistible palette: pales. Gutsier, more interesting than beige; lighter in feeling than black patent leather. And most appealing in the season's interesting new patterns and textures. . . . Evolving from last fall's tapestry shoes, *opposite*, a charming, romantic cotton chintz mule with a pleated fan front. By Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. About $295. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. . . . And, in pale pink and green reptile, *this page*, Mario Valentino's slingback pump—a simple, understated design with the obvious advantages of luxurious leather, impeccable crafting. About $210. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Prestonwood TX and Beverly Hills; Nordstrom, Seattle. . . . Reflecting the season's focus on the wrist, boldly shaped cuffs and spiral (another leitmotiv) bracelets—like sculptures of plated silver with semiprecious stones. By Wendy Gell Jewelry. Spiral bronze snake object by Jean Dunand, photographed against a Jean Dunand screen. (All Dunand pieces from the collection of Steven A. Greenberg.) Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

"Fragrance should be like—like—a woman's 'second skin,' moving with her as her dress moves around her body."

It is Valentino, the international designer, speaking about the fulfillment of a long-held desire: the introduction here of the first fragrance to bear his name.

"I thought in terms of 'textures,' telling the perfume experts to mix herbs, spices, white flowers . . . with the scent of a beautiful melon.

"My perfume had to be sensual, but because I hate a smell that takes over a room—'pinchy' for the nose—there were certain ingredients, notes I didn't want."

So what sets the Valentino perfume apart? It carries a new fragrance message—essentially of sunshine . . . a lush melon note, surprisingly seductive, rising above a bouquet of Mediterranean flowers and other fruits, ensuring that just as Valentino's clothes carry a unique message, so his fragrance—Valentino—will not be mistaken for any other. —S.L.

AN UNMISTAKABLE IDENTITY

The visible Valentino, *opposite*: his narrow dress in white silk crepe, embroidered black jacket. Photographed in Siena, at the Duomo. Details, stores, last pages

Franco Fontana

TIME-OUT dRESSING

Taking "time-out" on these eight pages: Catherine Oxenberg, otherwise known to *Dynasty* watchers as "Amanda Carrington"... Though there's a certain irony about the American-born daughter of a real-life Princess playing a fictional Princess, the comparisons do not end there: both Oxenberg and Carrington are remarkably driven young women. Catherine, a *summa cum laude* student at St. Paul's, gave up Harvard and Columbia for modeling, and modeling for a role as princess-to-be Lady Di in *The Royal Romance*. The portrayal caught the eye of *Dynasty* producers, and the rest, as they say in Hollywood, is history. ...Here, Oxenberg in a wardrobe of great, easygoing "leisure" clothes, notable for a softness of color, a certain seasonlessness that makes them irresistible.

When you think of modern dressing
at its best, you think of clothes with
a relaxed kind of informal style...
One of the most familiar combinations:
an oversized sweater and narrow
pants—this season with something
more!—in the color, in the shape.
Opposite: The Gap's ramie-
and-cotton crewneck—in pink;
white silk charmeuse ankle-length
trousers by Go Silk for L'Zinger.
Sweater, about $32.
Available at all Gap Stores.
Pants, about $164. Betsey Bunky
Nini, NYC; Georgina, Hewlett NY;
Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Tootsies,
Houston; Theodore, Beverly Hills.
These eight pages: hair, Oribe, NYC;
makeup, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco.
Details, last pages.

CATHERINE OXENBERG

Denis Piel

CATHERINE OXENBERG

Denis Piel

TIME-OUT DRESSING

For Catherine Oxenberg,
who's often up for work at 5:30 A.M.—
it's an hour workout three times a week
with personal trainer Eric Allen:
stretching, muscle toning—
never aerobics, which she considers "too imprecise;
can sometimes do more harm than good."
Why she exercises so early in the morning:
"Because I hate it!" she laughs,
"and find any excuse to avoid
it during the day!"...

One of the most casual—
yet attractive—ways to dress afterward...
in a longer skirt that looks especially charming
with bare feet, flat sandals, ballet slippers...
Perfect case in point:
Royal Silk's silk-and-cotton polo top
and hip-yoked skirt, *opposite,*
in yellow. Top, about $40;
skirt, about $35. Mid-March at Royal
Silk, NYC; Clifton NJ; Freeport ME;
Washington DC; Greensboro NC;
Boulder CO....As easy on the body
as a sweatshirt and pants—
but with a lot more polish
and charm, *above,* C.P. Shades'
peach cotton mock turtleneck top,
pull-on calf-length skirt. Top,
about $54; skirt, about $50. Macy's,
Herald Square; Rosey Jekes, Hanover NH;
Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Mark Keller,
Birmingham MI; Sugar Magnolia,
Chicago; C.P. Shades, San Francisco.
Details, more stores, last pages.

CATHERINE OXENBERG

TIME-OUT DRESSING

Easy pieces with built-in softness—of texture and color...clothes you want to live in, *opposite:* Laura Biagiotti's terrific linen knit lace-up tunic, narrow pants—all in a wonderful mix of floral cream-on-light-blue jacquards. Tunic and pants, about $550. Martha; Village Set III, Highland Park IL; Belle Tournure, Little Rock AR; Beaton's, Scottsdale AZ; Chez Catherine, Ontario Canada....Off the set, what you might catch Catherine Oxenberg knocking about in: jeans...And this season, they're most likely to be in an unexpected shade of...pink! And narrower, with an ankle-zip...similar to those, *above,* perfect here, with a faded denim jacket. Both by Guess? by Georges Marciano. Jeans, about $50; jacket, about $80. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's. Pants at Macy's, San Francisco. Details, more stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

CATHERINE OXENBERG

TIME-OUT DRESSING

To enhance the soft, pale colors in clothes,
pale color in makeup *opposite*...
What Catherine Oxenberg does to stay
"in the pink": tennis and jazz
once a week, plus a few minutes under the ultraviolet
lights—to "get rid of that wintery
green color; also to relax, meditate.
Isolated under one of those lamps,
I turn the fan on full blast, put on my tropical sun
lotion that smells of coconuts, and have the vague
illusion of being in Hawaii...." *Left*: A close-up of the C.P. Shades top shown earlier; earrings, Ted Muehling; pale-peach towel by Cannon Mills...

What Catherine hopes for in the future: a TV movie-of-the-week, and a "big screen" appearance....One of the charming variety of looks this season—looks with at-home/easy daytime possibilities: double shirts, shorts—in wonderful colors.

Right: KL by Karl Lagerfeld's bright-pink flared silk shorts, cream-colored tank, lavender overshirt; perfect for paring-down in warmer weather.

Shorts, about $100; tank, about $60; blouse, about $135. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Karl Lagerfeld Boutique, Denver; Tootsies, Houston.

I. Magnin. To order at Saks Jandel.

Details, more stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

And this is a season of interesting, attractive accessories. What sets them apart: silver! Silver, day and night. Silver that's often whitened, burnished, grained. Silver in jewelry—the newest: big, dramatic, often in spiral shapes. Silver in shoes—racy flats, new mules, good-looking pumps. Silver that looks terrific with white (the "color"); with everything. Another standout: the textures—strong, varied, intrinsic to the design. On these ten pages, the best....All the difference, *opposite*, the new silver shoe—day and night—the season's best neutral. Here, Pancaldi's slingback pump (about $168). This season with legs that are white, sheer, shiny. Panty stockings, Donna Karan New York (about $15)....And silver on the wrist—a focal point now—in strong, dramatic bracelets. Worn one on each wrist—or, by the armload, like these sterling-silver link bracelets by Charles Krypell for Fortunoff. *Top*, about $275; *center*, about $275; *bottom*, about $225. More news: short, white, wrist-length gloves. These, by Aris Isotoner, about $35...Another key to the season: white!—day and night, in looks from casual to "dressed". Example, *right*, the classic man's trench coat in white—fresher, stronger, more attractive. Of linen and rubberized cotton from Gucci (about $355),worn with silver moccasins (a closer look ahead). These ten pages: hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco. Details, stores, last pages.

High-Voltage Accessories

All the difference between a fashion image that reflects the news...and an image that reflects the news in personalized style

HIGH-VOLTAGE ACCESSORIES

The belt of the season—almost three-inches wide, strong, contoured, by Donna Karan, *opposite page*, in white crocodile. Here, on her white cotton shirt—perfectly tailored, perfectly classic—except that, continuing her success of last year—it's a body suit. Donna Karan New York. Belt, about $500. . . .Suddenly, how charming pearls look—massed; string on string, varied in size, shape, length; but all in white—on everything from the simplest shirt or sweater to the most extravagant dress at night. The pearls here by Miriam Haskell, medium size (about $75); small size (about $60); and by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun, large size (about $110). . . .One of the freshest, most beguiling looks of the year, *this page*, Krizia's terrific new-shape pyjama in white, with a small, round-in-the shoulder jacket, draped pants, and the ornamental buttons that started last season. . .now round, simple, in matte gold. Pyjama, about $1050. . .To dramatize the look, graceful but compelling earrings in the new leitmotiv spiral shape. Hervé Van Der Straeten. And, in a variation on the spiral, a pair of wide ''gold'' bracelets by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Each, about $48. Like its silver counterparts, gold jewelry is usually paler in color, strongly textured, boldly shaped. Details, stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Forecast: A white spring and summer. White in everything... and it gives everything an edge!

The message—fast—is the season's charming new white handbags. They're neater-scale, more structured, more textured, often a clutch-y shape . . . and perfect for anytime a smaller bag is big enough . . . Opposite, clockwise from the top: Mario Valentino's clutch of moire silk, trimmed in snakeskin. About $265 . . . In ostrich, an envelope clutch by Luc Benoit. About $625 . . . . And, one of the most beguiling bags anywhere, Judith Leiber's, of snakeskin—small, tasseled, irresistible. About $550. . . . Roomier, but still a controlled shape, Donna Karan's crocodile bag. About $1835 . . . . From Maud Frizon, a bag of stamped leather with a structured handle. About $270 . . . . And, by La Bagagerie, a clean-edged shoulderbag. About $145. . . . More significant news: the return of the sweater set. One of the most appealing—in white!—from Missoni, *left:* an easy cardigan and new bare-shouldered shirt, here with pull-on pants. All of cotton. Cardigan, about $200; shirt, about $110; pants, about $150. Perfect send-up for these clothes, the season's high-voltage, muted-shine accessories. M&J Savitt's unusual triangular bracelet of paler, brushed silver. And, another of the season's terrific belts, white reptile with matte sterling. By Barry Kieselstein-Cord (about $1360). Prada's silver ballet slippers (about $118). . . . *Beauty Note:* The high-voltage, muted color also in makeup. Even in orange, the palest tint, e.g., *left,* Maxi's Hot Tangerine lipstick. Details, stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Penn

No contest—the best looks of the season are white. The only thing that looks better: white that has the season's strong, interesting texture

The silver standard: it changes the look, the impact of everything from this-minute jewelry to familiar classics

The jewelry that stands out: silver; newest in spiral shapes. . . *Opposite:* In sterling silver, three graceful, strongly sculptured pins by Robert Lee Morris. Single spiral (about $200), double spiral (about $330), triple spiral (Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan, about $330.) The spiral necklace (about $600) and cuff bracelet (about $600), all sterling, also by Robert Lee Morris. Symbolic of the variety the season offers: a curvy, matte finished sterling cuff from Stephen Dweck Moderne (about $795). The very wide open spiral bracelet of copper, trashed to a high a silver look, by Scoppa (about $50). And, in a slightly more structured Patricia van Muiyllin's sterling resin head cuff (about $315). Make a classic modification of your snakeskin, right, and it suddenly has a whole new personality, becomes the season's favorite, even with everything day wear. By Jose & David, about $175. The pale, sheer, shiny panty necklines, Bare Looks by Burlington, about $4. For pure panache Macco's short handled, silver lamé umbrella. (*N.B.*: It works in the rain). . . . One of the small delights of the season—a white lizard and sterling mini "belt," perfect in every detail—to wear on your wrist. By Jeffrey Louis Saul. About $365. And, again in white and silver, a watch by Obrey. Sterling dome ring by Martha Sturdy, Canada. Details, stores, see next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

More of the season's unique silver, *opposite*. Starting from the ground up, Maud Frizon's silver mesh-and-calf slingback pumps. About $250. The sheer, silvered panty stockings from Fogal Legwear of Switzerland. For its low-key sizzle, its ease: sequin pants (about $1150) and a silvery knit T-shirt (about $200) by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. . . . Perfect complement for all this silver—more silver!: a square-shaped sterling bangle (about $205) by Simon Sebbag, and big-scale sterling rings in clearly defined shapes from M&J Savitt. The lamé beret, Ruza Creations (about $35). . . . *Left:* What could be one of your best "accessories" this season: this white cotton gabardine jacket—short, strong shouldered, small in the waist. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $885. The impressive sterling cuffs by Patricia von Musulin. Each, about $775. The double hoop earrings (about $450), Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan and bubble ring (about $125), Robert Lee Morris; both sterling. . . . The unbeatable bag for day, a roomy but easy-to-carry clutch of silver calf and white snakeskin by Carlos Falchi. About $400. . . . *Beauty Note:* Best makeup accessory: lip color that's low-key but has real impact, i.e., Chanel's Golden Coral, *opposite*. Details, stores, see next to last pages.

Part of the appeal of the season's **silver** looks—each piece has a different texture, a different tone, its own personality

HIGH-VOLTAGE ACCESSORIES

Arthur Elgort

SELLING CHASTITY

—the sly new attack on your sexual freedom

Here's an experiment. Check your local Yellow Pages under "birth control" or "clinic." Is there a listing with an ambiguous name, usually beginning with the letter "A"? Does the clinic offer, perhaps in a discreet display ad, a free pregnancy test, pregnancy and abortion information, or problem-pregnancy counseling? Do you imagine you've found a place to which you might turn for information, referrals, medical care, and subsequent birth-control advice if you found yourself pregnant?

If you were to call this helpful-sounding clinic, you might actually be dialing an "abortion alternatives" center—though the person on the other end of the phone would probably not admit that. "Why don't you come in for a free pregnancy test?" he or she might suggest. "We handle all kinds of pregnancy, abortion, and birth-control needs here." In many cases, if you unwittingly took him up on his offer, you would, like Gina Oberndorf, learn too late that the center's purpose is convincing women that they should *not* have abortions—no matter what the situation—and that they *should* practice chastity and abstinence.

Ms. Oberndorf, a married mother of one, was living, temporarily, three hours from her regular doctor. Concerned about having missed three periods, and hoping she was pregnant, she went to a nearby clinic that advertised itself as a problem-pregnancy center and offered free pregnancy testing.

This is what she remembers: "When you walk in, they ask you to fill out a five-by-seven card on a clipboard, like what you might get at a doctor's: date of last menstrual period, have you had any nausea, things like that. The last question is, would you consider having an abortion? That really threw me for a loop, since I had never thought about an abortion. But the lady told me that it meant, was I pro-choice, so I said, yes, I was, and she said, no problem."

After handing over a urine sample, Oberndorf saw a counselor. "I asked her for the results of my pregnancy test, and she said I'd have to see a slide show of abortion information first. I was left alone. The slide show started with nice music and pictures of women walking through fields. Then you saw a wastebasket full of dead fetuses. And then there was a slide of what they said was a dead woman lying under a sheet. All you could see was her hair. The voice said this woman went into the hospital thinking she was getting a safe and legal procedure, a suction abortion, but the suction machine was hooked up wrong; it blew the pressure into her body, causing her uterus to explode and for her to suffer cardiac arrest." Ms. Oberndorf understandably wanted to know how these people happened to be around to take the picture.

"They kept suggesting you were going to die," Ms. Oberndorf continued. "Then, near the end, there was a picture of a little boy, maybe seven or eight, without any arms. And the voice said that some people feel that aborting the handicapped is right; if you think so, why don't you ask this little boy if he feels like dying.

"The counselor came back in, and asked me what I thought. I said, 'I can't believe you do this. Minors come in here, and you give them medically wrong information, emotionally damaging information. How can you get away with this? People come in scared, they have no money, and you take advantage of them.'

"The counselor then told me that between her second and third child, she had had to have a serious back operation, and because of the anesthetic or whatever, the fetus she was carrying was severely retarded. So, in consultation with her doctor and her husband, she had an abortion. She told me she feels that she killed a child. I told her that I was very sorry, but that I felt she should talk to a professional. She then told me that the only reason I could be upset by the slides was that I had murderous feelings. I didn't know what she meant, but I left. The irony is that my pregnancy test was negative."

Ms. Oberndorf, who joined the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights (RCAR) soon after her experience at the AA Pregnancy Problem Center, said, "I respect the real abortion-alternatives clinics, and I think they must be upset by these other groups who are undermining their work."

Fredrica F. Hodges, executive director of RCAR, would agree. She wrote in a recent fund-raising letter that "those counseling services that honestly, clearly advertise their mission to persuade women to choose alternatives to abortion" would trouble few of us. But what of " 'clinics' deliberately named to imply that unbiased counseling and a full range of reproductive health services—including abortions—are offered when in fact they are not?"

Curt Young, executive director of the Christian Action Council, whose "crisis pregnancy centers" across the United States, Canada, and Japan have grown in number from eleven in 1981 to two hundred forty today, doesn't understand the fuss. "No business can define itself in terms of the services it does *not* provide," he explained. "Abortion clinics don't advertise what they don't do."

Doublethink is mental stupor's handmaiden. "We make no attempt to deceive women," Mr. Young told me. In the next breath: "But if someone asks a question in an emotionally charged manner, we teach our counselors to leave it alone. So, if someone calls up here and says, 'Do you do abortions?' I may ask, 'Do you think you're pregnant?' or, 'When was your last period?' We *are* aggressive—because we are competing for the attention of women going though crisis pregnancies, many of whom have been misled into thinking that abortion is the only help available."

Mr. Young and most other antiabortionists blame the press for what they consider the misconceptions people hold about the safe-

Across the country, thousands of women in need of advice on birth control or abortion are being lured into bogus "clinics." Instead of help, these women are getting an earful. BY SUSAN BOLOTIN

ty and morality of abortion. But at least two steps precede the assignment of responsibility: figuring out what the falsehoods are, and measuring the insidiousness of the half-truths.

Kay James, director of public affairs of the National Right to Life Committee, insists that her organization's primary goal is making the facts public. "I get mad at the pro-choice people," she explained, "when they say that we guilt-trip women to force them not to have an abortion. I think the worse guilt trip is not giving them full information about fetal development. There is no other surgery you can get in this country without your knowing all the risks. Obviously, I would like abortion to be illegal, but at least we should be able to agree on informed consent."

Sounds simple. But it's not. "Full information about fetal development" can, in the wrong hands, mean misinformation about grotesqueries. Some antiabortion clinics show clients Lennart Nilsson's *Life* magazine portfolio, in which the Swedish photographer documented, in color, the stages of human reproduction from fertilization to just before birth. The pictures are as incredible now as they were more than twenty years ago—and as magnified. To get their "truth" across, other clinics rely on pamphlets that feature pictures of dismembered fetuses after abortions.

The Christian Action Council provides its Crisis Pregnancy Centers with a video called *Understanding Pregnancy Alternatives*. "In our videotape," the Council's Curt Young said, "we try to point out the very practical, concrete ways that abortion is bad. There are many risks to abortion, and we treat those risks the same way that the American Cancer Society treats smoking. We don't say, if you have a first-pregnancy abortion, you're going to be sterile. But we do say that there is a risk for sterility. It's low, but there is a risk."

Medical certainty is hard to come by. A recent issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine* featured an article that suggested that the use of estrogen supplements by postmenopausal women incontrovertibly led to an increase in coronary heart disease. Another study—reported in the *same* issue—found no connection between estrogen supplementation and coronary heart disease. Is it any wonder, then, that antiabortion and pro-choice proponents can find differing studies to cite? So, the National Right to Life Education Trust Fund distributes a brochure that quotes prestigious medical sources to the effect that "chances for miscarriage in the first and second trimesters of pregnancy, premature births, and neonatal deaths are . . . significantly increased after experiencing an induced abortion." And the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights publishes a pamphlet that relies, in part, on a critical review of one hundred fifty studies by the Centers for Disease Control: "The rates of premature births, low birth weight, pregnancy complications, and infant mortality among women who have had an abortion are comparable to those of other women experiencing a first birth."

In the Christian Action Council's film, William Colliton, M.D., of Holy Cross Hospital of Silver Spring, Maryland, who discusses fetal development and the medical risks of abortion, calls an eight-week embryo a "baby." He describes a second-trimester abortion in the most unmedical of terms—a D&E (dilatation and evacuation) "clips the baby apart; disembowels the child"—and insists that the "baby" feels pain, never acknowledging the numerous studies that dispute his contention. Dr. Colliton displays a Victorian vision of women: during a saline amniocentesis abortion, "the mother expels the child between her legs," as if that were a place nice people didn't call by name. He also tells us he's seen women made infertile, and women who have lost their wombs—where, I wonder—after abortion. He never mentions, as Mr. Young had, that postabortion sterility is almost nonexistent—now that abortions are not performed back-alley.

Though the film's Christian proselytizing may make some viewers feel they had wandered into the wrong pew, *Understanding Pregnancy Alternatives* is fairly bland as antiabortion materials go. By its last fadeout (on a nursing mother dressed all in pure, virginal white) and its finale (We're here to help you choose life, to make a decision you and your baby can live with), I felt as if I'd been trapped in a 1950s' ad for sanitary napkins.

Even so, Mr. Young explained, "I don't condemn the use of gruesome pictures in convincing women to choose life. Groups that get a little rambunctious in their desire to get their information across are going in the right direction. But we're under the scrutiny of God, who wants us to be honest."

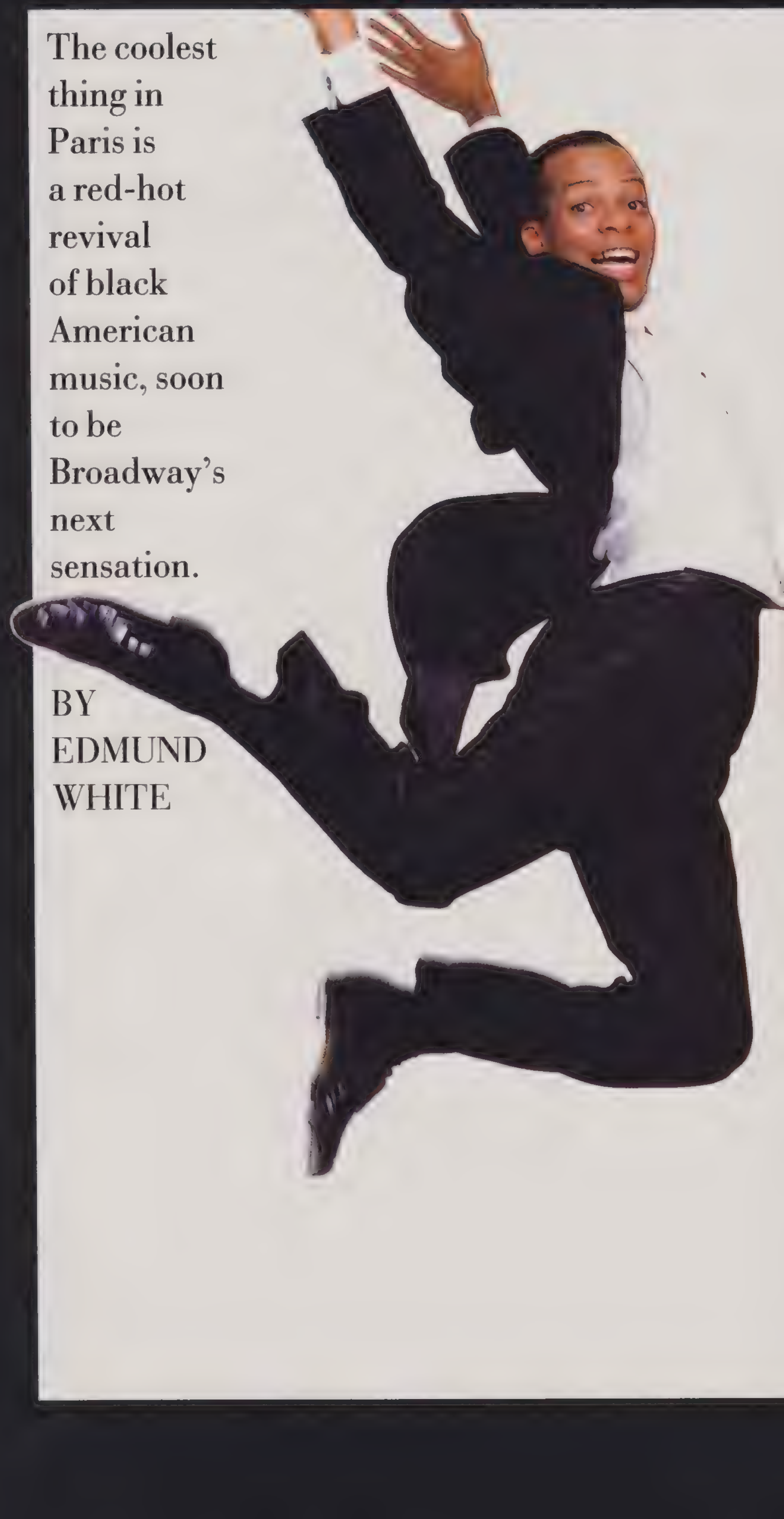
Mr. Young and God both might want to look at *A Matter of Choice: A Concise Report on Abortion*, another popular visual aid at antiabortion clinics. The film is a dramatization of a "reporter's" search for the truth while doing a "routine series of articles" about abortion for an unnamed journal. It is difficult to be totally objective about a subject as emotionally laden as abortion, but this film has no shame. The "reporter" manages to find a doctor who says abortion is a "matter of population control." She interviews antiabortion leaders Dr. and Mrs. John Willke, who make the amazing claim that child abuse has gone up 500 percent since the legalization of abortion—a statistic and a correlation comprehensible only to them, I must imagine. And then our feckless reporter shows us a photo of fetuses tossed into a wastebasket after abortions performed between eighteen and twenty-four weeks. Let's leave aside the fact that only 1 percent of abortions are performed after the twentieth week, and let's ignore the question of which "Canadian teaching hospital" treats surgical remains this way, and focus on the image itself. A couple of fetuses completely fill the wastebasket. At twenty weeks, a fetus weighs one pound, and measures six to seven inches from crown to rump. This must be one *very* small wastebasket.

Our own Lois Lane then takes us to *(Continued on page 540)*

Paris when it swings

The coolest thing in Paris is a red-hot revival of black American music, soon to be Broadway's next sensation.

BY EDMUND WHITE



The French are always in a state about falling under the spell of American pop culture and language. They even refer to our language as "American" as opposed to "English" (thus John Updike's novels, for instance, are said to be "translated from the American"). Yet despite the fear of American cultural imperialism, the French like a fix from the States from time to time—but according to their own formula. Their most recent American craze is for black-American music of an earlier day. This season, Paris has witnessed the triumph of *Black and Blue*, a tap-dancing, big-band, rhythm-and-blues homage to the 'twenties and 'thirties. The most bizarre aspect of this wonderful show is that it originated in Paris and only later will it travel to the States.

Black and Blue was conceived and put together by two Paris-based Argentines, Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orrezoli, whose last concoction was *Tango Argentino*, now a big hit in New York City. For their new venture, the two impresarios traveled through the States for a month; they auditioned some four hundred black singers, dancers, and musicians to come up with a final group of about forty performers.

The idea was to lay bare the authentic sound of black music in the prewar era, to strip it clean of recent additions of glitz. They chose a group of old-timers at tap, "The Hoofers" (who appeared in Coppola's film *Cotton Club*), and a team of young male and female tap dancers to re-create classic review numbers (dancing behind a muslin curtain to cast shadows on it, for

(Continued on page 540)

America started it, Paris celebrated it, and two South Americans—the impresarios who kicked up a storm with "Tango Argentino"—made it new all over again. Photographed for Vogue at Studio Astre by Bill King.

Details, last pages

MARY TYLER MOORE

The kitten that roared

A role model on screen, up front about her off-screen travails—how did the all-American Sweetheart escape the all-American clichés?

BY MARGO JEFFERSON

The Mary Tyler Moore persona is a set of quick, ingenious variations on the theme of how an American girl, an American sweetheart, becomes an American adult instead of an American cliché. We have loved such girls to distraction, from Mary Pickford to Doris Day, and that both are underrated actresses now is due to their having indulged our need to pet and patronize them without seeing that this would end in our dismissing them.

Mary first won America's sweetheart sweepstakes in 1961, when she debuted on TV as Laura Petrie on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. A bubbly suburbanite married to a comedy writer, Laura was in spirit the older sister of those endlessly fresh-faced minxes found on comedies like *Bachelor Father* or the Donna Reed shows. The role of Laura must have seemed all that heaven allowed to one who had begun her career as the Hotpoint Pixie on *The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet* ("Hi Harriet," she chirped while dancing on the stove top. "Aren't you glad you bought a Hotpoint?"), then joined the line of chorus dancers who accessorized variety shows. When Mary decided to break into acting, she was cast as the telephone operator on *Richard Diamond, Private Detective*, a throaty-voiced cipher who crossed her legs and flashed her hands weekly while her face remained unseen. There then followed a string of appearances on state-of-the-art schlock dramas—*77 Sunset Strip, The Millionaire, Hawaiian Eye*.

"They weren't what you'd call quality shows," Moore says with deadpan dignity. "However, in working on them I became acquainted with truth as an actress for the first time, and with continuity and believability that have to run through from beginning to end." And yes, there's something comical about a young actress honing her craft alongside Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, but there's also something decent and touching and smart about it. It goaded her ambitions; instead of remaining a sweetheart, she became a comedic straight man. Moore's mentor in this process was Carl Reiner, Sid Caesar's first funny straight man and the Van Dyke show's writer-producer. He taught her "ways of feeding a laugh and not hurting the joke, but still being a little funnier, a little more interesting than, 'Oh dear, what are you going to do now?' "

"Part of my growth as a three-dimensional straight man came from my insistence with Carl Reiner on truth. I would say 'I can't say this because I just did that'—I was a pain in the ass. But I guess I sort of broke new ground by making the straight man also a believable human being. I was terrified when I went to work with these brilliantly funny people. . . . I never expected to be funny, but I expected to be truthful." And therein lie the elements of the style that was first Mary Richards' and is now Mary Brenner's: nearly absurd sincerity that is paired with quick-reflex canniness; terror at not living up to whatever co-workers or friends might expect that contends with slightly self-righteous belief in her own integrity; nagging fear that she may have a bit less than everyone else that fights it out with her nagging hope that she may have a bit more.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show, which debuted in 1970 and departed in 1977, coincided with the rise of the women's movement; and, minus the monologues and melodrama, it was the TV equivalent of all those first-person female picaresque novels we read in which a heroine romped, wept, crept, and swaggered through work, sex, and self-discovery. Despite Mary Richards' far greater reticence about sex and self-revelation, any episode any week could have been titled "Fear of Flying" or "Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen." "Our show was really just about finding the truth and humor in everyday situations in a working girl's life, a working woman's life," Moore says in a tone that is both self-assured and self-conscious. That tone, plus the shift, mid-sentence from "girl" to "woman," documents the life and times of Mary Richards, news producer: smart but not quite sure how smart; *(Continued on page 543)*

Details, last pages

Brigitte Lacombe

SOUTH AFRICA

Photo:
Marie-Laure de Decker
Gamma Liaison

A black American woman's emotional journey through the white man's South Africa.

BY CHARLAYNE HUNTER-GAULT

At high noon on a Saturday, it was hard to believe that I was in South Africa, in the all-white city of downtown Johannesburg. This place, like all cities in South Africa, bars non-whites from living here by law. But there seemed to be only blacks on the streets—blacks buying, blacks selling. It reminded me of 125th Street and Seventh Avenue in Harlem, even down to the man hawking everything from shopping bags to gold chains.

Within minutes of wandering around, I passed a black beauty shop. Since in every black community I have ever known such places are the best sources of information on everything happening anywhere, I walked in. It was very crowded. No problem, I thought, carrying my tote bag full of material about South Africa that I had yet to read. With no one knowing my whereabouts, waiting in a beauty shop would, for once, be a pleasure.

"I'd like to get a wash and set," I said cheerfully to the young black woman behind the reception desk.

"I'm sorry," she said with equal cheer, "but we do only black hair."

As a black woman who had worn an Afro in the 'sixties and who still does occasionally on humid days, I was taken aback, to put it mildly. I have never thought of myself as anything other than a black woman, although "black" describes my state of mind rather than the actual hue of my skin. But I remembered that I was in South Africa, where skin-color variations can and do split families apart. People in the States had warned me that South Africa would be "different," but no one had been able to be specific. Now, this was but one of the many encounters I was to have that underscored that difference.

After a little more "sightseeing," I decided to go back to my hotel in a nearby suburb. On a whim, I walked into the beauty salon there. The only other blacks in the place were the women doing shampoos and sweeping.

"I'd like to get a wash and set," I said to the white receptionist.

"No problem," she said, sliding from her stool. "I'm free."

I smiled, saying silently to myself, "Well, I don't know if I am or not."

Throughout the month I spent in South Africa, looking at the effect of apartheid on its citizens—whites, blacks, and the brown-skinned people South Africa calls "Colored"—I was constantly making a kind of emotional leap back to a time when the future looked as bleak to many American blacks as it does now to many blacks in South Africa. I myself had encountered a wall of white resistance when I had applied to the all-white University of Georgia in 1959. It took two years of persistence and court battles, but in 1961, the court ordered the university to admit me. The white students rioted outside my dormitory when I arrived, but they were not successful in driving me away. I graduated and became a reporter, covering the activities of students involved in other protests aimed at dismantling segregation in the South.

Despite the obvious opportunity that I as a black American had to test the limits of apartheid, this was not my purpose. I was there as a journalist and had consciously decided to approach the subject of apartheid by letting the people who live with it every day tell their own stories. All the same, I found that at times I was being tested not only as a journalist but as a human being.

I had gotten ready for my South African assignment in the same way that I have always gotten ready to go to work in white institutions in my own country. Along with the rest of my clothes, I brought my suit of armor.

But sometimes it wasn't armor that I needed. The only ugliness I had seen for myself had been on American television before I had left New York. When I arrived in Johannesburg, I was surprised to see black clerks and cashiers in my hotel and blacks walking around the nearby area with abandon, even at night, when theoretically they should have been headed back to their black townships, where soon a 10:00 P.M. curfew was to be imposed.

The image of black anger that the American nightly news had etched in my mind—anger so great that it had led a mob to burn a black woman alive in the township of Duduza—was momentarily erased by a tall, handsome black waiter in the hotel dining room, whose first words to any and all entering were "How's everything today?" Without waiting for a reply, he always hastily supplied his own: "Lovely, lovely, lovely."

When I tried to establish eye contact, to say "Okay, you can drop the act with me," there was no eye contact to be made. Did he have to keep his anger a secret? Did it exist? What was he like at the end of the day, when he had to leave the "lovely, lovely, lovely" international hotel in Rosebank and go home to Soweto, his not-so-lovely black township some thirty miles away?

I had not yet been to Soweto, so I couldn't begin to know anything of his anger. All I knew was that in Johannesburg, township violence and death seemed as far away as a story made and filmed in Hollywood. The state-controlled television showed only images supporting the government's contention that it had everything under control, even the "few" sporadic incidents of "aimless" kids running amok.

In fact, the real drama of South Africa *does* exist as much in the lives of people going about their daily business as in the horrible riots that are tearing the country apart. For example, South African law requires that all blacks carry a pass every day. Failure to do so may result in a jail sentence and/or a fine for offenders. In 1983–1984, more than one hundred seventy-five thousand black people were arrested for pass-law violations, and more than one hundred forty-two thousand were convicted. The effects of such daily oppression can be a bit confusing to an outsider—even one who knows that, even in America, blacks can't always take their citizenship rights for granted.

I remembered the silence of the American press in the 'sixties in Atlanta, Georgia, where I had lived, a place that had prided itself on being "the city too busy to hate." Then, students from Spelman, Morehouse, Morris Brown, and Clark colleges and from Atlanta University—the entire black college community of Atlanta—had gone to jail for sitting in at white lunch counters in department stores and bus stations, demanding an end to segregated facilities and anything else that perpetuated a legally imposed second-class status on black citizens. Not only the white media, but the black daily newspaper, which was beholden to white advertisers, had pretended that nothing was happening.

So I knew that a vacuum of information can be strong enough to suck you in before you know it; but I was still unprepared for what I found when I went to visit a black township for the first time.

KwaThema is smaller (official population is just over one hundred thousand) and less well known outside South Africa than Soweto, the giant black township on the outskirts of Johannesburg. Like all black townships, it is geographically *(Continued on page 490)*

Charlayne Hunter-Gault *is an Emmy Award–winning national correspondent for the "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour."*

 isolated from the white city (in this case, from Springs). The place was completely surrounded by the army, which I came to realize usually meant that there was heavy trouble inside.

But on the first day I went to KwaThema, all appeared calm. We headed for the Catholic church, where the priest reportedly had presided over a number of funerals for blacks shot by the state security forces. At the church, we found only Sister Agatha, a Dominican nun, who seemed at first reluctant to open up to us. A man was sitting with her, but she did not identify him immediately. (This reticence about introductions is common throughout South Africa. Even at restaurants, people often speak just above a whisper. James Baldwin once said that it's not paranoia when they're really after you; and many of the people I met had been banned, jailed, tortured, or otherwise harassed by the state security forces. Often their offenses were words spoken in meetings or among groups of people that later turned out to have included informers.) Gradually, she began to tell us about the violence that the township residents lived with. "It has touched us all," she said with a disarmingly quiet strength that came to symbolize her for me. "This man just lost his son."

I was stunned. The man—a slightly rumpled figure who had sat expressionless during our conversation—simply nodded.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What happened?"

"He was shot last week by the police," she said.

"What was he doing?"

"He was with a group of school children. They shot at them, and killed him."

I turned and looked at the man, still silent; his eyes had filled with tears, but the tears did not flow.

After a long silence, he said, "He was our breadwinner." And that was all.

Incidents that ended in death, like this one, or in some other form of tragedy were commonplace. A spokesman for the army had told me that its purpose was merely to try to get the children back in school. The students had been boycotting classes since the previous May, protesting what they said was unequal education and, later, the state of emergency. We subsequently learned that even after the children had been forced back into their classrooms, soldiers had stormed the rooms and had beaten the children severely. Some had ended up in the hospital. Others had been afraid to go, although they had severe injuries.

Sister Agatha offered to take us to meet Theresa Nguni, a friend who had a story to tell. She was what they call a "*shabeen* queen," a person who runs an unlicensed bar out of her home. People seem to prefer these more personal *shabeens* to the state beer halls, especially since any institution connected with the state is a likely target for burning (KwaThema's own beer hall stood as a stark example of that). Generally, the police ignore the *shabeens*, even though they are unlicensed.

We arrived at a house down the road and were told that Theresa was in bed. Sister Agatha disappeared inside for a few minutes; then, we were asked to come in and sit down.

A large woman who was having difficulty walking made her way into the room. She smiled, almost shyly.

"Show them," Sister Agatha gently encouraged her.

Theresa pulled up her sweater, slowly and painfully. As she lifted the sweater up to her neck, I could see that her breasts were swollen and covered with large circular bruises. There were also long marks that looked like black leeches all over her body. She reached up and parted her hair: areas of her scalp were raw.

"Tell them," Sister Agatha urged her.

Theresa told us the story of how the police had stormed her *shabeen* a few nights earlier and had beaten all the patrons. She had been in bed in another part of the *(Continued on page 544)*

THE WHITE TRIBE

An acclaimed South African novelist explains why the Afrikaners will never give in.

BY J.M. COETZEE

They do their shopping in supermarkets. They watch American soap operas on television. They buy life insurance. They belong to PTAs, they send their daughters to ballet classes. They are a far cry from the bandoliered horsemen who in the guerrilla campaigns of the Boer War frustrated the might of the British Empire, or from the women in crinoline sunbonnets who loaded their menfolk's smoking guns as they decimated the Zulus. The Boers of old were simply one African tribe among many, the white tribe, the tribe of *Afrikaners*, warring with black tribes for land and cattle. But does it still make sense to call their three million descendants a tribe, now that they hold paramountcy, however uneasily, over the subcontinent?

Tribe is a word barely used nowadays in anthropology, so redolent is it of patronizing nineteenth-century attitudes toward non-Western peoples. Nevertheless, it is a word worth preserving, if only in the layman's tongue. What other word do we have to describe a group to which you can belong only if you speak a certain language (from birth), have a certain ancestry, hold a certain set of religious beliefs, practice certain cultural observances, and follow a certain political line—a group that, furthermore, will exclude you from its midst if you offend its standards? There is a strong strain in Afrikaner thinking that says *Afrikanerskap*, Afrikanerness, is not something you are born with, like citizenship, but something you attain or fail to attain. Just as there is such a thing as a lapsed Catholic, so there are lapsed Afrikaners, plenty of them: Afrikaners by descent who, because they are unable to measure up to the standards set by the community, or out of political rebelliousness, or out of a longing for a freer, more cosmopolitan life, have left the fold and made a home for themselves on the fringes of South Africa's minority white English-language culture.

Political opponents have, in fact, long called the Afrikaners a tribe, half in jest, because of their narrow sectionalism. But I believe we can seriously argue that, even in the late twentieth century, Afrikaner society remains, in important respects, tribal, and that outsiders who come into contact with Afrikaner leaders ought to understand what it means to be dealing with tribalists.

The concept of the tribe is particularly worth preserving because a certain mode of *thinking* goes hand in hand with tribalism. Among the characteristics of the tribal world-outlook, I would isolate three.

First, the assumption that the world is *essentially* made up of tribes, that individuals are born into tribes, and that if you scratch the surface of other forms of social organization, you will find a bedrock of tribalism underneath. Hence the Afrikaner's feeling that black Americans are not *real* Americans, and that white

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J.M. Coetzee, *whose most recent novel is "Life and Times of Michael K.," is teaching at Johns Hopkins University this spring.*

Women of the South African navy learning to defend the interests of the state

Americans must secretly share this feeling, whatever they may say in public. To Afrikaner thinking, blacks in America are a prime example of a group that has lost touch with its own (tribal) roots, yet is forever debarred, by race, from wholehearted acceptance into the white mainstream. Afrikaners see the fate of the black man in the United States as a sad example of what happens to minorities that lose their tribal identity and tribal autonomy; they have no intention of themselves becoming the white Negroes of Africa.

Where does this assumption come from? The Afrikaner Calvinist churches have long taught that the division of mankind into ethnic types is part of God's dispensation, and that deliberately to confuse or to transgress these God-given boundaries is an act of disobedience. This doctrine, whose scriptural basis is exceedingly meager, has been subjected to devastating attacks by the world's theologians. The Afrikaner churches have found themselves isolated and their teaching proscribed as heresy.

But old beliefs die hard. It is part of the Afrikaner's ideology, reinforced in churches and schools and universities, that tribes and nations (the words are used interchangeably) are somehow a *fundamental* fact of life, that the individual is less important than the tribe, and that anyone who acts against the interests of his tribe is in some sense *unnatural,* in conflict with the order of nature.

Afrikaners pride themselves on their rapport with the African, a rapport based, they say, on centuries of living with Africans cheek by jowl (Africans have little to say of any rapport with Afrikaners). But when the Afrikaner talks of "the African," he usually has in mind the old-world African, still bound into the tribe. To the new African, the African of the modern world, urban and detribalized, the Afrikaner reacts with suspicion, incomprehension, even antagonism: the new African, he feels, has betrayed his people, lost touch with his essence, become an aberration. At a time when the very foundations of its power are tottering, the government of the Republic of South Africa refuses to negotiate with organizations that represent the post-tribal African. No doubt there is a strong element of political calculation in this refusal. But there is dogma too: if the fundamental unit is the tribe, then fundamental negotiations must be among leaders of tribes.

A second characteristic of tribal thinking is that it tends to see people as types or representatives ("the Zulu," "the African," "the Afrikaner") rather than as individuals with individual histories. "The individual is nothing: the individual only realizes himself in the nation," said Nicolaas Diederichs, President of the Republic during the 1970s. Listening to Afrikaners talk, one continually hears the refrain: "Why is the African so ungrateful? Before we came he had nothing. He lived in the bush in dirt and squalor and ignorance. We give him a house, we give him a job, we provide health care and a pension. Yet look at the thanks we get!"

It is a familiar refrain. We hear it from parents all over the world complaining about ungrateful children. But in South Africa it has an additional resonance. The white who talks about "the African" thinks of him as tied to a past he cannot escape, as static, timeless, without a history and incapable of historical movement. It is a view blind to the life-experience of today's Africans. "The African" is not the same African who two or three or four generations ago "came out of the bush." The young man erecting barricades across the streets and hurling stones at the police was born into a world of automobiles and telephones, *(Continued on page 543)*

Abbas/Magnum Photos

A Town of her Own

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Smitten by a desolate village in Spain, jewelry designer Elsa Peretti forsook traditional glamour to create a refuge—an entire town—out of hard work and true wit.

The main square of Sant Martí Vell is bordered by a church, a small house with green shutters and a neat roof, an arched bridge, a long stone building where the locals used to pay taxes, and several ruined houses covered in ivy. It is seven-thirty on a warm September evening; Elsa Peretti, in a cotton kimono, comes out of the little house and crosses the square. She is at home. Everything in the square is hers, except the church. She lives in the house, the long building is her drawing room. The rest of the village (with the exception of the houses occupied by the mayor and four other families) is hers as well.

Elsa Peretti bought her first house in Sant Martí Vell in 1968 for a thousand dollars. She was then a model, commuting between Italy and New York, with long stays in Barcelona, where she was an intimate of *la gauche divine*, the divine left—intellectuals opposed to Franco, *(Continued on page 494)*

Elsa Peretti *(right, top)* doesn't have to dream of castles in Spain; she has created a spectacular home for herself in the village of Sant Martí Vell in Catalonia. Buying up abandoned buildings, some fronting on the town square *(above)*, she rehabilitated them, creating a marvelous sequence of both intimate and cavernous living spaces. Her flair for improvisation let her turn one house into a swimming pool *(right, bottom)*. *Left:* Her classic silver belt buckles and a couple of Japanese baskets.

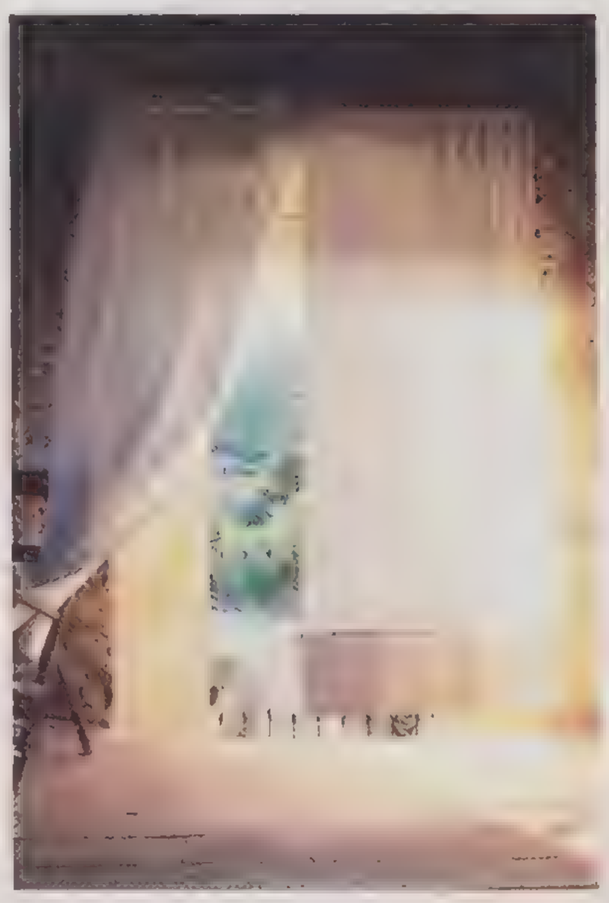
Oberto Gili

(Continued from page 492) who included the sculptor Xavier Corbero and the architect Ricardo Bofill. Someone suggested that she needed a house and a car so as to be really free and sent her a picture of the little house in Sant Martí Vell. The village was abandoned, full of ruins; and she was smitten from the first moment she saw it, at night. "I knew I was right to come here." It could have seemed an odd idea that someone launched into a New York career would choose to ground herself with a ruined house in a desolate part of Spain, particularly as she is Italian, not Spanish. It turned out that this seemingly arbitrary and definitely difficult choice was the best thing she could have done. "Spain gave me my success. I would never have been a jewelry designer without Spain," she says; and adds, a little later, "I wonder what would have happened if I had bought a house in Connecticut instead." As it is, she has an apartment in New York City, an apartment in Rome, and a tower in Tuscany; but she is most attached to Sant Martí Vell.

This is not an easy part of Spain: The land is barren, the winters are cold, and in the village the church blocks the sun from December to April. Not so long ago in Catalonia, people died for their political beliefs, and God here is as unforgiving as the land. The pilgrims who slept in the church on their way to Santiago de Compostela had to journey by foot; and it was in Gerona, twenty miles away, that one Rabbi Jonah compiled the definitive list of every sin a Jew can commit, with fitting punishments, in *The Gates of Repentance*. "This is home," says Peretti. "It needed a lot of guts."

For the first few years she lived by herself in the small unheated house, working with carpenters and masons. Jordi and Pepí García, a couple from Barcelona, ended up as Elsa's steward and housekeeper. She admits to an obsession with the village, with building: "In New York, everything was already done. Here there was everything to do, I had to transform the place, prevent it from dying."

At first, she had no money. Her father was a successful Italian oilman, but she got no money from home and lived on what she *(Continued on page 497)*



A Town of her Own

Peretti built—but rarely uses—
a corner fireplace in her dining area *(top)*.
A second-story living room *(above)*
opens onto a balcony overlooking the village.
Needing a new ceiling for her bedroom
(right), Peretti used secondhand
telephone poles as beams.
She bought the nineteenth-century bed
locally for the equivalent of $20.

Oberto Gili

A Town of her Own

In 1974, Peretti built a "water tower" to create a modern bathroom *(left)*. The ladder leads to a small bedroom on the top floor. The living room *(top)* is accented by a nineteenth-century kimono displayed on a Japanese hanger. Above: Peretti-designed terra-cotta bowl and candleholders in a niche with her silver pieces in a room that awaits restoration.

(Continued from page 494) earned as a model, which was not always a great deal: her look was strong and severe, sophisticated. She was also alone: "It never passed through my mind that I was going to live with someone: every bed I'd ever had was a single bed with the light on one side. You can't take on a job like this place and be in love."

What started as a small refuge grew. As she got more money, Elsa bought more houses. She liked the big tax house for its lofty proportions, its soaring New York flavor. In its basement, there are secret passageways, leading perhaps to caverns. She hasn't investigated them, but she replaced the roof, using secondhand telephone poles instead of the beams she couldn't afford. "Sometimes when you don't have money, it's better because you go to the essential." The basement room is as vast as the main floor; and, in the middle of it, she placed a huge millstone, bought on credit from a local antiques dealer.

There is a small bedroom off the drawing room with triple locks and a small stone trough on the floor which she used as a bath. Then, so as to get from the first house to the drawing room without having to pass through the main square, she built a tower that is reached by a bridge over the street; and in the tower is another bathroom, with a deep marble tub and a blow-up of Helmut Newton's photograph of her as a *Playboy* Bunny, taken one Halloween in New York. Above the bathroom is a small bedroom reached by a ladder. You go down an external staircase and find yourself in the garden of the first house, where you can go over another bridge and find yourself by a swimming pool which is contained by the walls of a ruined house. And if you jump into the pool and keep your eyes open, you can look out a window set into its side and onto the farmyard below. . . .

And so it goes. There is an almost hallucinatory quality to Sant Martí Vell that increases as the hours there go by. Sleeping in the small house, eating in its small dining room or sitting in the fireplace room, on narrow wooden benches beneath a ruffled glass lampshade, you feel enclosed, safe, warm. In the big drawing room, the furniture is serious black leather, *(Continued on page 542)*

Oberto Gili

A Town of her Own

On the middle level of the grotto-like living room, a pair of Japanese folding screens lines a whole wall. On the lower level, a huge millstone holds a Peretti-designed silver tray and candlestick, as well as a puma skull whose teeth and fracture she had plated with silver. The wooden armchair is a contemporary copy of an original by Antonio Gaudí, the great Catalan architect.

Oberta Gil

color:

the modern approach

Here, the latest makeup thinking: three palettes—orange, metallic, lavender—that any woman can wear . . . based on a "color system" that works and real-life skin care

Swatched on the "canvas," *opposite*, the colors that represent the makeup palettes for spring: shimmering metallics—the new "neutrals" . . . lavender—in lilac, plum, and mauve tones—the delight, the charm of the season . . . and orange—everything from hair gels to lip/nail colorings in new, brighter formulations. Specifics here: Estée Lauder's Lamé Smokestick eyeshadow (on brow); Elizabeth Arden's Shivering Purple Lip Fitness gloss (on cheek); Chanel's Peach French blush (on chin). These eight pages: makeup, Tyen of Paris.

Penn

This season, if you're looking for a change in makeup, the colors to go for, that work with everything you're seeing in spring fashion—all the paler colorings, the neutrals, navy, and white—are the range of colorings in: *orange*—from the brightest pop of a hot-orange mouth to paler orange cheeks . . . *metallics*, this spring's new neutrals . . . and *lavender*—always with a hint of pink . . . all of which are symbolized, *left*. The difference this spring: in the way coloring is used . . . always minimally, always as an "accessory," as a suggestion of color . . . and in the way it's *applied:* with a lighter hand, a sheerer, more transparent texture. There's no doubt: in the abstract, these are "vivid" colors; but the reality—as you'll see on these eight pages—is that they are *un*glaring, attractive colors that work with any skin/hair tone. One reason: equally important to choice of color now is method of application. Lip color, for example, is always blotted, then reapplied for maximum effect with a minimal "hand." And makeup tools—whether you're working with a basic powder brush or a simple facial tissue—play more of a role . . . blotting, sheering-out color to its entire range of shades. But perhaps the most modern change: these are colors that are wearable, that work for every woman—regardless of her age or her coloring (including hair color and skin tone). The proof is on the pages ahead: colors are chosen from each of spring's three makeup palettes . . . but the makeup on each model is compatible with her skin tone and hair color. (The "rule" for choosing one's coloring is described in more detail later in this article.)

What also makes these spring-color palettes so wearable: the quality of women's skin. Today, you can't separate skin caring from makeup application; it's the reason why, in fact, more and more makeup products contain skin-caring ingredients. The almost transparent sheerness of today's makeup—together with women's improved skin—has contributed to a more see-through quality in application now. Heavy coverage in makeup—or coverage at all—is not the point. More than ever, makeup has become something that shows off the beauty of well-cared-for skin.

What that requires: a rethinking of so-called beauty "rules" that no longer apply . . . among them the "system" of skin-type labeling: the categories of "dry, oily, normal, or combination" skins. And the "fact" that a woman's skin "type" changes seasonally. Smart women know that their skin type can change *weekly*, even *daily*, and that hard-and-fast regimens no longer make sense. The reason: needs are transient; demands, individual. A woman who exercises outdoors, for example, has very different skin-care needs than a woman who exercises indoors at home or in a gym. Ditto the woman who travels a great deal on business vs. the woman who isn't exposed to frequent climate changes.

Care depends on how one's skin is performing at a particular moment. Factors to take into consideration when determining whether to use a lightweight or more emollient moisturizing formula are geared to specifics: Is your skin tired? stressed? sunburned? showing the effects of late nights? travel? outdoor exercise? Part of this new thinking can be seen in the new nine-product skin-care line Glycel (based on GSL, a natural skin substance isolated by the noted surgeon Christiaan Barnard, M.D.), which provides a range of skin caring *(Continued on page 538)*

color '86: *Modern thinking:*
with bright color, with orange,
a minimal approach. . .

Makeup "rule":
you can wear <u>any</u> color
as long as it reflects
your skin/hair's
natural <u>undertones</u>

orange

The look of modern makeup and bright color—in this case, this season's hit of orange—applied minimally and worn with neutrals on eyes, cheeks, *opposite*. What a look like this takes: precise application—here, lip color blotted and reapplied to achieve sheerer texture. Makeup: Dior's Sunshine lips, Modulation in Coral blush. Swatched, the season's best orange tones to choose from (depending on *your* skin's undertone). *Clockwise, from top right:* Vidal Sassoon's Colorific color styling gel in Red Dazzle; Orlane's Horizon Bronze eyeshadow; Prescriptives Nasturtium lip color; L'Oréal's Golden Apple nail enamel; Vidal Sassoon's Sunlit Copper Colorific styling mousse; Merle Norman's Woodland Peach blush; Chanel's Peach French blush; Dior's Sunshine lipgloss; Peach from Lancôme's Printemps Eyecolor Quartet; Shiseido's Golden Apricot lips. These six pages, wigs from Theresa Wigs, NYC; cut and styled by Garren for Garren, NYC.

Penn

color '86: *Carefully applied, metallic silvers and golds become the new "neutrals"—even for day*

Makeup constant, whatever your skin type, skin tone: with metallics, matte foundation is key

metallics

The metallic look, *far left,* shown on a fair-skinned, light-haired model (here, she's a redhead, but the same rules apply to blonds)—and the variations swatched, *near left,* show the range of this kind of coloring. Tips: the best foundations to wear with gold/silver are in the "tan" family, matching skin during the day, going lighter at night. . . and loose powder—also on the tan side, even with a little yellow in it—brings out metallics even more. Also, using metallics by day means going for their most toned-down versions: khaki-gold or yellow-gold, as here, *opposite,* on eyes and lips with a little mascara, a matte foundation. The coloring: Lancôme's Chandelle and Doré Waterproof Creme Eyecolours; Satin Nacré powder dusted over Wood Rose blush; Folie Maquiglacé LipColour. Other gilded choices, *from top to bottom:* Maxi Endless Sun Radiant Mousse in Sun Bronze; Estée Lauder's Lamé eye color; L'Oréal's Shadow Riche eyeshadow in Wisteria; Orlane's Lumière du Soleil lipgloss; Brown from Stendhal's #44 trio; Estée Lauder's Sunrise Beige Re-Nutriv lip color; Orlane's Lumière du Soleil nail color; Copper from Stendhal's #44 trio; Revlon's Sun Coral blush; Estée Lauder's Smoke eye color; Orlane's Reflets d'Or blush.

Penn

lavender

The quality most apparent in the lavender makeup, *opposite* (worked out on a model with a dark skin tone and hair color): sheer opalescence... with all-over lavender powder brushed on cheeks, mouth, eyes. Despite all the "color," the effect is low-key. The reason: the "lavender" here, a warm rosy pink, reflects the warm *under*tones of this model's skin/hair coloring. The application is minimal: the *same* lavender-pink powder is used everywhere; here, Estée Lauder's Wild Iris eyeshadow on cheeks and eyes, Misty Mauve Automatic Lipshine. The lavender palette, *clockwise, from top:* Roux Fanci-Full Mauve Decade color styling mousse; Dior's Palm Tree nail color; YSL's shocking pink #9 mascara; Elizabeth Arden's Shivering Amethyst eyeshadow; Dior's Palm Tree lip color; Elizabeth Arden's Trembling Orchid blush; Vidal Sassoon's Ultra Violet Colorific color styling gel; Cover Girl's Windswept Violet lip color; Elizabeth Arden's Shivering Mauve pot lipgloss, Lip Fitness Gloss in Shivering Purple; Princess Marcella Borghese's Sensuale Lustro Face Colour in Lilac Lustro.

color '86: *Modern makeup: sheerer tints of color that work—for every woman, every skin tone...*

...day or night, lavender powder brushed over skin that's moist, "primed," cared for...

Penn

Lingerie: A New Understatement

Deborah Turbeville

New this season, and on these six pages: lingerie with strong design appeal—that goes beyond the way it functions—holding and lightly shaping the body—to the way it looks—wonderfully spare yet charming. With romantic lace used in a totally modern way, as part of the design. . . . New too, an appealing "whitening" of color. . . and, the number of familiar designer names who have turned their attention to this area of dressing. The result: the best bras and teddies in a long, long time. . . . Pure delight—Ligne Rien's very sheer, transparent bra of reembroidered Calais lace, *far left*. It only looks fragile: an underwire lifts and shapes. About $44. . . . "After the athletic craze, it's important to offer a woman sensuality in lingerie—without frills or overstatement," says Giorgio Armani, who does just that in his first Giorgio Armani Intimate Apparel collection. A perfect example, *near left:* an ivory lace and sheer nylon body suit with a V-shaped back. About $100. These six pages: hair, Valmer for Jean Louis David; makeup by Michel de la Rue. Details, stores, last pages.

A New Understatement

When is a bra not simply a bra—when it's infinitely more charming to look at, made of nylon stretch lace and satin appliqués. And, it's ingeniously designed—to hold and shape with a wire in the middle, *this page*. This one from Josie Natori: part of her evolution from creator of beautiful sleepwear to "sexy, more French" lingerie. Natori. About $27. . . . One of the newest—and hottest-selling—bras around: the T-back bra to slip under cut-away turtlenecks and tanks. Here, *center*, the original "Racer-Back" by Pastunette. Two years ago, it was spotted as a bright accessory under European "Flashdance" tops; today, it's in white stretch point d'esprit lace with an underwire for added support. About $20. . . . A strapless body suit that really holds—comfortably—in the prettiest nylon/spandex stretch lace, *opposite*: Ananda's—perfect under jerseys, other knits, for a clean streamlined look. About $40. Details, stores, last pages.

Deborah Turbeville

A New Understatement

Deborah Turbeville

The shape you want to be in!—a stretch-lace body suit that's sheerer, seamless, with a built-in soft-cup bra that's invisible to the eye, *opposite page,* by Olga's Christina. Of Antron/Lycra. About $28. ...This season, even a "basic" bra has more—more snap in the color, more shape, more lace incorporated into the pattern. Case in point, *center:* an ivory stretch-lace nylon/spandex bra with front closure, underwire. By Wacoal. About $28....What you want when you want something that's cut lower, seamless ...something perfect for cut-away necklines, *near left:* Duet's stretch-lace three-quarter-cup Antron/Lycra bra with amusing snowflake patterned lace. About $28. Details, stores, see last pages.

OVERMEDICATION:

HEALTH HAZARD

Of all living species, humans seem to be the only ones who will take medicine voluntarily (an observation sometimes attributed to turn-of-the-century British physician Sir William Osler). Judging by figures on drug sales, humans are not just *willing* to take medicine: they are downright enthusiastic.

FDA researcher Carlene Baum, Ph.D., in a report to the 1985 annual meeting of the American Public Health Association, noted that in the previous year more than one and one-half billion prescriptions had been dispensed in the United States. At an estimated twenty doses each, that means that we somehow managed to swallow at least thirty billion pills and capsules prescribed by our physicians.

But prescription drugs are only a small percentage of those used by the American public. Estimates are that, for every prescription drug, most of us take at least *ten times* that number of pills that we buy without prescriptions in drugstores, supermarkets, and even gas stations. Manufacturers of nonprescription drugs are not required by the FDA or any other public or private agency to give sales figures, but there is one way to estimate how many of these drugs we are buying: by checking out *The Wall Street Journal* rather than a medical publication. Stocks of companies specializing in popular over-the-counter drugs seem to keep hitting new highs.

Physicians interviewed for this article indicated that most of us take more drugs than we need, and that the two most overmedicated groups in this country are also the most vulnerable: the very young and the very old. There is, however, a third group of patients who frequently *don't get the drugs they need*: those suffering from severe pain. The very same physicians who are now attempting to educate the public and some of their colleagues about the dangers of overmedication are also trying to persuade others in the medical and nursing professions to prescribe and administer sufficient, potent pain-killers, including narcotics, to those who really need them, and thus to prevent unnecessary suffering.

As far back as any anthropologist can see, humans have used various substances, reputed to have magical powers, to make themselves feel better when they were in pain, anxious, depressed, or just plain uncomfortable. In every community there have been special individuals thought to be able to cure the sick. Sometimes these "healers" were remarkably successful, either because they indeed found some plant or herb that was useful for a special condition, or because of what we now call "the placebo effect," the patient's belief that the medicine or magic spell was actually helping.

According to Robert B. Millman, M.D., professor of clinical public health and associate professor of clinical psychiatry at NYC's Cornell University Medical College, many of us say we don't believe in magic . . . we believe in science. And then we go out to buy that expensive, well-advertised reducing pill that our doctor has told us will have no effect on weight loss. Perhaps we even drop a few pounds because, along with the pill, we actually do eat less and exercise more; but, deep down inside, we believe that in some way the pill helped.

Americans also take a variety of multi-ingredient over-the-counter cold remedies that actually do suppress some symptoms but don't make the cold last one hour less . . . indeed most physicians feel that medications with decongestants can make a cold last longer because they dry up nasal passages. According to the best pharmacological opinion, a lot of these pills have too many ingredients, many of which counteract each other.

Among the normal, healthy adult population in this country much of the overmedication is self-prescribed. We either get the medication at the drugstore without a prescription, or we talk an overworked, somewhat impatient physician into giving us a prescription for something he feels will probably do no harm, and might even do some good. At any rate, it will get that pesky patient out the office door.

The overprescribing of various medicines comes in cycles. There are fashions in medicine just as there are in clothes. When some of us were children, antibiotics were generally regarded as miracle drugs (they actually *are* for *bacterial* infections), so they were prescribed by some physicians even for mild virus ailments, colds, stomachaches, anything vague that was generally referred to as "flu," and a variety of other nonspecific ailments. Doctors knew fairly early on that these drugs did not help, except perhaps through their placebo effect, for illnesses that were of nonbacterial origin; but they also thought that the drugs would probably do no harm. This was wrong.

After a very short time it became apparent that many of these drugs had serious side effects. For instance, penicillin, the first of the so-called "miracle" drugs, produces severe allergic reactions in some patients. Bacteria can become resistant to antibiotics when the drugs are given too often. Various bacteria got used to antibiotics and changed enough, genetically, to be able to survive even stronger doses. Indeed, some outbreaks of staphylococcus infections in hospitals have been attributed to the overuse of antibiotics (as well as a lack of cleanliness, which overconfidence in these drugs had produced in the housekeeping staffs). Today, few responsible physicians

OF OUR TIME

Are we dosing ourselves with too many drugs? Are prescribed medications causing diseases instead of curing them? The medical community is taking a hard look at what the role of pharmacology is—or should be—in our society. BY ELLEN SWITZER

would allow themselves to be talked into prescribing an antibiotic by a patient with even the most miserable viral infection; only if there is a strong possibility that a secondary bacterial infection might follow the virus are antibiotics still prescribed.

The next group of drugs, following the antibiotics, to have their vogue were the minor tranquilizers—for instance, diazepam (Valium) and chlordiazepoxide (Librium).

For generations doctors have seen patients who complained of constant tension, anxiety, insomnia, inability to concentrate, and general unhappiness with life around them; and many of these patients were women. (According to Dr. Millman, men probably consider complaining of anxiety unmasculine; and men have, over the generations, developed their own tranquilizing method: alcohol.) These vague complaints often originated in life situations that could not be remedied easily. Extensive psychiatric treatment, the generally preferred method of dealing with such problems, often proved to be unacceptable to the patient or just plain too expensive. So a small pill that seemed to float all those miserable feelings away seemed like a miracle. In the beginning these drugs were not considered physically addictive, although it was soon noted that they seemed to be psychologically habit-forming.

Once on the tranquilizers, many patients tended to wish to stay on them, and to take the pills not only when they were experiencing some major crisis or anxiety, but whenever anything unpleasant came up in their lives. The use of these drugs reached their highest level in 1973, when they were the most-prescribed medications, not only in the United States, but in much of western Europe. Reporters in Northern Ireland noted that in the late 'seventies, during the worst of the perpetual "troubles," 10 mg Valium tablets were offered (set out on dainty little plates with white doilies) at tea parties, right along with the scones and the bread and butter. There is a classic scene in one American film in which a woman who has just found a dead body asks the surrounding crowd for a Valium, and every other woman in the party opens her pocketbook to produce her supply of the helpful little pill.

As Valium use reached its peak, a spate of popular books recounting the horrors (often wildly exaggerated) of Valium addiction made best-seller lists. This may be one of the reasons why the use of Valium and other minor tranquilizers decreased over the next decade and leveled out in 1983. It certainly is no longer the most frequently prescribed drug in the United States. Last year cardiovascular drugs (222 million) were the most-prescribed in this country, along with 196 million antibiotics, as opposed to all psychotherapeutic drugs, including potent antipsychotic medications (131 million).

As the population of the United States ages, medications specifically for the problems of old age are those most frequently given. Physicians tend to worry about the overprescription of steroids (for arthritis). The steroids are excellent anti-inflammatories, but they tend to have several undesirable side effects. Some physicians feel that instead of cortisone, for instance, plain aspirin might be a better choice for the aches and pains grandpa used to call "the rheumatiz."

Another group of drugs, generically called ibuprofen (e.g., Motrin)—now marketed over-the-counter as Advil or Nuprin—may be effective anti-inflammatories as well, although many physicians suspect that, in the doses available without prescription, they are no better than aspirin and a lot more expensive. The drug is also used in medications sold for menstrual cramps and PMS, along with a mild diuretic. Again, many physicians suspect that aspirin or, for those who cannot tolerate that ubiquitous drug, acetaminophen (Tylenol, Datril) may be equally effective and have fewer side effects. Instead of a diuretic for PMS, many physicians advise some extra exercise and a low-salt diet for a week or so before menstruation.

The prescription drugs that worry many doctors now are the so-called tricylic antidepressants (Elavil, etc.). Some patients who start taking one of these medications to help them over a temporary bout with severe unhappiness seem to wish to continue indefinitely, or they may get in the habit of swallowing a few pills every time they hit a temporary blue period. Since these drugs take at least a week or two to show any effect at all, taking them when one has had a fight with a lover or been denied a raise does nothing to help the immediate distress.

There is one other cause of overmedication that comes from deep in our psyches: many of us feel (although we know better) that two of everything is better than one.

Garvil W. Pasternak, M.D., associate professor of neurology and pharmacology at the Cornell University Medical School and staff member at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center Pain Clinic in New York City, says that a great many physicians now write their prescriptions for medication to provide half-dose pills to be taken two at a time by their patients. Thus the patients can swallow two pills at once and get the doses they were meant to take in the first place.

Compliance with drug-taking instructions is a problem for many patients and for their physicians. Often the patient simply does not fully understand how, *(Continued on page 538)*

Personal style

A CLASSIC DIFFERENCE

What may be the most attractive approach to dressing: what you'll see on these eight pages . . .

These eight pages: Hair, Garren for Garren, NYC; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, stores, last pages.

Symbol of the quality that stands behind the style: classic, good-looking accessories. Accessories that make all the difference in the way a look comes together. The collection, *opposite page*, from Hermès: their legendary scarf—pure silk, arresting colors, distinctive prints, about $100... gloves in the handsome pigskin leather that's a legacy of over a century of saddle-making—in a new shorter, held-with-a-button shape for spring, about $175...the "Kelly" (as in Grace) padlock watch on a leather strap, about $575...a gutsy link bracelet of gold and silver, about $2000...an enamel equestrian bangle, about $195...and a great-looking, great big leather bag, about $975: to wear any way, every day... This season's take on a fashion classic, *this page*: the new sweater set—a bare tank top and longer cardigan—in cotton knit, with a silk-and-cotton skirt. By Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy. Tank, about $60. Cardigan, about $110. The way to wear them: with Baume & Mercier's moonphase watch; Bulgari's gold coin earrings and ring; Prada's leather drawstring bag.

Eric Boman

It starts with
the kinds of clothes
you can depend
on for day:
versatile, seasonless,
basic pieces—
fashion naturals—
now varied with
all the news of
the season; clothes
that form a
base allowing the
expression
of personal style:
what you get
with the addition
of accessories
of unrivaled quality,
luxury, and style;
accessories that
can turn—can carry
—a look, that
make the difference
with the way
they're put together;
accessories to
collect, to invest in,
to wear every
day, together, on
their own, mixed
with the new—
they're that timeless,
that classic . . . .

Personal Style . . .

A CLASSIC DIFFERENCE

The dressing that's classic—always attractive, a perfect "base" for personalizing: it's what you get with the finish, the effortless tailoring, and the neutral coloring of this season's new pants suits. *Left*: A crisp glen plaid double-breasted jacket and pants—in silk. Miss O by Oscar de la Renta. About $390. Late March at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Underneath, the top that's turning up under jackets everywhere right now: a little T-top, here in black from Ripcosa. . . . *Right*: Another good look—at an equally good price—from Anne Klein II: a tan jacket in seasonless wool gabardine and matching pants. Jacket, about $184; pants, about $120. Turnout at Macy's, New York; Balliet's. Jacket at Filene's. Pants at Bullock's. . . . With it: Gloria Sachs's cashmere sweater vest; an armful of bracelets with a "retro" Deco feeling; a good pair of sunglasses. For details, and more stores, see the last pages of this issue.

Eric Boman

Personal Style . . .

A CLASSIC DIFFERENCE

Key elements of the moment, with the kind of timeless appeal that goes on and on . . . Case in point, *opposite page*: The top that goes under everything, on its own, everywhere—Calvin Klein's wool jersey buttoned turtleneck; a perfect base, here, for a collection of Bulgari jewelry. Top, about $118. Bloomingdale's. Jewelry, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. . . . The season's new makeup—soft, natural, warm in color: Tender Coral lips, Rose Coral cheeks, from Charles of the Ritz. . . . More key pieces, *this page, top*: A great-looking trench coat, in navy wool gabardine. By Searle, about $300. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Embry's, Lexington KY; Nordstrom, Oregon. *Middle*: An ivory silk coat—to count on day and night—from Go Silk for L'Zinger. About $355. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . *Bottom*: A sweater set and matching skirt—indispensable pieces from Rebecca Moses. Cotton knit top, about $80; cardigan, about $160; skirt, about $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN. Jewelry, Bulgari. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Eric Boman

Personal Style . . .

A CLASSIC DIFFERENCE

A navy suit, a black turtleneck, the lift of gold: classic statements for this spring—and beyond. *This page*: The ongoing appeal of a navy jacket, in crisp gold-buttoned cotton twill, with matching trousers. By Frank Smith for Evan-Picone. Jacket, about $152; pants, about $68. April at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Marshall Field's; Bullocks Wilshire. With them, Rebecca Moses' cotton-knit crewneck; about $88. Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdines; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; The Denver. The look finished with more classics, more gold—a collection of Bulgari bracelets and watch at the wrist, chains at the waist. . . . *Opposite page*: An essential base for dressing and for accessories: a black sleeveless turtleneck, in cashmere and silk, from Zoran. . . . And one of this year's new accessories—Barry Kieselstein-Cord's gleaming 18k yellow-gold-link necklace. On the fingers, his gold "seal" rings. Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . A subtle adornment in makeup—a slight touch of gold: Pink Ginger on eyes, Sugared Grapefruit on lips, and Lemon Geranium cheeks. All, Clinique. Details, more stores, last pages.

Eric Boman

To sew now—effortless dressing—with the appeal of new seasonless fabrics, new paler neutral colors, the go-anywhere style of classics—and the nonstop versatility of four very movable, very adaptable pieces.

Starting, *near right,* with Perry Ellis' long, crisp, square-shouldered jacket in toasty-beige, with his signature one-button closing—and straight, to-the-knee skirt that buttons up the back for added narrowness . . . both, in a versatile silk that resists wrinkling. Fabric by Shamash. Jacket and skirt, Vogue American Designer Pattern #1694 by Perry Ellis . . . . Easygoing dressing, *far right,* that turns on a key new top in a key fabric—worsted-wool jersey—the raciest turtleneck with slightly wider armholes, tapered sleeves . . . slit open in back down to the waist, wrapped and tied for a body-close fit. Worn with straight-legged, sandy beige worsted-wool jersey trousers. Top, Vogue Pattern #9587. Pants, Vogue Pattern #9536. Jasco Fabrics jersey. Hair by Trevor Bowden for Clive Summers Salon, NYC; makeup by Pru Walters. Sewing tips, details, see last pages.

Erica Lennard

VOGUE AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1694 BY PERRY ELLIS

VOGUE PATTERN #9587

VOGUE PATTERN #9536

Welcome additions– from every point of view!

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works? Finding new fashion answers—this spring, in surprising ways: with day-to-night shoes, jackets with a charming edge . . . new ways with skirt, sweater dressing

The best answers to real—and specific—fashion needs, today, are seldom the most obvious choices. Much more than dependable "basics," the clothes and accessories that prove to be the most useful, most adaptable in the very newest sense, are usually pieces that share a definite style, a special edge. **What's "useful," in fashion, is being redefined today to a large extent. And it's not necessarily a navy blue blazer.**

A clear example of this? What's happening in the world of shoes—in this season and in this issue. Silvery snakeskin pumps—streamlined shoes such as the Andrea Pfister ones on page 458—may well be the best new all-around shoes you could own right now: in their own way, they're this year's equivalent of last year's black patent pumps. At the same time, though they're less immediately familiar in this context, silvery slingback shoes (such as Pancaldi's slim sandals, 5) can take on equally diverse—and useful—roles. **As this season's new neutral, silver shoes quickly add a lift to grey flannel trousers or to navy jersey pieces by day. These are shoes that move with ease from day to dinner.**

Another find: Yves Saint Laurent's splendid wide-strapped sandals (2) on high stacked heels. New-looking, they're also unexpectedly versatile, with a shape that fulfills a lot of spring and summer fashion needs: in black leather, these shoes can set up a short skirt, work with trousers or with a totally turned-out suit; in something more unexpected—such as green lizard—they add charm (or even an evening turn) to a pared-down top and trousers. For all-out evening, what's new, this season, may be something as totally flirtatious as a high heeled metallic-mesh shoe. Roger Vivier's—with a butterfly bow, made of silver-colored mesh—slip under a long soft skirt, under an evening pyjama at a resort or in any warm-weather situation. You'll be even happier, this summer, putting shoes such as these with a leggy short skirt, a short white dinner dress—all the better to show off their really beguiling nature.

Clothes that work—that present unexpected, welcome uses? **A thin, supple, lightly padded ivory silk coat (4) is one element that offers more than first meets the eye.** In this issue, we put it over a simple daytime wool jersey turtleneck and skirt, but it doesn't require that far a stretch of imagination to envision other possibilities: putting the coat over ivory silk pants and a thin ivory silk T-shirt . . . or with a black dress at night, for dinners at restaurants . . . or layering it over a pullover and pants for easygoing weekend dressing. There are those "accessory" pieces in fashion now—and this padded coat is just one of them—that have enough presence in and of themselves to change the way a look comes together, to create an immediate effect. A coat like this, more an accessory than a coat, can be used and used and used—and that's what the best dressing, in reality, is all about.

It's what this navy blue cashmere sweater set—small, bare, close to the body and beaded—and full taffeta skirt (1) both by Oscar de la Renta, are about, too: pieces that will go one step further for you, be equal not just to dinner dressing but to the most glamorous occasion, on a moment's notice. More than just a sweater and skirt, this season, this sort of look will prove its mettle again and again, when you add accessories that are a bit more noticeably "dressed"—high-heeled mesh shoes or a strong gleaming cuff, a unique belt or earrings.

"Rethinking," often this season, is the fashion key: looking at a white suede jacket (3), for example, as something more versatile than "special." A classic blouson, that jacket easily slips over a small-fitting pullover and above-the-knee skirt, over pants; it works, with little effort, as dressing for a weekend or for travel. Most surprising, though, is the jacket's credibility at night—because of its luxury of fabric and coloring. In the end, the fundamental uses are just one step beneath the surface, you'll find. This season, that means a wide range of fashion answers. ▽

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Controls dandruff. Brings out healthy highlights.

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h VOGUE'S HEALTH STYLE

Snacking to weight loss . . . beauty's "price" . . . stalking the common cold . . . lowdown on liquid diets . . . professional advisers: why it's hard to make a switch

A Sharper Image

One of the most common questions asked by women and men considering cosmetic surgery—"What will the results look like?"—is also the most difficult to answer. While the objective results of the surgery depend on both the surgeon's skill and the way in which the skin heals, a patient's *satisfaction* with the outcome, experts are learning, is tied to his or her expectations.

"Studies show that cosmetic-surgery patients who ask the greatest number of questions of their surgeons—who make an effort to learn about the risks, the pain, the possible complications beforehand—are less likely to experience either post-surgery depression or to report physical healing problems," said Deborah Lamberti, A.C.S.W., training supervisor, New York University Graduate School of Social Work.

Usually, surgeons evaluate patients' expectations by asking them to look in the mirror while they outline the changes they want surgery to accomplish. Often, this was followed up with a sketch of the planned surgical incisions done over a photograph of the patient. The latest innovation: a computerized system called "Face Systems' Imager" that enables a surgeon to "chisel away" at a portrait of the patient seated in front of the monitor, producing a life-like image of the same woman with, for example, a slightly smaller or somewhat straighter nose or fewer wrinkles.

How reliable a predictor of surgical results are these images? "They should be used as a catalyst for patient-surgeon communication rather than as a guarantee of what a woman or man will look like after cosmetic surgery. A photograph or computer image doesn't take into account the unpredictability of skin healing or the complications that are possible in any type of surgery," said Robert M. Goldwyn, M.D., who is clinical professor of surgery, Harvard Medical School and head of the division of plastic surgery at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

"If a woman or man cannot accept the ambiguity—and the risk—inherent in all cosmetic-surgery procedures, then that patient is simply not a good candidate for cosmetic surgery."

DIET STACK-UP

If you rely on food labels to compute calories, you may be eating more—or less—than you think. A little-known Food & Drug Administration (FDA) regulation allows for a 20 percent margin of error in the caloric labeling of *all* foods, including those marketed as weight-loss products. The New York State Consumer Protection Board, which has petitioned the FDA to disallow or alert consumers to the caloric leeway, noted that, under current laws, a daily diet thought to contain 2000 calories could weigh in at 1600 or 2400—a "margin of error" that, over the course of one year, can add up to an excess or deficit of 146,000 calories, the caloric equivalent of *forty pounds*!

SUN ALERT: **VISITORS TO ARIZONA BETWEEN MARCH AND OCTOBER ARE OFTEN SURPRISED TO HEAR THE "SUN-INTENSITY INDEX" INCLUDED IN LOCAL WEATHER REPORTS. THE SOURCE: A SUNBURN METER THAT IS LOCATED ATOP TUCSON'S ARIZONA HEALTH SCIENCES CENTER. ITS VERY PRACTICAL DAILY READOUT: THE MINUTES OF UNPROTECTED SUN EXPOSURE NEEDED FOR THE AVERAGE CAUCASIAN TO DEVELOP A SUNBURN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER.**

Full-Moon Madness

Does the arrival of a full moon really cause bizarre behavior? When psychologists James Rotton, Ph.D., of Florida International University, and I.W. Kelly, Ph.D., of the University of Saskatchewan, re-analyzed almost forty studies examining behavior during lunar cycles, they found no statistical proof that violence, psychiatric disturbances, or crime peaked during a specific phase of the moon. Science, however, may be no match for superstition. In a survey of 157 men and women aged seventeen to sixty-three, Drs. Rotton and Kelly found that almost half the respondents agreed with the statement, "Some people behave strangely when the moon is full"....

HOUSEPLANTS FIGHT POLLUTION

Indoor air pollution, a disturbing phenomenon recently exacerbated by well-sealed houses and offices, may be combatted by the common houseplant. NASA's senior research environmental scientist, Bill Wolverton, Ph.D., has discovered that many common houseplants (golden pothos, Chinese evergreen, and spider plant, for example) take in chemicals through the tiny openings on their leaves, clearing the air of the noxious agents: carbon monoxide, nitrogen dioxide, and formaldehyde. "These plants can tolerate the low levels of pollutants that are found in many buildings. And, as such low levels may trigger headaches, drowsiness, respiratory ailments, and dizziness in some people, a few plants in an office and about fifteen placed throughout an average house may be an easy, effective solution.

"But plants can't break down some more hazardous chemicals, radioactive radon gas, and fine smoke particles," said Dr. Wolverton. "When overwatered, plants may even produce fungus and mold that can be allergens.

"As researchers understand more about the function of houseplants, we should be able to develop more precise, sophisticated ways to use them to dramatically improve air quality."

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STALKING THE COMMON COLD

BY ISADORE ROSENFELD, M.D.

The realization that, often, patients are reluctant to consult doctors for information on preventing illness prompted Isadore Rosenfeld, M.D., clinical professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, to write "Modern Prevention: The New Medicine" (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster; out next month). The book outlines steps to take now to improve the length and quality of your life. In this excerpt adapted from his book, Dr. Rosenfeld focuses on a "minor" health concern that can have a major impact on well-being: the common cold. . . .*

Most Americans come down with a cold two or three times a year. As a result, the common cold is responsible for more visits to doctors in the U.S. than any other malady.

How is it, given all our medical and technical sophistication, that we cannot conquer the cold virus? The answer is that a cold may be due to one of three hundred or more different viruses, a number constantly increasing due to mutation. Even if we were able to make a vaccine, it would not be effective against so many different and ever-changing organisms.

The ability to ward off a cold is determined in large part by the antibody level from previous "experience" with a particular virus. Over the years, the body comes to possess many such antibodies as a result of repeated challenges by different cold viruses. That explains why, the older you get, the fewer colds you have.

The most important route by which colds are transmitted is the hands

The most important route by which colds are transmitted is the hands. If someone who has a cold sneezes, gets infective mucus on the hands, then shakes yours, you will inoculate yourself with the virus when you rub your eyes and nose. If someone in your home has a cold, ask the person to use separate towels, dishes, and utensils until the cold is over.

The cold virus can, of course, infect you by the aerosol route. When someone coughs or sneezes, the spray travels for about six feet, after which the particles fall harmlessly to the ground. If you're standing close by while the virus is still airborne, you will inhale it. Just sitting around for a couple of hours in the company of someone who has a cold is not likely to infect you unless he or she repeatedly coughs or sneezes directly into your face. Practically speaking, you'd have to spend the better part of a day in really close contact with an infected individual to be at substantial risk of catching the cold. Touching hands, tissues, utensils, and other contaminated objects is a more important route of infection.

Will vitamin C prevent the common cold? Most Americans believe it does; the scientific community, for the most part, does not. Some studies suggest that vitamin C actually does reduce the severity of cold symptoms once they have appeared.

I would like to be able to tell you that **cigarette smokers** are at greater risk for catching cold than are nonsmokers. This is apparently not so. But, once a smoker does come down with a cold, symptoms are apt to be more severe and last longer than in nonsmokers.

There is no evidence that any particular **diet** will prevent colds. What about chicken soup? Some studies suggest that it does reduce the severity of symptoms. And it's apparently not just the hot vapor from the soup itself because steam does not have the same effect. The beneficial ingredient has not yet been isolated.

There is no proof that being emotionally upset, or feeling very tired, will make you more vulnerable to catching a cold. However, **regular exercise** may offer protection by increasing blood flow (and greater number of antibodies) to the lining of the nose and respiratory passages. But to be protective, exercise must be *regular* and ongoing. A sudden workout after symptoms have set in isn't going to help. At that point, you need rest—not exercise.

Will you catch cold if you become wet and chilled? No. But a chill can be a symptom, not a cause. By the time you've experienced it, you're already infected.

Once you've caught a cold, if at all possible, stay home for a day or two, especially if you're feeling poorly. If you're coughing and sneezing, wear a disposable mask when others are around.

I don't think it makes any difference whether you "feed" your cold or "starve" it. Eat if you're hungry, and don't if you're not. Drink plenty of fluids. If your nose is stuffy or running, use over-the-counter nasal decongestants in spray form. They are more effective than oral preparations. Check with your doctor first if you have high blood pressure, diabetes, or thyroid or heart disease.

If you have a nagging cough, buy an over-the-counter preparation with dextromethorphan rather than codeine (the former is as effective and less constipating). You may use aspirin if you are an adult, but don't give it to children with a viral illness.

You can generally manage a cold yourself, but you should see your doctor if you spit up blood, if your temperature stays above 101° F for more than forty-eight hours, if the cold persists for more than seven days, if you develop pain in the chest on breathing or coughing, if your ears hurt, if your throat gets very sore, or if you have difficulty swallowing.

*Copyright © 1986 by Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld. Adapted from the forthcoming book MODERN PREVENTION: THE NEW MEDICINE by Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld to be published by Linden Press/Simon & Schuster. Printed by permission

SNACKING YOUR WAY TO WEIGHT LOSS

may sound too good to be true. But recent research reveals that carefully chosen, well-timed snacks—used as part of a calorie-restricted, balanced diet—can quell the urge to overeat and can increase your chances of shedding unwanted pounds, says Steven R. Peikin, M.D., a gastroenterologist and head of the nutrition program at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

Dr. Peikin tested the effect of eating a 100- to 150-calorie "satisfier" containing fat and protein about a half hour before a low-fat, high-carbohydrate meal. The result: the protein and fat in the snack stimulated the intestines to release a hormone, cholecystokinin, creating a sense of fullness and decreasing appetite. Key: that the protein and fat are delivered in an easily digestible food, such as soup, cottage cheese, plain yogurt, or peanut butter.

"Most people eat too quickly to register fullness," says Dr. Peikin. "The satisfier allows the intestinal phase of satiety to kick in, before you overeat."

New Fitness Source

Latest source of fitness advice for the healthy: your local hospital. Offerings range from the walk/jog clinics run by experts in cardiac rehabilitation at Des Plaines, Illinois's Holy Family Hospital to the Pregnagym exercise program for expectant mothers begun by St. Anthony's Hospital in Florida. In other areas of the country, hospitals are joining with corporations to spread preventive-health information. At The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, NYC, over sixty thousand employees of more than sixty companies are enrolled in the Corporate Care System, which offers classes in CPR, first aid, and corporate aviation safety.

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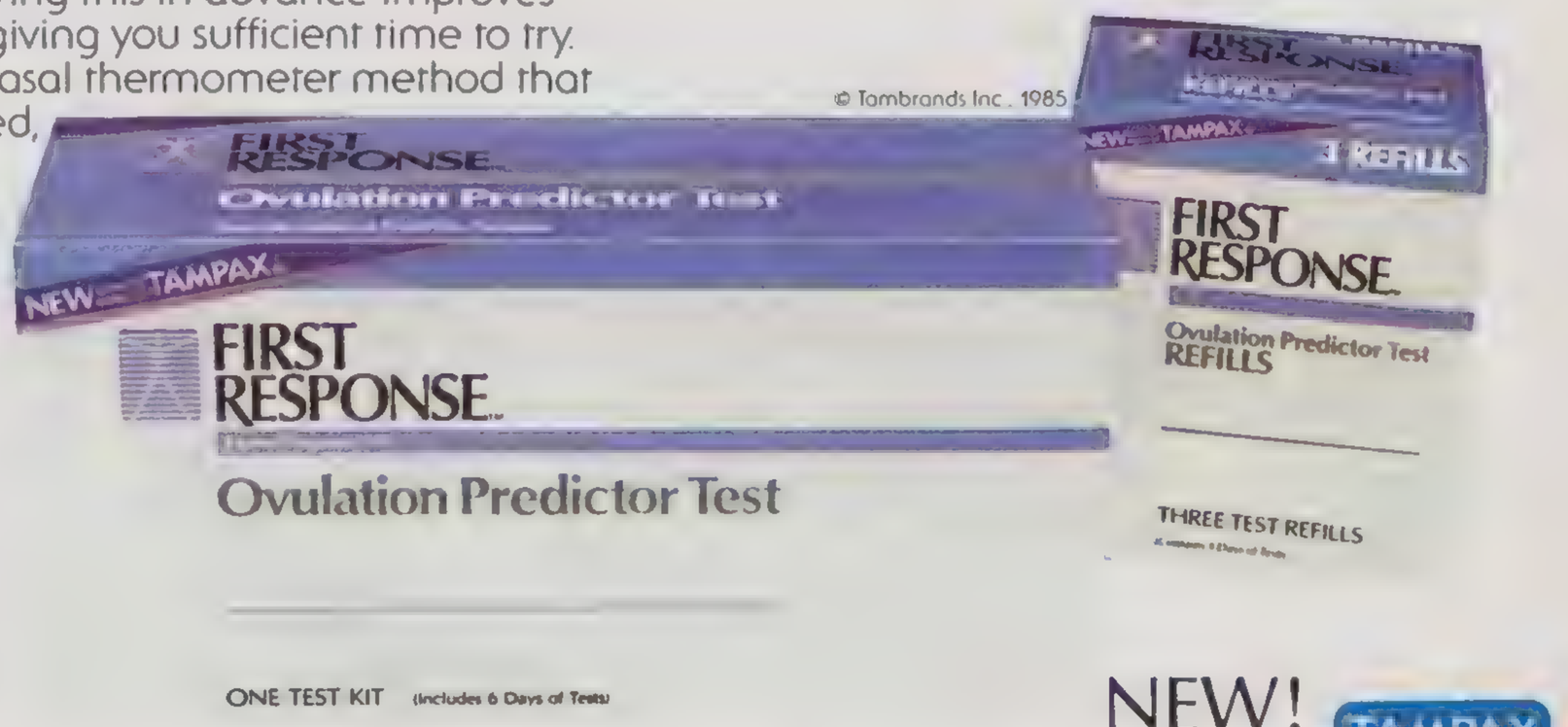

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NEW! From the maker of TAMPAX®

VOGUE'S HEALTH STYLE

Your diet: liquidation

BY JUDITH S. STERN, SC.D.

Most women have been tempted by the promises of fast weight loss made by liquid-diet promoters...and most nutritionists have warned of the potential hazards of these programs. But a liquid-formula diet can have a place in weight loss, *if* it is used responsibly.

Responsible use means not relying on the liquid as a sole source of daily calories. I believe a total liquid diet should only be followed under a physician's guidance; and every woman should check with her doctor before considering *any* weight-loss program.

A liquid diet can be both effective *and* safe...

Liquid diets themselves have become more health conscious. Where, in the past, a three-meals-a-day program could add up to a risky five hundred calories, some formulas today offer more calories, protein, and a complete set of vitamins, minerals.

Instead of turning to a liquid formula for all three meals, eat "real" food at one meal, preferably dinner. That dinner should be high in protein, low in fat, and should include fiber to complete your daily nutritional requirements. A sample meal: 4 oz. broiled or poached chicken breast (skin removed) or fish, or 3 oz. broiled lean beef; 1 cup fresh vegetables; ⅓ cup cooked brown rice; 1 cup salad greens with low-calorie dressing; 1 piece fresh fruit. This should bring your daily caloric total to just over nine hundred; low but safe for most women.

Combining liquid-formula meals with a "normal" dinner should reduce the complaints women have about liquid diets alone—that is, low satisfaction and difficulty coping with eating in the real world when going off the liquid program. And, the advantages of liquid diets—limited contact and temptation with food, relatively quick weight loss—should not be destroyed by adding a full meal to the liquid plan. On a modified liquid diet, a woman may lose up to five pounds in the first week—owing, in part, to water loss—and average out to about two pounds a week, making it an effective way to launch weight loss or to get off a "diet plateau."

How do you know which commercial liquid diet is best? Choose one that provides 200-250 calories per serving and at least twelve grams of protein (the recommended dietary allowance for a woman is 46 grams daily). The remaining calories should come from carbohydrates. Most liquid diets are fortified with vitamins and minerals; but beware of preparations that boast of high—and potentially harmful—vitamin/mineral contents. Stick with a formula that provides not more than 25 to 50 percent of the U.S. recommended daily allowance for vitamins and minerals per serving. Because most formulas are low in fiber, either blend one-half cup of high-fiber cereal (67 calories, 2.8 grams fiber) with the liquid preparation, or eat a high-fiber cracker, such as Wasa Fiber Plus (35 calories, 2.7 grams dietary fiber) with the meal. Some commercially prepared formulas that meet the above nutritional requirements (excluding fiber): Carnation Slender, Slim Fast, Sego, California Trim Plus, Cambridge 800.

Making your own liquid meal can offer a great improvement in flavor over commercially prepared formulas. That liquid diet (see *below*) should contain a high-fiber, ready-to-eat cereal (for fiber, vitamins, and minerals); skim milk or low-fat, unflavored yogurt (for protein, calcium); and fruit, such as banana (for fiber, potassium, and flavor). Fruit juice does not make a good substitute for this liquid meal. While many fruit juices are high in vitamin C, they're low in protein, calcium, and many other vitamins and minerals. Taken as a modified fast, they could cause the loss of valuable muscle tissue along with fat.

"Instant" liquid breakfast/lunch

(226 calories; over 10 grams dietary fiber)
Whirl for three minutes in a blender:

- ⅓ cup 100 percent bran flakes
- 1 tbsp. dry skim-milk powder
- ¾ cup skim milk or
  ½ cup plain low-fat yogurt
- ½ small banana
- 2 tsp. frozen orange juice concentrate
- ⅛ tsp. vanilla
- 3 ice cubes, crushed

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at University of California, Davis.*

WHAT "PRICE" BEAUTY?

*Two beauty services have been the targets of increased criticism...**Permanent eyelining,** the new beauty procedure, approved of by some ophthalmologists, which we last reported on in September '85, has now been implicated as a possible cause of permanent eyelash loss. Also worrying experts: a report in the "Archives of Ophthalmology" suggested the possibility, too, that pigment injected into eyelid skin may migrate into the bloodstream, the long-term effects of which are not known.*

***Hair removal:** Despite warnings about a lack of effectiveness in the past, electronic-tweezer devices are still being sold by mail and used by many salons offering "permanent" hair removal. While the use of such devices may not be dangerous, the results are not permanent. Case in point: a recent complaint by the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) against the makers of Removatron. Experts at the FTC noted that, while electrolysis involves inserting a needle-like probe into each individual follicle in order to destroy it, Removatron's makers claimed similar results could be achieved with tweezers through which radio waves are passed.*

Another key to proper electrolysis treatment: that no scars or bruises to the skin be left behind. Correctly done, electrolysis may cause slight reddening of the skin (the reason many experts advise women to begin the months-long process of electrolysis in winter, when post-treatment redness is more easily camouflaged with clothing or makeup); but in no case should this reaction last more than a few hours.

Body Language

How realistic are women when it comes to evaluating their own bodies? Not very, recent studies show. A majority of us who are normal-weight describe ourselves as "fat," while those of us who are too thin think we are "just right." One positive note: a University of Alabama study showed that our assessments of our bodies become more realistic with age. While well over half of all female college students had inflated views of their body sizes, far fewer thirty-five to forty-five-year-old women made the same mistake....

Salt cravings: a stress connection? . . . mole alert: when to remove

Q When I'm under stress, I crave salt. Is this normal? What can I do about it?

A "Under stressful situations, many people do crave certain foods," said Mabel Chan, Ph.D., associate professor of nutrition at New York University. Dr. Chan found that animals with specific nutritional deficiencies—especially iron and vitamin B_6—experience an increased preference for salt. This link may exist in humans, too. Studies have related some vitamin deficiencies to stress, which may be one possible explanation for the incidence of salt cravings at times of stress.

"Medical evidence has also related certain taste cravings, including salt, to the menstrual cycle and to pregnancy," said Dr. Chan. This may mean that these cravings are linked to hormonal changes.

"If you are a healthy person who is *not* hypertensive, eating a lot of salty food occasionally should not be a problem," said Dr. Chan. "However, many people with this craving replace nutrient-dense foods with ones of little nutritional value. If the preference persists or interferes with your ability to eat a balanced diet, consult a doctor or nutritionist."

Q I read in Vogue that it is important to do regular skin self-exams and to note any changes in moles. But I'm still confused. Should most moles be removed?

A In an article in December '85 Vogue, we reported that experts agree that a change in a mole's appearance can be an important early warning sign of the skin cancer malignant melanoma. Many doctors are critical, however, of interpreting this as a reason to seek removal of virtually every mole.

"Most moles pose no danger to health. Aside from cosmetics, there is no reason to remove a small mole not suspected to be precancerous," said Bijan Safai, M.D., professor of medicine/dermatology, Cornell Medical College and chief, dermatology service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC.

Other experts contend that there is limited benefit in random removal of moles to prevent malignant melanoma. "Experience at New York University shows that 80 percent of melanomas develop *de novo*, or on previously bare, unmarked skin," said A. Bernard Ackerman, M.D., professor of dermatology and pathology and director, dermatopathology, NYU Medical Center, who spoke at a recent international dermatology conference in Montecatini, Italy.

Since it is unusual to develop new moles after age forty, those that appear later in life should be checked by a physician. At any age, a mole that is larger than four millimeters (about one-sixteenth of an inch), has a wavy border or asymmetrical shape, or undergoes a change—in size, color, shape, or texture—or begins to bleed should be brought to a doctor's attention. Still the best preventive advice: supplementing monthly skin self-exams with an annual professional skin "check-up."

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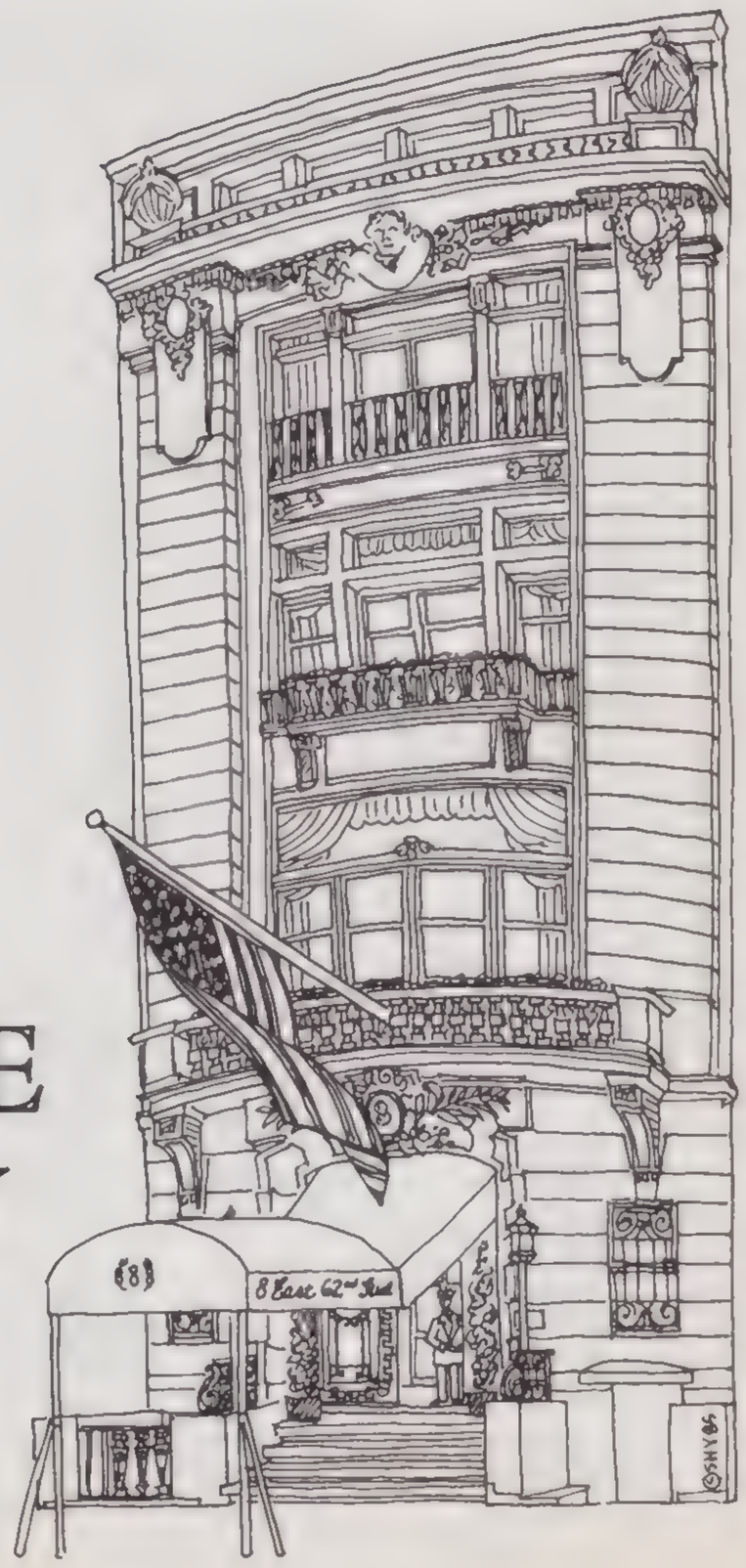

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VOGUE'S HEALTH STYLE

your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Are you going to go to your grave still unhappy with your lawyer, insurance representative, stockbroker, or accountant? Why is it so hard—especially for women!—to switch?

"We had the same tax man for fifteen years, and even though we both realized he wasn't good for us, we didn't make a move," said the wife of a successful writing team. "Then, by the time we were ready to say 'enough,' we were sure our business was so complicated that it would take months for the new accountant to figure it out. He learned the whole setup in *one afternoon!*"

Most people maintain some illusions about their personal advisers that make breaking off with them difficult. For example, it's easy to perceive both the job being done for you and the person doing it as "special": after all, he or she is your one and only accountant; you forget you're one of several hundred or thousand clients. Furthermore, you're an amateur dealing with a pro: you don't have the knowledge to evaluate how difficult your 'case' is, or how good service is. Besides, you *want* to believe that he or she cares and is competent, so you overlook inadequacies.

Being "cared for" is the crucial concept. In areas where we're ignorant or feel inadequate, most of us subconsciously would love to have a knowledgeable, caring parent/adviser to guide us wisely through. And once we endow our adviser with this role, it's terribly difficult to retrieve authority and responsibility, to reject this "parent" and select a better one! Too often, we just hope this one finally will come through.

"Women especially are apt to see themselves as needy and the adviser as the stronger person who is taking care of them," says Alexandra Symonds, M.D., faculty member of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis, Karen Horney Center, and associate clinical professor of psychiatry, New York University School of Medicine. "Not only does this attitude make it difficult to leave the present adviser, but it also means that when you're sizing up and deciding about a new expert, you see yourself as someone who is seeking to be 'taken on,' instead of as someone who is wanted by the expert for your patronage.

"Women also have more trouble than men in saying 'no' to anyone, or firing anyone," continues Dr. Symonds. "Culture, after all, has taught women to be compliant and self-effacing; to please others and be liked and in that way to get taken care of. Breaking this stereotype causes many women to feel they're being hostile and placing themselves in danger, when they're merely asserting themselves. People who confuse assertiveness with hostility can act only indirectly. If they're in an unsatisfactory relationship, they'll behave badly so that the other person will 'fire' them. But since advisers rarely get provoked into firing clients, fear of directness binds people into a lot of destructive situations."

If you're dissatisifed with an adviser, here are guidelines in choosing someone else:

- Gather information from friends, professionals, books, and other sources to assess your needs and your adviser's performance.
- Expect some anxiety. "It's not easy to be out there, having to search for someone, start a new relationship, and know you may make a misjudgment again," notes Dr. Symonds.

Why it's hard to switch to a new professional advisor—and how to go about it

- Minimize risk by interviewing possible replacements before you break with the current expert. Try out a new person on a small scale.
- Remember: the fact that you don't know much about something doesn't make you the child and the expert the parent. It makes you the adult who is hiring someone.
- If no one fulfills your requirements or you've switched often before, you may need to discard unrealistic expectations. Look for pleasant, professional, even dedicated service, but find personal nurturing elsewhere.
- Limit loyalty! As Dr. Symonds points out, women are much more conscious of relationships than are men. The sense of loyalty and involvement which are part of a woman's strength also can prolong a destructive alliance. Be fair, but recognize that you're exchanging money for service. Would your adviser be "loyal" to you if you couldn't pay?
- If you haven't already told your adviser why you're dissatisfied, consider doing so. "This is difficult," says Dr. Symonds, "but some people can do it if the relationship has promise and they want to preserve it." ▽

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COLOR '86

(Continued from page 501)

to use depending on daily needs, skin's changing requirements.

COLOR "SYSTEMS": A MORE MODERN APPROACH

Color "theory" is evolving, too. Women are moving beyond the ostensibly easy answers of "personalized" color systems, and are again enjoying the real beauty/fashion delights: choice and experimentation. Replacing artificially contrived color systems: a less limiting, infinitely more sensible way to "interpret" color, along with the realization that one's so-called "best colors" simply can't be bought, boxed, and paid for. The fact is: *one's best colors change*—depending on light, time, location, season, style . . . and on one's *changing skin quality and condition*. The point: that concepts of beauty and attractiveness are constantly altering as women's lives and demands define them. And, that formulized "color systems" seldom accommodate natural evolution.

Once a woman has moved beyond the confines that color typing imposes, how then does she work with "new" colors, with the makeup on pages 500-507, for instance? There's a simple, "modern" rule of thumb—and it's based on one's *individual* hair and skin coloring: in choosing makeup shades, look for those that pick up the undertones of skin and hair. For example, if you want to try orange and your skin tone is a "warm" one (as is the model's on page 502), a warm orange is compatible. A woman with a pink skin undertone and light hair color should select a *rosy* orange. If your skin is yellow/olive and your hair is dark, choose an orange with some yellow. In other words, never try to compensate, to combat your natural yellow skin tone with an overdose of pink. Black skin, by the way, has much the same range of undertones—blue, golden, or rose—and can also benefit from the colors shown here. Best judges of your skin's undertone: you, your mirror, and your own common sense.

Hair color, as well as skin tone, plays a part in the makeup shade you select, specifically, again, the undertone of one's hair. Examples: Brown or blond hair may have reddish tones or gold ones. Black or very dark hair could have blue shading. Choose makeup that helps to "bring out" natural coloring. (The quality of hair's undertones, by the way, can be enhanced with any of the new haircoloring mousses shown on pages 500-507, in order to heighten their effects.)

Not only has there been a change in the accepted manner of choosing makeup colors, there's been a related change in the way makeup is being applied and in the use of tools. Part of this change is the new minimalism in makeup: using less makeup in fewer places. Partly seasonal—warm weather and a lighter hand in application often go together—the new minimalism strongly influences the colors one wears, as well as how to wear them. When working with a very bright, concentrated lip color, for instance, the rest of one's makeup should be spare: very little on the eyes—perhaps just mascara—and a sheer base. More eye makeup, on the other hand, should take less in the way of cheek and lip color.

Some of the changes we're seeing in application relate to the exceptional new technology that delivers sheerness in makeup today: powders in particular have more emolliency and aren't as dry; mousses have been added to better foundation, imparting their own richness, ease, and transparency to application. Even the new waterproof mascaras are different. Where once waterproof formulas were harsh, their formulation thick and "beady," today, especially in colored versions—in blue, green, violet, even metallics—the color slides on smoothly, evenly, in a flash.

Special note for "older" (i.e., fine-lined) skin: all of the above "rules"—about color, application, skin care—equally apply. In fact, the minimal approach to makeup happens to work particularly well. The better-cared-for one's skin is, and the less makeup one uses, the "younger" one tends to look. The only caveat, perhaps, in choosing from the color palettes presented on pages 500-507 would be to temper one's use of metallics—especially on eyelids. Not eliminating them altogether, but going for those with a lower level of shine. . . . ▽

OVERMEDICATION

(Continued from page 515)

when, in what doses medication is supposed to be taken and may be too shy to ask questions. Since druggists' labels are often of little help, be sure to ask for explicit directions from the doctor when the prescription is written, then follow the directions exactly. Do not change timing or dosage without consulting your doctor.

At times, a physician may change the medication instructions in a telephone conversation, but it's wise to ask for written confirmation. If the change involves stopping a drug, it must be discussed, since some medications should not be withdrawn abruptly because of potentially serious side effects. Others, antibiotics for instance, will allow the original infection to return, often in a more serious form, if not taken over a long enough period of time, even if symptoms are gone.

It is also important to let every doctor who is prescribing a drug know what drugs have been prescribed by other doctors. It is best to take a list of everything you are taking to every new doctor you visit.

Some drugs can interact badly with other drugs, or even with common foods. For instance, some blood-pressure pills and antidepressants (MAO inhibitors) should not be taken with sour cream, yogurt, pickled foods, cheese, beer, red wines, and some other products. Dairy foods can interfere with the effect of one antibiotic, tetracycline. Driving can be dangerous when you are taking certain drugs. If your physician fails to cover these points, the pharmacist often can provide guidance. Or you might turn to a paperback book, *Prescription Drugs* (Signet), put together by the editors of *Consumers Guide* and Nicola Giacona, Pharm.D., which gives information on more than sixteen hundred brand-name drugs (including many nonprescription medications).

OVERMEDICATED OVER-SIXTIES

For older Americans, according to an FDA report, an assortment of drugs is the rule, rather than an exception. A University of Florida College of Pharmacy survey found that elderly patients took an average of 3.2 drugs per month. Other studies have shown that older patients may be getting as many as ten to eighteen different drugs in the course of a year. The same FDA report states that nursing-home patients may take as many as twenty drugs a month. To physicians specializing in geriatric medicine, these figures are particularly shocking because drugs and their undesirable side effects may affect an older person much more than a younger one. Age makes a difference in the way the drug is distributed in the body, according to FDA's consumer expert Annabel Hecht, in part because of changes in the body's composition.

The total body water and lean body mass—essentially muscle and bone—decreases with age, while the proportion of fat increases. This means that drugs normally distributed in lean body tissue (such as digoxin, frequently used by the over-sixty population) will end up in higher concentration in the bloodstream. Barbiturates (such as Nembutal) and tranquilizers (such as Valium) are stored in fatty tissue. So the increased fat in the elderly may serve as a reservoir for these drugs, and prolong their working time. An older person may receive a second dose of the same drug while the previous one is still working, resulting in overdose.

Kidneys and livers of older people may also no longer be as efficient as those of younger ones. That means that the amount of excess medication excreted by the older person is less, and the effect of the drug is more potent and longer lasting and can produce more side effects. For instance, older people may get dizzy spells or even faint from a dose of an antidepressant that would not have affected them adversely earlier.

According to FDA representatives, drug manufacturers generally don't test their products on elderly patients; so the doses they recommend will be for the young and the middle aged . . . and may be entirely too high for the old, who actually may be taking a particular drug much more frequently than their sons and daughters.

Some of the same problems occur in the elderly with over-the-counter drugs. Aspirin, for instance, can increase the effect of blood thinners that have been given to those with a tendency to clotting and/or decrease sodium and chloride excretion, a matter of serious concern to a patient with heart problems. Self-dosage is hazardous.

Even megadoses of vitamins, which a younger patient may be able to metabolize easily, can damage the older patient. For instance, large doses of vitamin C may raise uric-acid levels and trigger gout in those already predisposed to this painful disease or can cause false readings on urine tests sometimes used in the control of diabetes. Too much vitamin A can cause fatigue, malaise, and lethargy, often leading a physician unaware of the patient's megavitamin regimen to

prescribe an unnecessary antidepressant, with resulting side effects.

IATROGENIC (DOCTOR-CAUSED) ILLS

There have been tragic incidents of an older person who was confused by taking too many drugs or the wrong kind of dose being diagnosed as suffering from some form of dementia and, often, being given *more* drugs to help that condition, or even being sent to a nursing home or psychiatric ward, when a simple editing of his or her medicine cabinet might have solved the problem.

Most often this is *not* the fault of the physician alone. The problem is usually a lack of communication between patients and doctors. Older patients tend to see more than one physician; these various doctors may not know that the patient is being given prescriptions for medication by others, because the patient has not told them. What's more, older people also seem to be avid consumers of over-the-counter drugs, analgesics, cold medications, antacids, nonprescription sleeping pills, etc. One suggestion made by several specialists in geriatric medicine is that a patient, at least once a year, visit his or her primary-care physician (usually an internist) and take along all medicines in use at the time, including the nonprescription ones. The best service the doctor may be able to render this patient is to tell him or her to *stop* taking many of the medications.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN

Most babies and children probably get a lot more medicine than they need, and some get enough to do positive harm, says Morris Wessel, M.D., clinical professor of pediatrics at the Yale University School of Medicine. "When parents call me to prescribe something for their toddler's cold, I usually tell them that a humidifier in the room, plus some hot milk and honey is all that is probably indicated," Dr. Wessel says. "I suspect that many don't quite believe me. They will still go out and buy the latest version of whatever multi-ingredient cold medication is being heavily advertised on TV this month."

The medicine may indeed make the child feel a little better; often it's the alcohol in which these medicines are dissolved that does the trick. And, of course, they will reduce a child's fever; but most pediatricians today don't think that a fever, unless it is excessively high, needs to be brought down. Many believe that an elevated temperature is one way the body defends itself against a foreign invader, and may even be beneficial.

"Those over-the-counter cold medicines for children usually contain one or more antihistamines as well as the antifever, antipain, plus decongestant medication," Dr. Wessel says. "That doubles or triples the chance that the child may be sensitive to something in the medication, and suffer from side effects.

"Children, like many adults, often also take unnecessary vitamins. A healthy child on an adequate diet does not need to take vitamin supplements any more than a healthy adult."

There are two other problems with drugs for children. First, a child who is habituated to taking pills for every minor ailment will probably continue this behavior pattern into adult life, leading to lifelong overmedication and, in a few cases, even to drug addiction. In the second place, the manufacturers of children's medicines and vitamins want their products to be as attractive to youngsters as possible, so they put them in sweet red syrup or in bright-colored pills. Young children may get hold of a bottle of these medications, consider them candy, and overdose.

PAIN SUFFERERS: UNDERMEDICATED

Recently Dr. Pasternak, an outstanding specialist on pain control, limped into a hospital seminar given for physicians and told this story: A few days previously, he had undergone a minor but exceedingly painful operation on his foot. The procedure was done with local anesthetic; but, while he was in the recovery room, the local wore off. Soon he was in agonizing pain. He asked the nurse to have the resident on duty prescribe something. What he got was Tylenol 3—acetaminophen plus a tiny amount of codeine that might have been suitable for a severe headache but was certainly ineffective for the kind of excruciating pain that bone surgery can produce. He asked for some other medication, but the resident had made up his mind: the doctor who was also a patient had had enough.

Dr. Pasternak went home, where the kind of pain medication he needed was available to him. But, he asked, what about all those patients who are not also physicians and have to depend on the pain medication their doctor or the resident on the hospital floor thinks is enough?

He cited a classic study done at a major New York teaching hospital on the doses of the potent pain-killer Demerol written for postsurgical patients. Most of those prescriptions were for 50 mg, when it is well known that the average dose required for adequate pain control would be higher. Not only were the doctors underprescribing, the nurses were undermedicating the patients even more. They waited longer between shots than their instructions indicated. Patients who complained of excessive pain were accused of "drug-seeking behavior," thought to be a first step on the road to drug addiction.

Indeed, addiction tends to worry health-care workers who treat patients in severe pain a great deal more than it needs to. According to Dr. Millman, even cancer patients suffering the most excruciating pain will usually ask that their narcotics be cut or even eliminated when cancer treatment has ameliorated the causes of the pain.

Kathleen Foley, M.D., chief of the Pain Service at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, says that very few patients actually become addicted. "Of course if they are suffering from terminal cancer, we don't worry about that at all. Withholding drugs for fear of addiction would be stupid and cruel," she says. "But the vast majority actually ask that their drugs be cut down or eliminated if they don't need them anymore. And when they ask for more medication, we almost always give it. We have learned to trust the patient's perception of their pain."

One of the newest and most effective methods of controlling severe pain continuously, without depressing breathing, clouding the mind, or causing other side effects, is a small pump that delivers measured amounts of narcotics directly into the pain site. Physicians can obviate the blood-brain barrier by *(Continued on page 540)*

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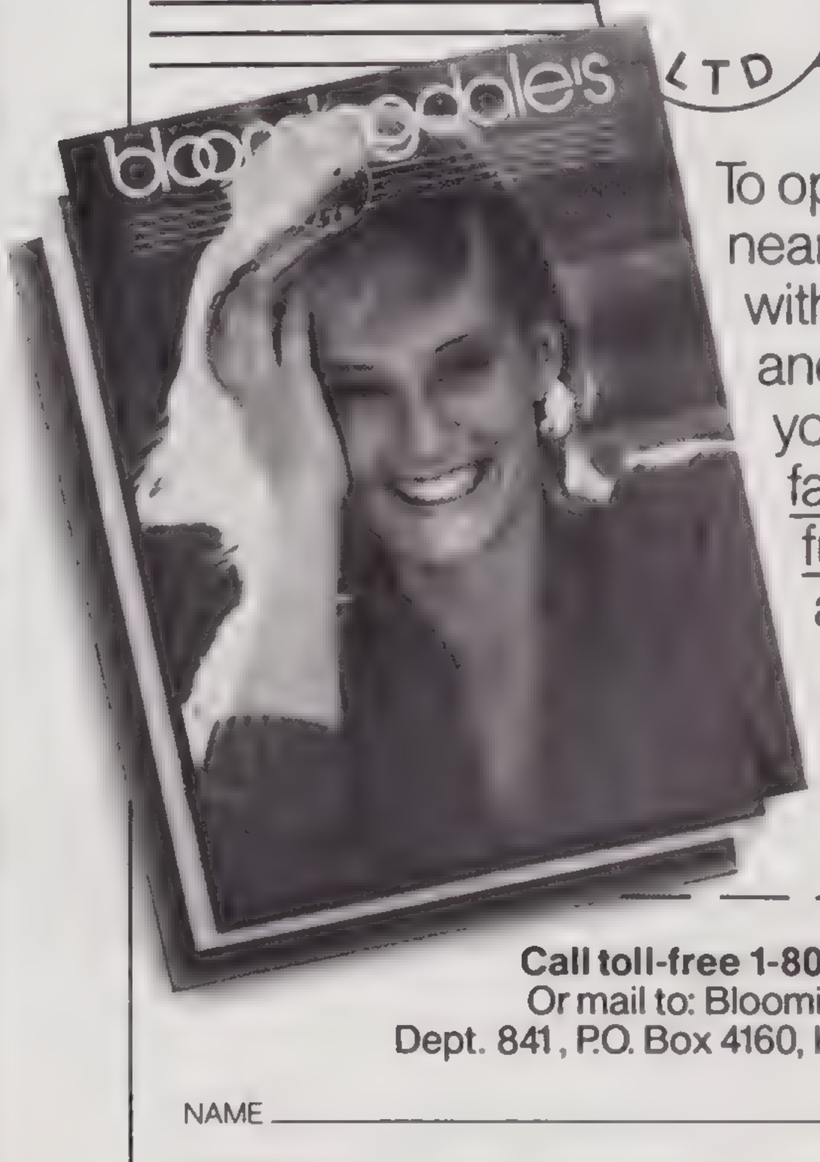

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OVERMEDICATION

(Continued from page 539)

pumping a relatively minor amount of morphine or other narcotic and allowing it to seep from the epidural space where it is injected directly to opiate receptors in the spine nearest the spot where the pain is located. The pump is being used now to alleviate painful childbirth; and patients with severe cancer pain no longer have to stay in a hospital: the drug pump can keep them pain free at home.

Of course, there is no doubt that some people do become addicted to drugs, but apparently rarely to drugs that were prescribed by physicians. Street drugs are a different matter entirely. And, according to Herbert Kleber, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine and director of the Substance Abuse Treatment Unit at the Connecticut Mental Health Center, street drugs go in cycles. Now, he says, we are in a cocaine cycle, though this drug only occasionally is used medicinally. He expects a cycle of downers (heroin, Quaaludes, etc.) to come next. "People can't tolerate the constant stimulation of a drug such as cocaine; therefore a cycle of an 'up' drug is likely to be followed by a cycle of a 'down' drug."

There is one other interesting fact about uppers and downers. According to Dr. Millman, during medical experiments, animals have to be forced to take any kind of narcotics, tranquilizers, or barbituates; however, they will enthusiastically, and on their own, continue to take cocaine until they die from its effects. So Sir William Osler may have been only partially right. Dr. Millman's explanation: animals are afraid of real dangers, the wolf, the tiger. Animals want to stay as alert as possible, and they perceive the high they get from uppers as superalertness. Humans, on the other hand, are afraid of what he calls "witches": old age, failure, lack of love; they may want to make the witches go away . . . to have their fears allayed, so they may turn to downers, to dull perception, even after a period of hyperalertness produced by cocaine.

Pharmacology has developed into an exact science only within about the past thirty years. Most physicians feel that, as we learn more about drugs, they will be able to prescribe ever more wisely, and to persuade their patients to take only those medications they really need, that will benefit rather than harm them. ▽

"BLACK AND BLUE"

(Continued from page 484)

instance, or stepping out of bandboxes in top hats and tails). In one charming number a teenage boy learns a bit of the business from a septuagenarian Hoofer. The dancers are accompanied by a big swing band of musicians who worked with Duke Ellington or Count Basie. But the real showstoppers are three old-time red-hot mamas: Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Sandra Reaves-Phillips. Brown and Hopkins, each loaded down with tiara and diamond choker, musically duel each other while inventing new, catty verses for "Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do." Reaves-Phillips appears on a swing high above the stage, wearing a sparkling bugle-beaded white gown ten yards long and singing, "Am I Blue?"

Ever since Josephine Baker's first revue in 1925, Paris has been enamored of black American performers. And black Americans have long loved Paris. Diana Ross was living here while preparing her screen biography of Josephine Baker. And Phyllis Rose, the American author of *Parallel Lives*, has been here researching her in-depth biography of Baker, which will also serve as a study of racism in France. *Passion*, an English-language magazine here, recently surveyed American blacks who live in Paris and concluded that whereas unemployment and the economic crunch have exacerbated French racism (particularly against Arab immigrants), something of the old French liberal spirit toward American blacks remains. Of course, at times French taste can strike Americans as dangerously naïve. One shop near Les Halles, for instance, is cheerfully selling re-editions of nineteenth-century sculptures of "darkies"—a life-size black boy wearing candy-striped short pants and a big grin, a blackamoor in a turban charming a snake, and a dusky dancing beauty holding aloft a lamp.

Yet the appearances this season of the Harlem Ballet and of such black jazz greats as Art Blakey, Miles Davis, and Sarah Vaughn justify the gushing enthusiasm of one magazine that declared, "This year, Paris will be black!"

SELLING CHASTITY

(Continued from 483)

witness an "actual abortion." Supposedly an observer to a late first-trimester procedure, she wears no surgical cap or mask. The patient, supposedly unconscious from anesthesia, supposedly screams. And the reporter, supposedly objective, explains that the operation is quick, not because of simplicity but because the doctor is hurrying to get to his "crowded waiting room."

After other equally bloody and misleading footage the film concludes with more unsubstantiated statistics: after a first-pregnancy abortion, for instance, a woman has ten times the chance of miscarrying in the second trimester, and 400-800 percent the chance of an ectopic pregnancy, and on and on. A woman facing the extraordinarily difficult dilemma of whether or not to abort must surely find this film confusing and traumatic—particularly if she is unprepared for what she sees.

Shari Plunkett, who runs the Crisis Pregnancy Center in Berkeley, California, defends showing *A Matter of Choice:* "We believe that *your* abortion shouldn't be your first"—meaning that you should have the pleasure of watching an abortion on video before experiencing one. She goes on: "I don't believe that organizations like Planned Parenthood that financially gain from each abortion they do can give unbiased counseling. Pro-choice people want women to be uninformed. There's no such thing as a pro-choice video."

Planned Parenthood is, of course, a nonprofit organization. Only forty-three of its 729 clinics in the United States perform abortions. It fights ignorance by offering birth-control information. No woman is turned away because of an inability to pay. Counselors describe all the options available to pregnant women—from abortion to adoption—and, according to Douglas Gould, vice president for communications of Planned Parenthood Federation of America, actually refer women who want to carry their pregnancies to term to abortion-alternatives organizations like Birthright. And Planned Parenthood recently released a documentary, *Personal Decisions*, which discusses the problems, and choices, women and couples face when deciding whether or not to have an abortion.

Still, one thirty-year-old musician, understandably panicky at the notion of a fourth abortion, says that the Berkeley Crisis Pregnancy Center gave her the time and attention she needed, when she needed it. "My counselor told me the dangers of having an abortion. She warned me that I might not be able to have children in the future. And she told me that I already was a mother. I felt that was true.

"I asked her if she was pro-life, and she denied it, but I suspected she was. As for me, I'm pro-choice, but I'm pro-informed choice, pro-individual choice."

Who can be surprised that this woman, who knew what she wanted when she called the Crisis Pregnancy Center, is grateful for their help? Even so, isn't it odd that her counselor denied a pro-life stance? And who can help but wonder what deep-seated psychological need is going untreated in a woman who gets pregnant by mistake four times? After she delivers, who will help her prevent a fifth unwanted pregnancy? (Only .3 percent of abortion-alternatives clinics offer contraception; according to the Christian Action Council's Curt Young, crisis-pregnancy centers provide unmarried women with what used to be called "chastity counseling" and is now termed "relationship counseling: we teach them self-esteem and self-respect. We talk about the beautiful, Biblical norm of sexual relationships within marriage.")

And what about rape or incest victims? To Mr. Young, "The problems of rape and incest are quantitatively, not qualitatively, different from those in any other crisis pregnancy." Try as I might, I couldn't deconstruct that sentence, but Mr. Young explained: "There are two false assumptions here: one is that abortion can unrape the woman; the other is that the experience of this pregnancy, unless ended by abortion, will be a nine-month extension of the rape. All pregnancies are traumatic; this kind of pregnancy is more traumatic. But a woman can end up carrying her head higher, because she'll realize that she's sacrificed herself for the love of a child she doesn't yet know."

Antiabortionists are quick to worry about the safety of the embryo; too often, the by-product of that concern is apathy toward the mother. Surely, no one has ever suggested that a woman can be "unraped." Or that all pregnancies are

traumatic. (Stressful perhaps, but not necessarily traumatic.) Furthermore, a truly caring person might think that a woman has the right, perhaps even the instinct, to protect herself—and her "unborn child"—from diseases possibly transmitted by her attacker. An empathic person might feel that the rape or incest victim has "sacrificed" enough. And he might realize that he can never know her pain at remembering that the fetus growing inside her was not conceived in love, and certainly not in "the beautiful, Biblical norm of sexual relationships within marriage," but in violence, degradation, and terror.

The numbers of antiabortion clinics are growing. According to Dave Ayers, who did a survey of "emergency-pregnancy centers" for Intercessors for America (an organization whose purpose he describes as keeping "people informed so that they can keep the issues in their prayers and initiate positive action on a local level"), there were, conservatively, twenty-one hundred centers by the end of 1984. How many of those were honest about their purpose is unclear. One I called in Philadelphia was shockingly open about *its* intent: its phone-message tape encourages pregnant teenagers to run away from home to avoid parent-advised abortion.

So far, legal actions against dishonest centers have not been all that successful. Since no money changes hands, proving consumer fraud is difficult. But the Fargo, North Dakota, Women's Health Organization, a branch of the National Women's Health Organization, filed a successful lawsuit that may change the trend.

According to the suit, workers at the Fargo Women's Health Organization started seeing clients who were distraught after having gone by mistake to what is called the Women's Help Clinic. "Even in court," Susan Hill, the executive director of the National Women's Health Organization, said, "the attorneys got confused: 'Are we talking about the Women's *Health* Organization, or the Women's *Help* Organization?' they wanted to know. Imagine the confusion of a sixteen-year-old. And this organization was running ads in the Yellow Pages and the newspaper that said, in big red letters, 'Abortion,' and that advertised 'licensed physicians,' though they had none."

The Fargo Women's Health Organization won a preliminary injunction, in which the bogus clinic was instructed to change its name, make its pro-life position clear, and state outright to callers and clients that it did not perform abortions. The Women's Help Clinic (are you with me?) appealed, meanwhile continuing all the practices the court had enjoined. Three months later, the court found the antiabortion center in contempt, a charge the center also appealed on the grounds that the Women's Health Organization was trying to chill its First Amendment right to free speech. The Founding Fathers never sought to protect the dissemination of misleading material, but it was up to the North Dakota Supreme Court to decide this case. In January, that court affirmed in major part the lower court's rulings. The Help Clinic plans to appeal the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Though the Health Organization has its victory, harassment and duplicity will probably continue. Some antiabortion tactics are cloak-and-dagger, even a tad *(Continued on page 542)*

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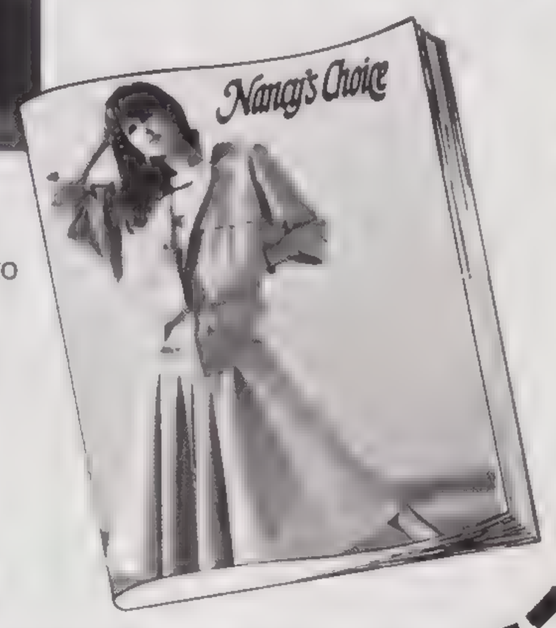

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SELLING CHASTITY

(Continued from page 541)

silly; others are deadly serious. One dishonest clinic falsely booked a woman for an abortion—a woman who had decided to abort because she had had uterine surgery, anesthesia, and high-level painkillers during her pregnancy. That's what happened to Jane Ashley, one of three pseudonymous plaintiffs in a case pending in Texas. Moreover, when she got to the clinic, she was subjected not only to the by now familiar antiabortion film, but to a decidedly nonhelpful opinion about any possible damage her medical treatment had inflicted on the fetus: the pregnancy was, she was told, God's miracle.

B.C. Cornish, a Fort Worth attorney who is handling the case, said that one of the plaintiffs very much wanted to be pregnant. Though told that her test was inconclusive, she was, according to the lawsuit, made to watch the film; when she tried to leave, the director of the center blocked her exit.

This particular clinic, which advertises itself as Abortion Action Affiliates-Problem Pregnancy Center/Member of the National Abortion Information Federation, follows the format Robert Pearson outlined in his pamphlet, *How To Start and Operate Your Own Pro-Life Outreach Crisis Pregnancy Center*. One of his strategies is locating his centers as close as possible to an abortion clinic. "If the girl who would be going to the abortion chamber [sic] sees your office first with a similar name," he writes, "she will probably come into your center." He also recommends that the proper answer to the question, "Do you do abortions here?" is "Anything you need, we do here." Part of his creed is to "never counsel or refer for artificial contraception."

The point cannot be made often enough that there are clinics whose express purpose is to convince women not to have abortions, and who provide services for these women; Birthright is one mentioned time and again. But bogus clinics are very different. As Cathy Boardman, state coordinator for the Wisconsin affiliate of the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, explained, "When people come to us after going to one of these clinics, we have to tell them that, yes, you will be able to get pregnant after an abortion, and no, you won't need plastic surgery of the cervix after an abortion."

"What interests me," B.C. Cornish said, speaking of the Fort Worth center her clients are suing, "is that this place lures in pregnant women who are considering abortion, and tries to stop them from having abortions. But I've known women who are pregnant, who want their babies, and who are needy, and they've been offered no financial help there, and little counseling. In fact, in deposition, the director said his priority was the 'abortion-bound mother.' "

Last summer, in an important move, the attorney general of Texas joined Ms. Cornish's clients in asking for a permanent injunction against the center under the Consumer Protection Act.

"None of us is trying to make a statement on abortion," Ms. Cornish explained. "In fact, I'd say that two of my clients basically are against abortion. But what these people are doing is lying. The attorney general is just trying to prevent the citizens of Texas from being defrauded."

Lying and fraud rest at the heart of this story. Along with a lot of irony: the main help that the bogus clinics offer pregnant women is guidance through the welfare system—a system that some of this country's most vocal enemies of choice have decimated.

A woman looking for the truth these days has to stay awake. As a smart headline writer once quipped: "Right to Life—or Right to Lie?" It's sometimes very hard to know the difference. ▽

ELSA PERETTI

(Continued from page 497)

the paintings are huge—works by Warhol, Roberto Llimos, and Ronaldo de Juan. There are two fine marble sculptures by Corbero. Everything here is open, big stones containing a huge space. On the windowsill is the skull of a puma, iced with silver.

Elsa Peretti's career as a designer grew out of her chance travels as a model. She came back from Mexico in 1968 with a horse's saddle part that she thought would make a good belt, redone in silver. She knew some silversmiths through Xavier Corbero, but, unable to speak Catalan, had him draw what she meant so that she could give it to Vincent Abad, the craftsman who became her teacher. It was Abad who set silver into the puma skull; and when he died two years ago, she says, it was like losing her father.

She started working with Tiffany's in 1974, and was immediately sent to Hong Kong to work with the craftsmen there. What she produced in the Far East and in Spain became Tiffany staples: the belt buckle, the open-heart pendant, the teardrops, and then the diamonds by the yard, and the perfume bottle. "I'm not an artist, I'm a craftswoman," she says.

Houses inevitably reflect their owners' lives, and Sant Martí Vell incorporates the contrasts in Elsa Peretti's character: lapidary care over details and sweeping gestures both have their place. The precise rows of paintbrushes in the guest bathroom, the thoughtful way the kitchens and bathrooms in the numberless other houses are laid out, the staircase taken from a dance hall, the Andalusian terraces and the secret rose gardens with fountains are all, somehow, expected of the designer. Then there is a fireplace she has reworked five times, and walls she has moved and moved back again, and empty houses with startling, beautiful views. Her plan is to turn the village into an artist's colony, because: "It's too selfish to keep all this to myself." Some of the houses have studios occupied by painters, and others are rented out to friends. She has plans to turn one of the ruined houses into a museum, "to put what I already have in there, and preserve certain pieces of Catalan art that would otherwise disappear."

Her houses have taken her fifteen years: "You have to search for the soul of things, talk to the walls; and if they have something to say, they will say it." In those years when she became a success as a jewelry designer, she was also lonely. "I found out being alone that you have to create what you like yourself, fulfill your needs. Now when I do a bowl, I think of the houses; and it's a pleasure. When I need a spaghetti bowl, I make it myself. The reason Sant Martí Vell has been so good for me is that the work on houses and roofs here took me away from the focus on my image as a jewelry designer. Until success is part of your life, you don't imagine it; and to be recognized by people was very good for my confidence. But as soon as you take your image seriously, you are making a terrible mistake. My image has nothing to do with me: the work does."

She used to drink, throw scenes; she no longer does. Two years ago, she broke her leg at her tower in Italy; and as she recovered, she stopped drinking. There is a man in her life, an Italian called Stefano, who prefers Italy to Sant Martí Vell. The tension between the village and her other obligations has not abated; but last year, she managed to stay in Spain for four months. "Finally, I'm comfortable," she says. "From now on, I'm not in a hurry. This is the first year I have been able to live here and put up my friends in comfort."

What happened over the years is that Elsa Peretti became rich, first through Tiffany's, and then when her father died; and far from abandoning her strange rocky village, she put more time and effort into it than before. "I have the feeling of having to prove I exist, that this life has existed, through houses and objects. It may be compensation because I have no children."

She has a very obvious need to think through matter itself, and certain of her objects give one the sensation of being able to watch Elsa Peretti's mind at work; thus, a bone from the shin of a cow, set with silver, becomes, in the next house—and how many tries later—a candlestick, curved yet solid, in ceramic or silver. "Take away, take away" is how she explains her method, but the things themselves are more telling than words: the ashtrays in the shape of spare pot lids—domestic implements hijacked for the coffee table; a big, simple tureen made of soft and light terra-cotta that is glazed inside and is perfect. "The design is full of common sense. Of course, I'm slow," she says, proud. "I have to crystallize a form, find the essence. It's a continual training to be essential in your work, and then you have to be essential in your life, too."

People who make things with their hands understand life in a different way; they know that walls can be moved and gulleys can be bridged. The village gives off an extraordinary energy owing to ley lines or hidden springs or perhaps just the effect of Elsa Peretti's will. As she has made bones into candlesticks, she has also ordered the streets and the ruins here so that those who are not her intimates do not cross her invisible boundaries. As if by common agreement, the private and the public seem suspended here, notions that have no bearing in this sunlight zone. There are things you can understand only through physical effort, only through work itself. And Elsa Peretti's greatest achievement at Sant Martí Vell is to have made the village intelligible even to those who did not have to build it themselves. ▽

MARY TYLER MOORE

(Continued from page 486)

ambitious but ashamed to admit it; constantly criticizing, embarrassing, and amending herself. A nervous, hilarious dialogue between the old and the new selves went on at all times.

"Each show I've been involved with has allowed me to reflect the growth of our world in the United States," she says, and if the words have the prim, even priggish, edge one associates with a thoroughly earnest teacher, that, in part, is what she is. "Our world" is the world of middle-class women who think they should be perfect and fear they can't even be decent, who do not want to be front-line rebels but who do want to be more than they have been. These are the women who write her letters about the first Mary Tyler Moore show, saying, "You taught me: 'don't get desperate about marriage—you can find a family in your office, among your friends' "; who discuss her role in *Ordinary People* with their analysts and wonder if the risk she took in exposing the repressions of an ostensibly perfect wife and mother might not let them explore the same horrors in themselves. These are women who, upon reading that she had entered the Betty Ford Clinic in 1984, told themselves, "Well, if Mary can admit she has a problem, if Mary can go seek help, maybe I can do the same thing."

And Mary, at forty-nine, needs them, much as they need her. "All of these steps I've taken—ending my marriage with Grant [Tinker], moving out here [to NYC] on my own, ending my TV series, marrying a younger man, admitting my problem with alcohol—have freed me; each situation has allowed me more freedom to make other disclosures. Although I think this is it, folks."

I confess I wanted Mary Tyler Moore to announce that in the future she would write, direct, and produce as well as act—she has the intelligence and the resources. But though she might try directing one day, she insists that she cannot write a word, and the prospect of producing releases a self-mocking, self-knowing monologue: "I am not good at walking into a room and taking charge. I can't do it. Control is something that I have always dodged. The kind of control I have always overattempted in my life is control over the toothpaste cap so it doesn't fall to the floor, control over dialing the number correctly, control over being able to find the scarf that goes with the skirt."

Though Moore is still making movies (her new one is *Just Between Friends*), she is back on TV because she wanted to come back to comedy. "I am so *fat* with good feelings when I'm doing comedy," she declares, and the word is a telling one from a diabetic and dancer. She recalls that in the days when one's bedroom wall was covered with pictures of one's idols, hers exhibited only two. The first was of the temperamentally exotic, rhythmically daring Maria Tallchief, a great ballerina. The second was of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

I like this, both for its longing and for its pride. The longing shows an antic imagination, for how could a young woman have picked three performers more anarchically unlike one another or herself? And the pride paid off, for like them all she became one of the best at what she does. ▽

THE WHITE TRIBE

(Continued from page 491)

of supermarkets and hospitals. He does not regard these as facets of a civilization that have been *given* to him, as if he only yesterday emerged from savagery to behold the white man's wonders. They are part of his world, they are his: if anything, they are being held from him or taken from him. In fact, in many ways he belongs to the modern world more closely than the young Afrikaner does: he is certainly more aware of trends and fashions, more politically sophisticated, more streetwise.

A third feature of tribal thinking is that it is skeptical about any grouping larger than the tribe, and about group loyalties extending beyond the tribe.

There is no doubt that tribalism has been a great obstacle to the newly independent states of Africa, which, behind their national façades, often are riddled with tribal rivalries. But there are few serious African thinkers today who would stand behind the *principle* of the tribe. Its time has passed.

In South Africa, on the other hand, we have the spectacle of a government identifying itself with Western values, yet proclaiming the primacy of the tribe over the broader nation (which it privately regards as an artificial construct) and dividing up the land into autonomous tribal units, the so-called tribal homelands, each with its own language, flag, and anthem.

The ultimate aim of "grand *apartheid*," the massive scheme of population resettlement tackled at such great cost, human as well as financial, during the 1950s and 1960s, was to turn South Africa into a patchwork of tribal homelands, the greatest of these by far to be the white homeland, in which Afrikaner cultural values might forever reign, in which whites of non-Afrikaner descent would be tolerated, but into which people of other skin color could be allowed only as hewers of wood and drawers of water. That particular grand vision has foundered on the twin rocks of economic reality and black resistance; but how many Afrikaners are there who do not believe it would have been a good thing had it only been practicable?

The issue that has revealed most clearly the craziness of tribalistic thinking as applied to the modern world has been the issue of the "Colored," or mixed-race, population of South Africa. To what tribe do these two and one-half million people, the fruit of alliances in the distant past between Europeans and Africans and Asians, belong, and where might their homeland be? In one of their wilder flights, the ideologues of *apartheid* decided that, though not yet a tribe, the Colored people were "a tribe in the making," and suggested that one day they might be removed to the arid northwest Cape Province, there to exercise tribal autonomy.

The irony becomes all the keener when we recognize that the language of the Colored people, a language that had its origin in the mouths of the slaves and servants of the original Dutch settlers, is Afrikaans, the language that holds the Afrikaner tribe together. Colored people and Afrikaners are, in fact, in all respects but one, a single people. Even the one respect in which they differ—skin color—is more apparent than real: an academic researcher in South Africa recently caused an uproar by asserting, on the basis of impeccable archival evidence, that there is barely a single Afrikaner alive who is not technically Colored, i.e., does not have at least one black forebear. "We are a bastard nation," wrote the exiled Afrikaner poet Breyten Breytenbach—words that certainly won him no friends back home.

White South Africa has gained notoriety as a racist culture. Its racism expresses itself in contempt and fear of blacks, and in acts that issue from contempt and fear, rarely expressing itself—as racism did in Nazi Germany—in paeans to a white super race. Tribalism, on the other hand, expresses itself in unexamined assumptions about how the individual relates to the group, and the group to the totality. Tribalism is thus immediately political in a way that racism is not. South Africa is—for the present—ruled by a tribal minority within a (somewhat larger) white minority whose attitudes are deeply, though often unconsciously, racist. We know much about racism, conscious or otherwise, and its consequences. What do we know about the consequences of tribalism?

One thing to recognize is that, if to the outside world abuses of individual freedom in South Africa seem particularly gross, this is because the tribal thinker sincerely believes that individual freedoms are secondary to the interests of the group. A Bill of Rights for individual South African citizens is *(Continued on page 544)*

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THE WHITE TRIBE

(Continued from page 543)

unnecessary, said the Minister of Justice recently: the rights that need to be protected are the rights of groups. The forced removal of settled communities or the race-based restrictions on who is allowed to live where strike Westerners as arbitrary violations of personal freedom; but the tribalist genuinely thinks that people of the same tribe are happiest living together, that mixing leads not to enrichment but to friction and conflict. The cry that man is born free cuts no ice: man is born into a social order. As for freedom, the freedom of the tribe is what matters. Tribalists do not conceive of education as a process of setting the young mind free to explore. On the contrary, they conceive of it as a process of forming the young mind in the tribal mold.

If I must point to the single historical factor in the Afrikaner makeup that outsiders most fail to appreciate, it is the fact that the European Enlightenment failed to reach the shores of Southern Africa. For the whole of the eighteenth century, while the middle class of Europe and her North American colonies was flexing its muscles and evolving an ideology to suit its needs—an ideology of personal freedom and the rights of the individual as against the state—the Cape Colony was asleep. The Cape Colony did not read Rousseau or Tom Paine; neither the American War of Independence nor the French Revolution caused more than a ripple. When the British took over the Colony and began freeing slaves and giving legal rights to blacks, the Afrikaner colonists, outraged, fled the Colony in droves and moved into the unexplored interior, there "to preserve our doctrines in purity," as one of the pioneers put it. From this self-imposed isolation during which he wandered the hinterland of Africa like the tribe of Israel in the desert, the Afrikaner did not emerge till, at the turn of the present century, the British once again caught up with him and subjected him to the Crown. The first half of the twentieth century he spent in a struggle not to be overwhelmed by the English language, British capital, British scorn. His history has therefore largely been a history of stubborn rejection: rejection of foreign control, of foreign ways of thinking. It is a history of holding tight to the past rather than planning toward the future.

It is a history that serves the Afrikaner ill. At a time when what he needs above all is flexibility, vision, an ability to think what has not been thought before, the model that his history provides him is one of inflexibility, closed vision, a dogged reliance on old modes of thought. *It is a model that has hitherto seemed to work*: by remaining exclusive and uncompromising he has risen from poverty to a monopoly of political power. There is therefore a profound temptation for him to conclude that as long as he remains steadfast (or stubborn), the model will continue to work: as in the past, the world will at last grow bored, lose interest, and leave South Africa to its warring tribes.

The most depressing realization for those who have to negotiate with South Africa's tribal leaders—as Western leaders increasingly find—is that, to tribalists, tribal interests always come first. It is a contradiction in terms for a tribal leader to negotiate in the broader interest, because, in the logic of tribalism, if the totality has more, the tribe has less; if the broader nation goes up, the tribe goes down. I have no doubt that the present Afrikaner leaders regard themselves as sincere people, but the firmness of their belief in their own sincerity simply marks the limit of their ability to question their own preconceptions. Whether or not, like President P.W. Botha, they style themselves "reformists," they are ill-equipped to move into the future. What they see as the inherent nature of society emerges from a world view tied to the past, a past in which tightly knit, exclusive groups warred till one or another came out on top and imposed peace on its own terms, as they have done. Their first priority remains the preservation of the tribe. The ultimate disaster, as they see it, is *extinction*. They will make no move that might lead to the extinction of the tribe.

Do the Afrikaners truly imagine that, if South Africa came under black rule, they would be marched in their millions into the gas chambers? Obviously not. Yet in their darker moments they do seem to believe that the end of the tribe—loss of power, followed by the loss of the hold of tribal culture over its members, followed by mingling and/or diaspora—would be just as bad. ▽

SOUTH AFRICA

(Continued from page 490)

house but they had searched her out and had beat her the worst of all. The marks had been inflicted by a *sjambok*, a long, whip-like weapon that the South African police often use to break up demonstrations.

Theresa said she could not explain the police's behavior. The fact that the policemen were black made the story even more perplexing. People later told us that this kind of overzealousness by black policemen and other black "agents" of apartheid is what leads blacks to seek revenge, burning their homes and bodily attacking them. At that point, I did not know enough about *shabeens*, South African law, or the incident itself to know what, if any, law might have been broken. It didn't seem to me that any violation could have warranted such an assault.

My colleague began asking questions. But I was no longer listening to the answers. My mind had gone to other places in time, to the stories we had ferreted out in the Atlanta of the 'sixties, stories of blacks being attacked by white night riders just for being black and alive. The victims weren't the student demonstrators, who in a sense had invited violence to demonstrate the moral bankruptcy of the Jim Crow system, but average, ordinary, apolitical people trying to go about the business of living as best they could. I had also known students in the South of the 'sixties who had been hurt. One in particular made such an impression on me that I once wrote a speech dedicated to her—Ruby Doris Smith, a determined young college student from Spelman College, in Atlanta, who had been beaten so many times in Southern jails for her student protests that, years later, when her body began to swell mysteriously until finally she died, we all assumed we knew the reason why. But even on the night when the white students had rioted outside my dormitory, threatening to kill me and throwing rocks through my windows, which had scattered glass all over my clothes, I had never been touched physically.

As I looked at Theresa's breasts, all of that came back to me. I found myself getting up in the middle of the interview that my colleague was conducting and getting as far as Theresa's tiny kitchen before I burst into tears, then silent, uncontrollable sobs. I did not want anyone to see me or to hear me or to know that the armor that had protected me for so long had been pierced.

I had seen in Theresa's bruised flesh an example of South African brutality, brutality for which the authorities make no excuse. I met with Helen Suzman, a longtime opponent of the government's policies and a Member of Parliament in charge of law-and-order issues for the main opposition party, who had been to see the Minister of Law and Order with pictures of Theresa. His response, she told me, had only been to ask, "Doesn't that type of thing go on all over the world?"

The meeting with Theresa was singularly cathartic for me. But once it was over, my armor was stronger, and I was no longer vulnerable. Those painful moments were ironically the salvation of me as a journalist. Even though I later witnessed other things in South Africa that were just as hateful, nothing I saw affected me in quite the same way again.

Vulnerability and strength were qualities I found coexisting in many black South Africans—but nowhere did I experience this more than when I met Winnie Mandela at a press conference she held in Johannesburg. No one just "meets" Winnie Mandela; she is a force, a presence. The media people—black, white, South African, foreign—had been waiting for some time, but uncharacteristically no one complained. Everyone spoke her name with some degree of awe. Her movements, when she finally entered the crowded little room, were regal, as deliberate as the gaze from her large eyes. I asked her about her husband, Nelson Mandela, the leader of the African National Congress who has been in prison for twenty-three years, convicted of treason. Although she has become a leader in her own right, she said, with passion, "Mandela is my leader"; and at that moment, it was as if she were indeed speaking for the multitudes. She was convincing and captivating, even to those who, after the press conference, recalled that they had heard it all before.

But apartheid, despite some reforms, is very much a present condition. The evidence I saw of its effects on the minds and spirits of its victims was at once familiar.

A group of students had gathered in a circle in a churchyard and were singing spirited protest songs. I could make out amid their ululating cries a repetitious chant: "The sol—diers! The sol—diers! Ai! Ai! Ai!"

"Why are you singing about the soldiers?" I asked, wading into their circle.

"Because they are our enemies," a young woman blurted out.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they are killing us," she said.

"Yes. Even the little children," another added. She made a shape with her hands and a spraying sound with her mouth. "Psst. They are killing the children. Psst. Just like flies."

A young man, who appeared to be about seventeen, leaned in and said: "To people in America who don't understand this thing, let me say it's a protest against the kind of education we're getting. It's not what the whites are getting. It's inferior. They have everything and we have nothing. They have computers and computer education. We have nothing like that. We will never be able to compete."

Another, slightly older, joined in. "Hear me, now," he said. "I'm speaking broken English because of the inferior education they give us."

My mind's eye summoned up images of my own high school in the South of the 'fifties, with its hand-me-down textbooks and ill-equipped labs. I remembered psychologist Kenneth Clark's compelling argument that helped win the landmark 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. the Board of Education*, which outlawed separate-but-equal schools in the United States: "To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone."

The violence to the minds of these children was to me the most disturbing thing of all in South Africa. The knowledge that their bodies are being whipped made me ache, but the attacks on their spirits pained me more deeply: such wounds are hard to heal. If that pattern is unchanged, it will be the best explanation of the social unrest that is sure to continue.

Already among the young, hatred of apartheid is becoming hatred of whites. Although the older generation of blacks, including Mandela and the African National Congress, practiced multiracialism and included it in their vision of a future "liberated" South Africa, this vision is dimming for younger people. As of the middle of January, 1986, some thirteen whites had been killed in bomb and mine blasts.

Most white South Africans have never been inside a black township. Although South Africa's print coverage of what is happening in the townships is better than I had expected, television, a medium that reaches into people's guts, is carefully controlled by the government to reassure the white minority that everything is under control. In the United States, the conscience of the nation was engaged in no small part by television coverage of the civil-rights struggle. Americans responded by supporting the legislation that became the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the bill that made equal opportunity the law and opened a whole new era of justice and hope.

When I talked with Afrikaners and other whites about their fears of a one-person, one-vote system, especially the fear that such a system would mean black domination of the white minority (at present, five million whites rule over some twenty-four million voteless blacks), I heard arguments that are familiar even today in America: that blacks just aren't ready; that companies just "can't find anyone qualified." Even if these arguments were acceptable, how does a black person become qualified when the means are so inadequate and inferior?

Thinking, caring South Africans committed to change are quick to point out that, for all the parallels, South Africa is not the United States. In the days of consensus on slavery and later on segregation, Americans always had to contend with a constitution that spoke in terms of human equality. In the Republic of South Africa, inequality is imbedded in the constitution, and even most liberals who reject apartheid draw the line at one person, one vote in a unitary state.

My own contact with white South Africa was largely uneventful. I had been warned that I would have trouble from Arie Paulus, the white South African mine workers' leader. He has a reputation for insisting on knowing in advance whether an interviewer is white or black and for refusing to be interviewed by blacks.

My English television producer, Frank Smith, went in to set up while I waited in our van. When he returned, the cameras were set to roll, to record whatever went on—either a confrontation or the scheduled interview.

Upstairs, Paulus, a huge hulk of a man, was sitting in a corner of the room. Before he could move, I rushed in, rapidly introduced myself, explained what I would be asking him about, thanked him for taking time out of his busy schedule, and directed him out of the corner to his seat.

The interview went smoothly. When it was over, I thanked Paulus again, reached for his hand, shook it, and left the room. My South African crew stood there looking incredulous.

Outside, the "white" elevator came first and I stepped on. It wasn't until I got in the van that I had any feeling at all—then, I felt relief.

Paarl, the wine-growing region of the country, was different. Afrikaners there like to talk about how good relations with non-whites are in their part of the country. Most people there who are not white are classified as Colored, but as similar as my own skin color is to that of people so identified, it was clear that these Afrikaners had never met anyone like me. I was never quite sure what set me apart most—my skin color; the fact that I was a foreigner, and an American at that; or that I was a journalist.

During the three days I spent with them, we established some rapport. I believe that they were honest in their responses to my questions, as honest as people can be who live in that kind of special isolation. They had a *brei* (barbecue) one night and invited a few of their friends. None of them defended apartheid or even violence, but all were supporters of the government's "go slow" approach to change. All of them feared black-majority domination, and none felt blacks were ready to govern.

Although they now believed that all people should be allowed to worship in their church—the Dutch Reformed—they defended its prior segregation on the grounds that it could not be integrated until non-whites had been brought up to the same level of "civilization" as whites. As far as I know, I was the only black person ever to attend services at their church.

Their favorite television program was *The Cosby Show*. Looking for a way to pay a genuine compliment, they told me I reminded them of Bill Cosby's television wife. Since she is both smart and beautiful, as is Cosby's real wife, I didn't mind the comparison.

The most touching moment I had was with their twelve-year-old daughter. She was anxious to talk with me, but shy (as was her father) about her English (their language was Afrikaans). Everywhere I went around her family's farm, I noticed that she was not far behind.

But on my last day there, she was at school. As I was saying goodbye, her mother handed me a small gift-wrapped object from her daughter. She explained that once a week the children were allowed to do whatever they wanted with their small allowances. That day, the daughter had bought sweets, and she had wrapped them as a gift to me. She had also left a note.

Dear Charlayne,

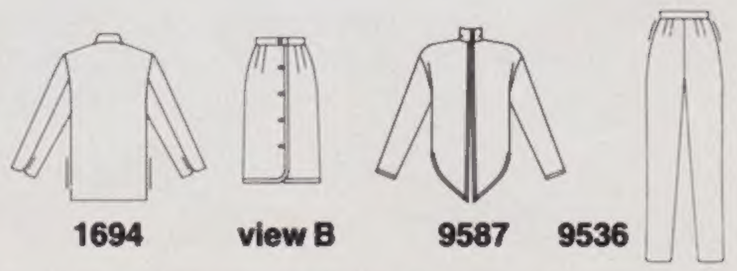
I am sorry that you are leaving. I love you and I will miss you and I hope you will come back to see me again.

Love, Pinkie.

Her father had said in his interview with me that what South Africa needed was "a revolution of the heart."

My own heart was close to breaking as I left Paarl. Among the adults, I had seen nothing to make me believe that such a revolution was possible in the near future and much to make me believe that it would be difficult even in the distant future. To be sure, Pinky's father was a decent man, like many of the white South Africans I had met. But at present, most of the visions for South Africa are gloomy. There is talk of revolution, but there is also talk of the government's "nuclear option." South Africa may or may not have a nuclear bomb, but there is a time bomb already ticking in the rising expectations of young blacks. I don't know how real either of these extreme-sounding options is, but even talk of such choices underscores the urgency of finding other solutions, ones that should engage us all. ▽

VOGUE PATTERNS *Back views, yardages, details of pages 524, 525*



Jacket: Vogue American Designer Pattern #1694 by Perry Ellis. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2 7/8 yards 45" fabric. $10. Canada, $12.10. **Skirt,** Vogue American Designer Pattern #1694 by Perry Ellis, view B. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1 1/2 yards 45" fabric. $10. Canada, $12.10. **Turtleneck:** Vogue Pattern #9587, view A. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 1 7/8 yards 45" fabric. $4.50. Canada, $5.50. **Pants:** Vogue Pattern #9536. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 1⅜ yards x 56" fabric. $7. Canada, $8.50. **Sewing tips:** Buy patterns true to size. Use only slight shoulder padding in jacket and turtleneck. For turtleneck and pants, zigzag hem edge, then turn and edge stitch, top stitch again 1/4" from edge for a less bulky hem or biased facing.

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 44: Hat, Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston. Earrings, Barneys New York; Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **94:** Hair by Julian for Is, Paris. Makeup by Jo Strettell. **204:** Top Photo: Glasses, Ray-Ban Wayfarer by Bausch & Lomb. Cohen's Fashion Optical, NYC; Macy's, San Francisco. Earrings, Laura Vogel. Gindi, NYC; Emphasis, Los Angeles. Third Photo: Glasses, Riviera. Macy's; Nordstrom, Washington. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel. **217:** Bottom photo, *right*: Headband, Carol Lieberman. Henri Bendel. **444:** Beret, Barneys New York; Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach; Beverly Hills. Earrings at Bloomingdale's; Chanel Boutique, Palm Beach; Beverly HIlls. Gloves, Chanel Boutique, Honolulu. **445:** For hat and gloves, info. page 444. Bag at Garfinckel's. **446:** Stockings at Robinson's, Beverly Hills and Newport Beach; Emporium Capwell, San Francisco. **447:** Headband, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; L.S. Ayres. Glasses, Polo for Private Eyes. Macy's, Herald Square; Dallas. Earrings at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Bag, Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Polo/Ralph Lauren Shops, NYC; Denver; Costa Mesa, CA; San Francisco. **448:** Turnout also at Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach VA; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Pancaldi. For stores, info. page 472. **449:** Turnout also at L'Armoire, New Canaan CT; Burdines. Necklace worn on wrist, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt, Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Luggage, Bottega Veneta, NYC. **450:** Jacket also at North Beach Leather stores, Houston; Los Angeles. Turtleneck, Donna Karan New York. Scarf, Horikoshi. Bracelets, at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Gloves, Chanel. Bergdorf Goodman. Glasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors In Optics. Bonwit Teller, Neiman-Marcus. **451:** Blouse at Jaynee, Jamaica Estates NY; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; L.S. Ayres, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Linda Dresner, Troy MI. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Gindi, NYC. Gloves, Claude Montana. **452:** Gloves, Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. **453:** Zoran also at Ella Pryor, Houston TX. Glasses, Gianfranco Ferre for Starline Optical. Eye + Tech, Houston TX. **454:** Bracelet, Stephen Dweck Moderne. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. I. Magnin, Palm Springs CA. **455:** Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Rings, M & J Savitt. **456:** Bracelet, $1275. The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago and Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order at Barneys New York. **461:** Bracelets, left to right: $790; $685; $685. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; Shirley Allen, Sanibel Island FL; Caché, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago; La T Da, Dallas; Glitz, Los Angeles. Jean-Michel Frank table from Delorenzo Gallery. **463:** Valentino Boutique silk chiffon jacket, $9,770; dress, $1,015. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Saks Jandel; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **464-465:** Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Shoes, Esprit de Corp Bloomingdale's. Fabric, Horikoshi. **466:** Crushed silk skirt. Turnout also at Royal Silk, North Conway, New Hampshire. Socks, Trimfit. **467:** Towels, Cannon Mills. Shoes, Joan & David, Madison Avenue, NYC. **468:** Turnout also at Neiman-Marcus. **469:** Crewneck, Nancy Heller. Scarf, Echo Scarfs. **470:** Earrings at Sointu, NYC. **471:** Fabric, Horikoshi. Tank and blouse also at Marshall Field's. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Sointu, NYC. **472:** Bracelets at Fortunoff, NYC; Westbury NY; Paramus; Wayne NJ. Gloves at Altman's. Stockings, Saks Fifth Avenue, NY; Ultimo, Chicago; Tootsies, Houston. Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Los Angeles. **473:** Coat at all Gucci stores nationwide. For shoe and stocking info, page 479. **474:** Acetate/rayon jacket and pants. Krizia Boutique NYC; Palm Beach. Krizia Boutique at Loretta Blum, Dallas. Krizia Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Head wrap, Christiaan's Knot. Patricia Field, NYC. Earrings at Burdines, Miami. Bracelets at Marshall Field's. **475:** Shirt May at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC: Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH & Indianapolis IN; Neiman-Marcus. Miriam Haskell pearls at Bonwit Teller; O'Neya, Towson MD; Montaldo's; Henry's, Wichita KS. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun pearls at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's. Pomegranate, La Jolla CA. Belt at Bloomingdale's (to order); Tootsies, Houston. **476:** Missoni cotton/rayon cardigan, top, pants at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Cardigan and pants at Garfinckel's. Top at Jordan Marsh, Boston. Top and pants at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; John Wanamaker; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Helen's of Course, Beaverton OR and Seattle WA; Liberty House of Hawaii. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Carlos Falchi, Dallas. Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **477:** Mario Valentino bag at Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC; L'Impressions, Port Washington NY; K. Barchetti Shops, Pittsburgh. Luc Benoit at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marie Leavell, Dallas. Judith Leiber at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Donna Karan New York at Bloomingdale's, NYC. To order at Tootsies, Houston. Maud Frizon at Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. La Bagagerie at La Bagagerie, NYC. **478:** Robert Lee Morris pins, cuff and necklace at Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan pin at Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach VA; Neiman-Marcus. Stephen Dweck bracelet, Terry at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; Georgina, Hewlett NY; Water Lily, Deal NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus; Laise Adzer, Beverly Hills and Las Vegas. To order at Barneys New York. Patricia von Musulin bracelet at Dorfman, Boston; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago and Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Miriam Rubins, Beverly Hills. To order at Barneys New York. Scooter bracelet at Charivari, NYC; Handle With Care, Chicago; Urban Camouflage, Houston; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. **479:** Coat, Gucci. For stores, info. page 473. Watch at Bergdorf Goodman; Ice, Los Angeles. Bracelet at Linda Dresner, NYC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Ring, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Fini, Seattle. Stockings at Macy's. Shoes at Joan & David, Madison Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. **480:** Jacket at Barneys New York; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Jacksonville FL; Oakbrook IL; Houston; San Francisco. Earrings at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac. Cuffs at Barneys New York; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach. Bag at Bloomingdale's (to order); Carlos Falchi at The Remington Hotel, Houston; Neiman-Marcus. **481:** Pants and top, mid-March at Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH & Indianapolis IN. Rings at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; I. Magnin. Bracelet at Henri Bendel. Beret at Henri Bendel; Style in the Round, Philadelphia PA. Manicure, Sheril Bailey for Beauty Bookings. **485:** Makeup, Giana. **487:** Sweater, $500. Zoran NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles. Trousers, Sonia Rykiel. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Echo Scarfs. Watches, Obrey. Hair, Luis Javier for Morrissey Salon. Makeup, Rory Bernal. **508:** Polyamide bra at Bloomingdale's; Lingerie Francoise, Millburn NJ; Sirotex Corset Corner, Coral Gables FL; Furguson's La Tienda Lingerie, Shreveport LA; James Lingerie and Linens, Dallas; Frost Bros.; Bullocks Wilshire; Lisa Norman Lingerie, West Hollywood; Santa Monica CA. **509:** Body suit at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **510:** Natori April at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Montaldo's; Marisha, Elkins Park PA; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Nordstrom, Washington. **511:** Ananda at Bergdorf Goodman; Lingerie by Lisa, Coconut Grove FL. Pastunette nylon/polyurethane bra at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Victoria's Secret, Columbus OH; Jacobson's, Michigan; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. **512:** Teddy, Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Robinson's, California; Frederick & Nelson. **513:** Model, *left:* Bra, Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus, White Plains NY & Prestonwood TX; Bullock's, Macy's, San Francisco. Model, *right:* Bra at Bergdorf Goodman; Horne's, Pittsburgh; Marshall Field's; Bullock's; I. Magnin. **516:** Scarf, Barneys New York; Hermès, Chicago; Dallas; San Francisco. Gloves, watch, bracelet, bangle, and bag at Hermès, NYC; Chicago; Dallas; San Francisco. **517:** Tank and cardigan at Macy's, NY; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Bullock's. Cardigan at Parisian, Birmingham AL. Earrings, ring, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Watch, at Tourneau, NYC & Bal Harbour. Prada bag. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago. Holt Renfrew of Canada. **518:** Jewelry, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Stores, page 446. **519:** Turnout at Macy's. Jacket at Filene's. Pants also at Marshall Field's; Montaldo's, Columbus OH; Denver CO. Calvin Klein Eyewear. Macy's, NY. Bracelets, Accessory Resource Gallery. Henri Bendel; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's, Greensboro NC. Bag, Renaud Pellegrino. Bloomingdale's. **521:** *Inset above:* Coat also at Bee Frank, Appleton and Green Bay WI; Henry's, Wichita KS. Glasses, Persol for Private Eyes. Henri Bendel. Bracelet, Bulgari. Watch, Baume & Mercier. Bag, Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. For stores, info. page 447. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Info, page 446. *Center:* Coat also at Cavalletto, Dallas; Jim-Elle, San Francisco; Mario's, Portland OR. Watch, Baume & Mercier. Tourneau, NYC. Gloves, Chanel. Bracelets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. *Below:* Turnout also at Bullock's. Glasses, Anne Klein for Riviera. Lord & Taylor. Jewelry, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Bag, Fendi. **522:** Evan-Picone also at Macy's, San Francisco. Rebecca Moses also at Bullock's. Watch and bracelets, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Belt, Omega. Ann Taylor. **523:** Zoran cashmere/silk turtleneck, $350. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles. **524:** Fabric at S. Beckenstein, NYC. Glasses, Avant/Garde for 10/10 Optics, NYC. Bracelets, Susan Tamulevich. Kruger Gallery, NYC. **525:** Fabric at Landau Woolen Co., NYC. Glasses, Alain Mikli. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Gindi, NYC; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

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